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Fac-Simile of Lord Byrons hand Writing. being an extract from one of his Letters.

Genoa May 19th 1823.—

speaking of his Portrait the noble Bard observes

— a painter of the name of Holmes made (I think the very best) one of me in 1815—a 1816— and from this there were some good engravings taken— I enclose you a note to him for one of these—

I assure you it will be better than any of the thousand things you have seen as portraits of the same subject.— The Portrait here alluded to is correctly given as a Frontispiece to Vol. I preceding with his Letter & talking of names his Lordship remarks By the way— "Isabel" has been one of no good omen to me— in former times— but at present "we defy augury" — continuing his Letter & after giving his opinion on various Public & Living characters he concludes

Believe me again
and again
yrs ever
B.

P.S.— The "Isabel" neither "died nor was faithless" but she was — my wife — Is not the coincidence of names in the dramatis personæ of "the Fatal Marriage" a strange one— and yet I was not on the remark— one has hit on the name.—

Anne Isabella

Engraved for the Work entitled The Life, Writings, Opinions & Times of the Rt. Hon.ble Lord Byron. in 3 Vols 8vo. London. Published. No. 1. Somerset Street Portman Square.

THE

LIFE, WRITINGS, OPINIONS,

AND

TIMES

OF THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON,

LORD BYRON;

INCLUDING, IN ITS MOST EXTENSIVE BIOGRAPHY, ANECDOTES, AND MEMOIRS OF THE LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT AND ECCENTRIC, PUBLIC AND NOBLE CHARACTERS AND COURTIERS OF THE PRESENT POLISHED AND ENLIGHTENED

AGE AND COURT OF

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE THE FOURTH.

In the course of the Biography is also separately given,

COPIOUS RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATELY DESTROYED MS.

ORIGINALLY INTENDED FOR POSTHUMOUS PUBLICATION,

AND ENTITLED

MEMOIRS OF MY OWN LIFE AND TIMES,

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON.

"CREDE BYRON."—*Motto of the Byron Family.*

"I have, in this rough work, shaped out a man
"Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
"With amplest entertainment: my free drift
"Halts not particularly, but moves itself
"In a wide sea of wax; no levelled malice
"Infects one comma in the course I hold,
"But flies an eagle flight, bold and forth on,
"Leaving no tract behind." SHAKSPEARE.—*Timon of Athens.*

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BY AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN, IN THE GREEK MILITARY SERVICE, AND COMRADE OF HIS LORDSHIP.

Compiled from authentic Documents and from long personal Acquaintance.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

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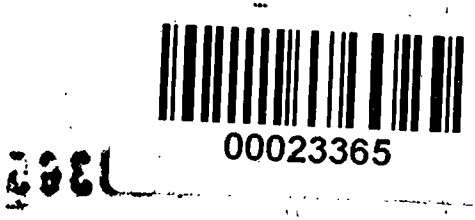

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CONTENTS TO VOLUME III.

CHAPTER I.

Page

Extracts from a Letter giving an Account of Lord Byron's Residence at Genoa, and a Description of that City, and the Manners of its Inhabitants.—Extracts of other Letters from an American and a Frenchman.—Defence of his Lordship from the charges of Misanthropy, and want of Patriotism.—Anecdote of his Generosity. 1

CHAPTER II.

Arrival at Vado.—At Genoa.—Colonel Burr's and Rev. Mr. Johnson's Visit to Albaro.—Defence of Lord Byron.—Chit-Chat.—His travelling Dress, &c.—Eccentricities.—Mr. Duncan Stewart.—The Traveller.—Balls.—Signora Bonville.—Her Benefit, &c. &c.—Liberality.—Anxiety.—Captain Stewart Rut.—A strange Arrival and Departure.—Canova, the Sculptor.—Cardinal York.—An adopted Child.—Humanity of Lord Byron.—His Reverence for the Dead.—A tomb-stone Adventure.—Purgatory and Wit.—Lord Byron's Respect for Religion.—Abhorrence of Atheism.—Devotion to the Greek Cause.—Mr. Wright.—Busts.—Sea-Excursions.—Excess in Bathing.—In Riding.—Habits at Home.—Narrow Escape from Death.—Byron's Bridge.—Fool-hardiness reproved.—A Trick in Good-Humour, and a Sulky Return.—Colonel Carr in disgrace; Cruelty.—Humorous Adventure with a Magistrate.—The Charlatan seized.—Leaves Genoa.—Mr. Denzell, the Artist.—True Courage in a Storm.—

Page
Rome. — Principle. — Peculiarities. — Patronage of a Painter.—Bologna.—The Count and Countess of G——. —Recreations.—Don Juan.—Lord Byron's Opinion, and Manner of writing it.—His Wishes.—Quick Composition.—Italian Songs.—Hours of Idleness.—Saves a Venetian from Death.—Reconciles him to his Father.—Compelled to quit Bolonga, &c. &c. 36

CHAPTER III.

Prelimiary Observations.— Byron's assumed Secrecy.— Abode at Otranto.—Discovered by Accident.—Amusements.—Employs a Mr. Monkhouse.—The "Deformed Transformed."—Fails to serve Mr. M.—Poem entitled "Hannibal."—Visit of a Marchioness.—Her Brother.—Lord Byron's Opinion of Vows.—His Dictatorial Manner. —His Pride.—Captain Roby.—Liberties suffered.—His Mirth.— Opinion of Ancient and Modern Nobility.— Reproof of Forwardness.—Liberality and Justice.—Kindness to a Boy, the Likeness of his Sister.—Sorrow for his Death.—A Female Domestic.—A Priest's Story.— Two virtuous Lovers.—The Guccioli on Old Age.—A Boat.—A House, and a Happy Marriage.—Scandal.— Mr. Monkhouse sent to St. Maura.—He returns.—Lord Byron fled.—Finds him at Ragusa.—Residence in a Monastery, on a Mountain.—A Tomb to Valour.— Arrival of the Greek Chief, Dionysius.—Splendid Table. —Count Galieno.—A Coward.—Helps to purchase a Ship. — Calls her "Dionysius." — Generosity to some Sailors.—Mr. Monkhouse sails for Greece.—The manner he was provided for.—Lord Byron's Charities.—Preparations for his Enterprize.—Sails for Ragusa.—Touches at Venice.—Sails in the Matilda.—Calls at Elba.—Strange Lodging.—An Accident.—His Lordship's strange Companion, Captain Leicester. —Light's Travels.—Diving for Oysters.—Arrives at Leghorn in an open Boat.—Appears in public.—Engages some Men for Greece.—Their

Page

ill Success.—Goes to Lucca.—Enlists Men.—Is arrested. —Released.—Embarks his Men safely.—A Challenge.—A Death.—Sojourn at Weray.—An interesting Child dies. —His Lordship's Concern.—Despondency.—Charters the Hercules.—Lieutenant Poole's Information.—The little Girl.—Who she was.—Mr. Monkhouse.—His supposed Wife.—A broken Leg.—The Consequences.—A Flirtation.—Cuckoldom.—Deportation.—A Cure for a broken Bone.—Why Lord Byron would not second his Friend in the Duel.—His decaying Health.—Remarks on his Weakness of Stomach.—Lieut. Poole's last Interview with Lord Byron, on the Mole, at Leghorn..... 84

CHAPTER IV.

Gleanings.—Lord Byron, the female Georgian Slave, and Sir Henry Fletcher.—Malta.—Dr. and Mrs. Pedley and Niece.—Singular Meeting of the latter with a French Officer.—Lord Cochrane's affair at Malta.—Lord Byron assists him to get away.—Mrs. Pedley accompanies them to Minorca.—Adventures at Gibraltar, Lisbon, Oporto, and narrow Escape of Lord Byron from being captured by the French.—Mrs. Pedley and Captain Hill. —Lord Byron's daily Habits of Life, while a visitor on board one of His Majesty's Ships of War.—The Grecian Isles, the haunts of Pirates 121

CHAPTER V.

A brief Sketch of Affairs in Greece, previously to the breaking out of the Insurrection, and a comprehensive Detail of the War, to the end of the Second Campaign 156

CHAPTER VI.

Affairs in Greece continued, and brought down to the end of the Third Campaign, and of the Year 1823..... 181

CHAPTER VII.

Remarks on the Affairs of Greece, and the Conduct pursued, and to be pursued, by Great Britain.—Lord

Page

Byron's generous Aid to the Greek Cause, which he is solicited to support in person.—He acquiesces, and leaves Genoa for the Ionian Islands..... 204

CHAPTER VIII.

Lord Byron rejoins the Greeks.—Endeavours to heal their Dissensions.—Various instances of his Humanity, Courage, and Generosity.—His Efforts in the Greek Cause.—He establishes an Arsenal and a Laboratory.—Unfortunate Fracas.—Lord Byron's Illness, exemplary Conduct, Resignation, and Death.—The Consternation and Grief of the Greeks at this Event.—Dissection of the Body, and Opinion of the Doctors thereon.—Lord Byron's Code of Religion..... 221

CHAPTER IX.

The News of Lord Byron's Death arrives in England.—Public Lamentation for a National Loss.—Solemn Mourning on the occasion in Greece.—Arrival of the Corpse in London.—Lord Byron's Will, and Remarks thereon.—The Body lies in State.—Funeral Procession from London, and on its Arrival at Nottingham.—Its Progress to its final Destination, the Family Vault, in Hucknell Church.—Funeral Obsequies.—Public Demonstrations of Sorrow.—Tory Insensibility reprehended.—Tributes of Respect to Lord Byron's Memory by Foreigners..... 282

CHAPTER X.

Literary Works relating to Lord Byron, which have been published since his Decease:—"The Posthumous Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley;"—"Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron, by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart."—Mr. Southey's malignant Attack on the Memory of Lord Byron..... 323

CHAPTER XI.

Page

Summary of the Character, Public and Private, Poetical and Political, Manners, Disposition, Conduct, Religious Creed, Epistolary Talent, Genius, and Writings of Lord Byron.—Observations on the Influence of his Conversation and Writings on the Greeks.—His Devotion to the Cause of Greece, repaid by the reverential Homage of the Greeks.—His fame built on the most lasting foundation. —Concluding Reflections. 398

THE

LIFE

OF

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

Extracts from a Letter giving an Account of Lord Byron's Residence at Genoa, and a Description of that City, and the Manners of its Inhabitants.—Extracts of other Letters from an American, and a Frenchman.—Defence of his Lordship from the charges of Misanthropy, and want of Patriotism.—Anecdote of his Generosity.

GENOA is truly "Genoa the Superb." Its finest aspect is from the sea, and from the sea I first beheld it. Imagine a glorious amphitheatre of white houses, with mountains on each side and at the back. The base is composed of the city, with its churches and shipping; the other houses are country seats, looking out, one above the other, up the hill. To the left are the Alps, with their snowy tops: to the right, and for the back, are the Appenines. This is Genoa. It is situate at the very angle of the pointed gulf, which is

called after its name, and which presents on either side, as you sail up it, white villages, country seats, and olive groves.

The quay is a handsome one, profuse of good pavement, gate, &c. and the abundance of stone every where, the whiteness of the houses, and the blueness of the sky, cast, at first sight, an extraordinary look of lightness and cleanliness upon every thing. Nor are you disappointed in Genoa, as people are at Lisbon, between the fairness of the look outside, and the dirt within. The large wrinkled features of the old women, with their uncapped grey hair, strike you at first as singularly plain: so do the people in general; but every thing looks clean and neat, and full of the smart bustle of a commercial city. What surprises you is the narrowness of the streets. As soon as you have passed the gate, you think you have entered a lane, remarkably good indeed for a lane,—a sort of Bond-street of an alley,—but you have no conception that this is a street, and of the ordinary dimensions. The shops also, though neat, are blind and open, like English potatoe shops, or at best like some of the little comb shops, now rarely to be seen in London: I mean, they have no windows, whether they have counters or not. After entering this street, you soon come upon the public place, or exchange, which is a very fair one. You cross over this into the principal street, or street of goldsmiths, full of

shops in which trinkets are sold, including a world of crosses and other Christian emblems, and huge ear-rings. It is the custom in several parts of Italy, for girls to carry their marriage portions about with them in the shape of gold ear-rings and crosses; and no maid-servant thinks herself properly drest on mass-days without announcing in this way, that she is equally fit for heaven and a husband. The gold is very thin, but solidity is made up for by the length and width of the ornaments; and the ear-rings are often heavy enough to tear through the lobes of the ears. Imagine a brown, black-eyed girl, with her thick hair done up in combs, a white veil over it, a coloured, sometimes a white gown, large dangling gold ornaments at her ears and bosom, and perhaps bare feet or tattered shoes, and you have a complete portrait of an Italian maid-servant or peasant girl, issuing forth to church or a dance. The men of all classes dress more like the same classes in other countries, with an exception, however, in favour of the humbler ones. Yet you often see the old Genoese cap, evidently the still older Phrygian; and in Genoa you notice a set of porters from Bergamo, who wear a puckered kilt. They are a good looking race, and are esteemed for their honesty. The burdens they carry are enormous. The labourer of Italy often shews his propensity to a piece of drapery, by hanging his jacket over his shoulders, with the

sleeves dangling; a custom naturally prompted by the heat.

In England we have delicate names for some of our streets and alleys. There is Love-lane, Maiden-lane, Garden-court, Green-Arbour-court, &c., but in Italy they beat us hollow. Pisa has not only Love-street, and Lily-street, but Beautiful Ladies-lane, and the Lane of the Beautiful Towers. In Genoa, after passing through Goldsmith-street, and another that leads up from it you come out by the post-office upon the Piazza della Fontane Amorose,—the place of the Amorous Fountains. There is a magnificent mansion in it, containing baths, and another adorned on the outside with paintings of festive women. But here all the houses begin to be magnificent mansions, and you again recognize "Genova la Superba." From the Piazza della Fontane Amorose, you turn into the Strada Nuova, which leads round through another sumptuous street into the Strada Balbi, fit, says Madame de Staël, for a congress of kings. This has become a poor compliment. It is fit for a congress of great men. If intellect, and not childishness, settled the destinies of the world, here might such spirits meet as the Dorias, the Miltons, the Sydneys, the Hôpitals, and the Washingtons, and put an end at once to the tiresome farce of kings being taught, to no purpose. These three streets are literally a succession of palaces on each side the way; and these

palaces are of costly architecture, and are adorned inside with the works of the Italian masters. Marble is lavished every where. It is like a street raised by Aladdin, to astonish his father-in law the Sultan. Yet there is one lamentable deficiency. Even these streets are narrow. I do not think the Strada Nuova is wider than Bond-street, *without* the pavements. "A lane!" you cry. Yes, a lane of Whitehalls, encrusted with the richest architecture. Imagine how much the buildings lose by their confinement, and then wonder how it could have taken place. The alleged reason is, that in a hot country shade is wanted, and therefore beauty is sacrificed to utility. But the reason is a bad one: for porticos might have been used, as at Bologna, and the streets made so wide, as to render the disadvantage to the architecture a comparative nothing. The circumstance probably originated in some reasons connected with the ground, or the value of it, and the pressure of the population within the then city-walls. Some other magnificent streets built subsequently, are wider, though still a good deal too narrow. The Genoese have found out before ourselves, the folly of calling a street, New Street; but have not very wisely corrected it by naming one of their last, *Newest* Street, Strada Nuovissima. Upon this principle they must call the next street they build, Newer-than-all Street, or Extremely-new Street, or New-of-the-very-newest-description Street. But

perhaps they are somewhat hampered at present with regard to names.

I had scarcely set foot in Genoa when I encountered a religious procession. I found chairs brought out in one of the streets, and well-dressed company seated on each side, as in a music-room. In Genoa some of the streets are paved all over. In the rest, the flat pavement is in the middle, and used both for traffic and walking. This, I suppose, originated in a vile custom which they have in several cities of Italy—the same which Smollett delights to speak of in Edinburgh. Accidents frequently occur in consequence; but any thing is sooner mended than a habit originating in idleness or moral indifference; and the inhabitants and the mules go on in their old way. To return to the procession. The reader must imagine a narrow street with the company, as above-mentioned, and an avenue left for the passage of the spectacle. The curiosity expressed in the company's faces was of a very mild description, the next thing to indifference. The music is heard at a little distance, then a bustling sound of feet, and you see the friars coming up. Nearly at the head of the procession was a little lively virgin about four years old, walking in much state with a silver-looking crown on her head, and a sceptre in her hand. A pleased relation helped her along, occasionally righting the crown and sceptre, which she bore with all that royal gravity which children so soon

understand. By her side was another grown person equally pleased, supporting a still smaller St. John, dressed in a lamb-skin, and apparently selected for his office on account of his red little waxen cheeks and curly flaxen hair. He did not seem quite as *au fait* in the matter as the virgin, but was as grave as need be, and not a little heated. A string of clergy followed in their gowns, carrying large lighted wax candles, and each one assisted by a personage, whose appearance was singularly striking to a foreigner from a Protestant country. These coadjutors were neither more nor less than the very raggedest and dirtiest fellows, old and young, in all Genoa. There was one to every light. His object was to collect the wax that fell from the candles, which he did in a piece of twisted paper; and the candle appeared purposely held low, to oblige him with as much as possible. The wax is sold by him, as consecrated. I dare say this accompaniment of pauperism, has a reference to the best doctrines of the Christian religion; but it is a singular mistake, and has a most unedifying appearance. Poverty should not be in this squalid condition, especially by the side of comfortable clergymen. The faces, too, of the poor fellows had, for the most part, all the signs of bad education. Now and then there was a head like the beggar who sat for Sir Joshua's Ugolino—a fine head, but still a beggar. Some were of a portentous ruffishness. As to the priests

and friars (for there followed a variety), I could not help observing throughout, that with very few exceptions, the countenances grew indifferent and worldly as they grew old. A few of the young ones were worthy of the heads in Raphael. One young man had a saint-like manner with him, casting down his eyes and appearing absorbed in meditation; but I thought, when he cast them up, (which he instantly followed by casting them down again) it was in approaching the young ladies. He had certainly a head fit for an Abelard. I spoke just now of a bustling of feet. You do not know at first to what the loudness of it is owing, but the secret is explained as a large machine approaches, preceded by music. This is a group of wax-work as large as life, carried on the shoulders of ambling friars; for they are obliged to get into that step on account of the weight. It represented, on the present occasion, St. Antonio kneeling before the Virgin, around whom were little angels fluttering like Cupids. It is impossible not to be reminded of Paganism by these spectacles. Indeed, as the Jupiter of the Capitol still sits there under his new name of St. Peter, so there is no doubt that the ancients, under other names, had these identical processions. The Cupids remain unaltered. The son of Myrrha himself could not look more lover-like than St. Antonio, nor Venus more polite than the Virgin; and the flowers stuck all about (the favourite emblem of the Cyprian youth),

completed the likeness of an ancient festival of Adonis. So also would the priests have looked in their ancient garments; so would have come the music and the torches (paupers excepted); and so would the young priests have looked, in passing by the young ladies. To see the grandeurs of the Catholic religion, you must consult its rarest and most serious festivals; its pictures, and its poet Dante. I must not forget, that among the musical instruments were violins. One set of friars wore cowls over their faces, having holes only to see through, and looking extremely hideous—like executioners. Among those that shewed their faces, and did not seem at all ashamed of them, was one good-natured, active personage, who ran back with much vivacity, to encourage the machine-bearers. He looked, as much as to say, "it is hot enough for you, God knows!" and so it was.

Somebody has said, that in the South all the monks look like soldiers, and all the soldiers like monks. I dare say this might have been the case before the late spread of liberal opinions; but it is so no longer. In Spain and Portugal it cannot be so; though the Sardinian troops, at present quartered in Genoa, are for the most part undergrown and poor-looking men. The officers, however, are better. They have a propensity, common I am told in the South, to over-grown caps and epaulets; but they have otherwise a manly

aspect, and look more like gentlemen than any one else. This, indeed, is always the case, where there is any difference; military habits begetting an air of self-possession. The Piedmontese soldiery are remarkably well-dressed: they have a bad way of learning their exercise... They accompany every motion—the whole set of men, with a loud ho! just as if a multitude of quick paviours were at work. This, besides encouraging noise, must take away from a ready dependance on the eye.

I went into the churches; I liked their quiet, their coolness, and their richness. Besides, I find my own religion, in some part or other, of all imaginative religions. In one of the churches are pillars of porphyry, and several are very imposing; but they struck me upon the whole as exhibiting the genius of a commercial rather than a tasteful country, and as being more weighty and expensive than any thing else. In all Catholic churches, there is an unfortunate mixture of petty ornaments with great, of dusty artificial flowers with fine altar-pieces, and of wretched little votive pictures, and silver hearts and legs, stuck up by the side of the noblest pieces of art. This is another custom handed down from antiquity. I was reminded of Horace's Ode to Pyrrha, from a painting of a shipwreck, in which the wind blew one way and the sails another. If a man has got rid of a pain in the pericardium, he dedicates a little silver heart to the saint whose assistance he prayed for.

If a toe has been the complaining party, he hangs up a toe. The general feeling is good, but no so the detail. It is affecting, however, to think that many of the hearts hung up (and they are by far the most numerous), have been owing to pangs of the spirit. The most interesting thing I met with in the Genoese churches, next to a picture by Raphael and Giulio Romano in that of St. Stephen, was a sermon by a friar, on Weeping. He seemed a popular preacher, and held the attention of his audience for a good hour. His exordium was in a gentle and restrained voice, but he warmed as he went on, and became as loud and authoritative as the tenderness of his subject could well allow. He gave us an account of all sorts of tears—of the tears of joy, and the tears of sorrow, of penitent tears, tears of anger, spite, ill-temper, worldly regret, love, patience, &c. and from what I could collect, with an ear unaccustomed to hear Italian spoken, a very true, as well as full and particular account it was. The style was much more florid than in our northern sermons. He spoke of murmuring rills and warbling nightingales, and admitted all the merits of poetical luxury; but in denouncing luxury in general, it was curious to hear a stout jovial looking friar exhorting his auditors to value above all other enjoyments that of weeping in solitude. The natives are not likely to be too much softened by injunctions of this description.

The houses in Genoa are very high as well as

large. Many of them are painted on the outside, not only with pictures, but with imitations of architecture; and whatever we may think of such a taste, must have looked magnificent when the paintings were first executed. Some of them look so now; colours in this beautiful climate, retaining their vividness for centuries out of doors. But in some instances, the paintings being done upon stucco, the latter has partly crumbled away; and this gives a shabby dilapidated appearance to houses otherwise excellent. Nobody seems to think of repairing them. It is the same with many of the houses unpainted, and with common garden walls, most of which must have once made a splendid appearance. The mere spirit of commerce has long succeeded to its ancient mixture with a better one, or Genoa would not be what it is in many respects. But a Genoese must have grand notions of houses, especially as in this city, as well as the rest of Italy, shopkeepers sometimes occupy the ground floors of the finest mansions. You shall see a blacksmith or a carpenter looking out of a window where you should expect a duchess.

How I hailed the first sight of the vines and orange-trees! Neither Genoa, nor even the country about it, abounds in either. It is a splendid sea-port of stone and marble, and the mountains immediately about it are barren, though they soon begin to be clothed with olive-trees.

But among the gigantic houses and stone walls you now and then detect a garden, with its statues and orange-trees; some of the windows have vines trailed over them, not in the scanty fashion of our creepers, but like great luxuriant green hair hanging over the houses' eyes; and sometimes the very highest stories have a terrace along the whole length of the house embowered with them. Calling one day upon a gentleman who resided in an elevated part of the suburbs, and to get at whose abode I had walked through a hot sun and a city of stone, I was agreeably surprised when the door opened, with a long yellow vista of an arcade of vines, at once basking in the sun and defending from it. In the suburbs there are some orchards in all the southern luxuriance of leaves and fruit. In one of these I walked among heaps of vines, olives, cherry, orange, and almond-trees, and had the pleasure of plucking fresh lemons from the bough, a merry old brown gardener, with a great straw-hat and bare legs, admiring all the while my regard for those common-places, and encouraging me with a good-natured paternity to do what I pleased. The cherries were Brobdignagian, and bursting with juice. Next the orchard was a *wine-garden*, answering to our *tea-gardens* with vine-arbours, and seats as with us, where people come to drink wine, and play at their games. Returning through the city, I saw a man in one of the bye streets alternately singing

and playing on a pipe, exactly as we conceive of the ancient shepherds.

One night I went to the opera, which was indifferent enough, but I understand it is a good deal better sometimes. The favourite composer here, and all over Italy, is Rossini, for which, as well as the utter neglect of Mozart, some national feelings may enter into others less pardonable. But Rossini is undoubtedly good enough to make us glad to see genius of any sort appreciated. My northern faculties were scandalized at seeing men in the pit with *fans!* Effeminacy is not always incompatible with courage, but it is a very dangerous help towards it; and I wondered what Doria would have said had he seen a captain of one of his gallies indulging his cheeks in this manner.

One night the city was illuminated, and bonfires and rockets put in motion, in honour of St, John the Baptist. The effect from the harbour was beautiful; fire, like the stars, having a brilliancy in this pure atmosphere of which we have no conception. The scent of the perfumes employed in the bonfires was very perceptible on board ship.

You learn, for the first time in this climate, what colours really are. No wonder it produces painters: an English artist of any enthusiasm might shed tears of vexation, to think of the dull medium through which blue and red come to him in his

own atmosphere compared with this. We saw a boat pass us, which instantly reminded us of Titian, and accounted for him; and yet it contained nothing but an old boatman in a red cap, and some women with him in other colours, one of them in a bright yellow petticoat. But a red cap in Italy goes by you, not like a mere cap, much less any thing vulgar or butcher-like, but like what it is, an intense specimen of the colour of red. It is like a scarlet bud in the blue atmosphere. The old boatman, with his brown hue, his white shirt, and his red cap, made a complete picture; and so did the women and the yellow petticoat. I have seen pieces of orange-coloured silk hanging out against a wall at a dyer's, which gave the eye a pleasure truly sensual. Some of these boatmen are very fine men. I was rowed to shore one day by a man the very image of Kemble. He had nothing but his shirt on, and it was really grand to see the mixed power and gracefulness with which all his limbs came into play as he pulled the oars, occasionally turning his heroic profile to give a glance behind him at other boats. They generally row standing, and pushing from them.

The most interesting sight, after all, in Genoa, was the Doria Palace. Bonaparte lodged there when he was in Genoa; but this, which would have been one of its greatest praises, had he done all he could have done for liberty, is one of its

least. Andrew Doria dwelt there after a long life, which he spent in giving security and glory to his country, and which he crowned by his refusal of sovereign power. "I know the value," said he, "of the liberty I have earned for my country, and shall I finish it by taking it from her?" When upwards of eighty, he came forward and took the command of an armament in a rough season. His friends remonstrated. "Excuse me," said he, "I have never yet stopped for any thing when my duty was in the way, and at my time of life one cannot get rid of one's old habits." This is the very perfection of a speech, a mixture of warrantable self-esteem, modesty, energy, pathos, and pleasantry, for it contains them all. He died upwards of ninety. I asked for Doria's descendants, and was told they were rich. The Pallavicini, with whom the Cromwell family were connected, are extant. I could ascertain nothing more of the other old families, except that they had acquired a considerable dislike of the English, which, under all circumstances, is in their favour. I found one thing, however, which they *did*, and I must correct, in favour of this one thing, what I have said about the Doria palace, for the sight of it, upon the whole, gave me still greater satisfaction. This is the overthrow of the Genoese Inquisition. There was a wish the other day to rebuild it, but this, I am told, the old families opposed, and the

last ruins of it are now being cleared away. It is pleasant to see the workmen knocking its old marble jaws about.

You must take this as a mere superficial sketch of Genoa, the result of first impressions: but it is correct as far as it goes. Upon the character of the nation I feel myself still less warranted to speak from personal acquaintance; but I may observe generally, that they seem to partake of the usual faults and capabilities of an active people brought up in the habits of money-getting. In an historical point of view, it is certain that Genoa has shewn both how much and how little can be done by mere commerce. A great man here and there, in former times, is an exception; and the princely mansions, the foundations of schools and hospitals, and the erection of costly churches, attest that, in similar periods, money-getting had not degenerated into miserliness. But the Genoese did not cultivate mind enough to keep up the breed of patriots; and it remained for an indignant spirit to issue out of a neighbouring arbitrary monarchy, and read them lectures on their absorption of money-getting. Alfieri, in his "*Satire on Commerce,*" ranks them with their mules. It avails nothing to a people to be merely acquiring money, while the rest of the world are acquiring ideas; a truth which more powerful governments than the late Genoese will find before long, if they are traitors enough to

their own reputation to set their faces against that nobler traffic. But this, at the present time of day, is surely impossible. It turns out that Genoa and its neighbourhood have no pretensions to Columbus, which is lucky for her. He was born at Cuccaro, in the province of Aqui, not far from Asti, Alfieri's birth-place. Chiabrera, who is sometimes called the Italian Pindar, was born near Genoa, at Savona. I have read little of him, but he must have merit to be counted an Italian classic; and it says little for the Genoese, that I could not find a copy of his works at their principal booksellers. Frugoni, their other poet, was born, I believe, in the same place. He is easy and lively, but wrote a great deal too much, probably for bread. There is a pleasant petition of his in verse, to the Genoese senate, about some family claims, in which he gives an account of his debts that must have startled the faculties of that prudent and opulent body. A few more Frugonis, however, and a few less-rich men, would have been better for Genoa. The best production I ever met with, from a Genoese pen, is a noble sonnet by Giambattista Pastorini, a Jesuit, written, I believe, after the bombardment of the city by the troops of Louis XIV. It begins, "*Genova mia, se con asciutto ciglio.*" I am sorry I have it not by me to copy out. The poet glories in the resistance made by Genoa, and kisses the ruins caused by the bombardment

with transport. What must have been his mortification, when he saw the Doge and a number of senators set out for France, to go and apologize to Louis XIV, for having been so erroneous as to defend their country!

There is a proverb which says of Genoa, that it has a sea without fish, land without trees, men without faith, and women without modesty. Ligurian trickery is a charge as old as Virgil. But M. Millin very properly observes (*Voyage en Savoie, &c.*) that accusations of this description are generally made by jealous neighbours, and that the Genoese have most likely no more want of good faith than other Italians who keep shops. I must confess, at the same time, that the most barefaced trick, ever attempted to be practised on myself, was by a Genoese. The sea, it is said, has plenty of fish, only the duty on it is very high, and the people prefer butchers' meat. This is hardly a good reason why fish is not eaten at a sea-port. Perhaps it is naturally scarce at the extreme point of a gulf like that of Genoa. The land is naked enough, certainly, in the immediate vicinity, though it soon begins to be otherwise. As to the women, they have fine eyes and figures, but by no means appear destitute of modesty; and modesty has much to do with appearance. The charge of want of modesty is, at all times and in all places, the one most likely to be made by those who have no modesty themselves.

The following account of Lord Byron has been received, in a private letter (from an American traveller) at Genoa:—

"*Genoa*, ——

"I have been rambling about Italy for fourteen months, and know every road in it better than any one in America, and every street or lane in Milan, Florence, Rome, Venice, &c., better than the main street in Richmond; I am, however, I believe, about to quit it, I fear, for ever. I am nere lingering on the road. On the 16th we arrived here: about two miles from Town we overtook a gentleman on horseback, attended by a servant; I looked at his face, and instantly recognized him, from a portrait by an American painter, West, now at Florence, to be the most extraordinary man now alive; a glance at his distorted foot confirmed it: we rode on; part of our object in visiting Genoa had been to introduce ourselves to him. Accordingly, next day, we wrote a short and polite note, requesting leave to pay our respects, to which we received one equally polite, requesting us to call next day at two o'clock. We went; a servant stood ready to receive us, and we were shewn into a saloon, where we waited with beating hearts for about a minute, when he made his appearance. He is about five feet six inches high; his body is small, and his right leg shrunk, and about two inches

shorter than the other; his head is beyond description fine. West's likeness is pretty good, but no other head I ever saw of him, is in the least like him. His forehead is high, and smaller at the top than below; (the likenesses are *vice versâ*). His hair, which had formerly hung in beautiful brown ringlets, beginning* to turn grey, he being, as he told us, *thirty-five years* old. His eyes between a light blue and grey, his nose straight, but a little turned up; his head is perhaps too large for his body. Who is he? One of our company began a set apology, which he cut short by telling us it was useless, for that he was very glad to see us; and then began to ask us questions, fifty in a minute, without waiting for an answer to any; and if by chance it was made, he seemed impatient if it contained more than two words. He flew from one subject to another, and during about an hour and a half, talked upon at least two hundred subjects, sometimes with great humour, laughing very heartily; at length, looking round, he asked, with a quizzical air, which of us was from *Old Virginia?* I bowed assent; then followed a catechism, to which I occasionally edged in an answer.—"Have you been in England?—How long have you been in Italy?—Is Jefferson alive?—Is it true that your landlords are all colonels and justices?—Do you know

* His Lordship having been born in 1788, this must have been in the year 1823.

Washington Irving?—He is decidedly the first English prose-writer except Scott—Have you read *Bracebridge Hall?* (I answered, no.) Well, if you choose, I'll lend it you; here it is. Have you any American books to lend me? I am very desirous of reading the "*Spy.*" I intend to visit America as soon as I can arrange my affairs in Italy. Your morals are much purer than those of England, (*there I laughed*); those of the higher classes of England are become very corrupt. (*I smothered my laugh*). Do you think, if I were to live in America, they would ever make me a judge of the Ten-Pound Court? Is it true that an Englishman is always insulted in travelling through America? We assured him not. He then told us more laughable stories of the ridiculous biographies made of him, especially by the French. One of them represented him as a gloomy, miserable mortal, keeping the skull of his mistress as a drinking-cup. I told him that was pretty much the idea we had of him, as we considered him a sort of *Vampire.* (*He laughed heartily.*) He said "*Bracebridge Hall*" was beautifully written; but as for the characters, they only exist in the brain of W. I. There are no old Englishmen, no yeomen. The Englishmen have lost every thing good in their character. Their morals are particularly bad. (*Here I thought he was really quizzing us.*) In fine, he kept us for an hour and a half constantly amused, and dismissed us well

satisfied with our interview. His manners are most charming and fascinating, and if he is, as they say, a devil, he is certainly a merry one—nothing gloomy. His voice is low, and at first sounds affected.—Now, who is it? Who is the man about whom I have written a whole letter? It is '*Childe Harolde*,' '*Corsair*,' '*Don Juan*,'—inplain English, LORD BYRON."

Whether or not, *Brother Jonathan* intended to quizz Lord Byron, it seems pretty evident that his Lordship was quizzing *Brother Jonathan*. His expressing a doubt whether the Americans would make him a judge of the Ten-Pound Court, conveyed his Lordship's opinion that literary merit met with but very poor encouragement in the United States; and when he talked of their morals being much purer than those of England, *Brother Jonathan* laughed, and well he might; for, take the United States, from Northward to Southward, (we speak of the coast, not of the inland parts), there is not more licentiousness to be found in any part of England, not excepting those sinks of vice, the sea-port towns of Plymouth, Portsmouth, or the Wapping district of London. A residence of some years, in all those eastern parts of the United States, authorizes us to speak pretty decidedly on that point. Curiosity

and inquisitiveness are the leading traits of the American character, and, as *Brother Jonathan* always likes to have his money's worth for his money, Lord Byron was determined to sell him a *great bargain.* He sent him staring away, to hear his countrymen *taxed* with a degree of morality which they never possessed, nor ever once thought of setting a value upon. It was a droll story for him to tell the Yankies, and set a grin upon their *new-shorn* faces. Lord Byron, too, must have laughed in his sleeve as he saw his visitors to the door. However low his Lordship might estimate the morality of his own countrymen, he had only to cross the Atlantic to the United States of North America, and he might soon have satisfied himself that the preference in that, as in most other points, is decidedly in favour of Britain.—The late professor, Dwight, declared, in 1812, that there were three millions of souls in the United States entirely destitute of all religious ordinances and worship. It was also asserted by good authority, that in the Southern and Western States, societies exist, built on the model of Transalpine clubs in Italy, and the Atlantic assemblies of France and Germany; which, like them, are incessantly labouring to root out every vestige of Christianity. So that in the lapse of a few years they are in danger of being overrun by unbaptized infidels, the most atrocious and remorseless banditti that infest and desolate

human society!!!—No better evidence can be required of the state of religion and morality on the other side of the Atlantic.

The following interesting account of Lord Byron is copied from a private letter, dated Genoa, April 5th.—

"You are of course aware that Lord Byron is still here; his Lordship lives in a villa at Albaro, within a mile of the city gate, on the eastern coast. Having a letter to present, I waited on him this morning, and was received with his accustomed affability. As you will readily conceive, I was highly gratified at finding myself in the society of one whose constant application to literature and study renders him by no means easy of access. Though somewhat thinner in the face than he was six years ago, when last I saw his Lordship, I am happy to inform you that he enjoys perfect health. I perceived that a few white hairs have begun to obtrude themselves on his ebon locks, but the general cast of his features is more marked and interesting than ever. His eyes retain all their penetrating brilliancy, and that voice, with which you were so affected at Venice, has lost nothing of its impressive tone and flexible qualities. The young Count Gamba, with whom his Lordship seems to be on terms of the warmest friendship, is distinguished both as a patriot and poet. This amiable nobleman has translated the '*Bride of Abydos*,' which is printing here, and will appear

in a few days. The Italian version is highly spoken of by those who have seen specimens.—Knowing the general anxiety which prevails relative to the noble author of *Childe Harold's* return to England, I ventured to hint at the subject, and from the reply I should imagine his Lordship has no intention of going home at present. Our conversation related almost exclusively to Greece, in whose cause he is quite enthusiastic. I need therefore scarcely say with how much satisfaction he heard of the change in our policy, which has followed the accession of Mr. Canning; nor was his Lordship less gratified, when informed of the recent association in London to promote the interests of the Greeks.—From the manner in which he dwelt on this important question, I should not wonder if he bent his course towards the Morea, rather than England. Certain persons will be chagrined to hear that Lord Byron's mode of life does not furnish the smallest food for calumny. I have ascertained that he leads a most retired life, and that when from home, he seldom returns without having the consolation to reflect upon some act of *benevolence* or *charity*. Still attached to excursions on the water, his Lordship has fitted up a small schooner, in which his hours of recreation are likely to be passed during the ensuing summer.

Though the villa occupied by Lord Byron is spacious and elegant, the room in which I was received

is fitted up with the greatest simplicity. On entering, I perceived a guitar, some music, and a few books strewed on the table. Of four or five engravings suspended in plain gilt frames round the room, two are portraits of his daughter, and a third, one of Westall's illustrations of '*Childe Harold.*'"

When every letter, from men of different countries, records acts of Lord Byron's benevolence and charity, what becomes of the charge of misanthropy, and want of feeling towards his fellow creatures? Few are the men of fortune of whom so many instances of a warm and benevolent heart are related, and, from the secret manner in which his Lordship performed them, many are lost, or buried only in the hearts of those in whose favour they were performed, with his Lordship's strict injunctions of secrecy. Scarcely ever was calumny more unfounded, or met with such unequivocal refutation, from so many different quarters. Lord Byron lived as he died, in love to God, and peace, good will, and charity, with all men;—a Christian in every sense of the word.

One instance which occurred at Genoa, will display his Lordship's usual style of conferring favours, and his indefatigable activity in relieving merit in distress, wherever he could find it. In his perambulations amidst the pleasant scenery of Albaro, he frequently met with an aged person, who bore evident marks of decayed gentility,—

of having seen better days. The man did not appear to seek to make his distress known, and yet there was a something in his manner that induced his Lordship to imagine that he wanted relief, and that he was restrained by diffidence from intruding his necessities on a stranger. This conduct gave his Lordship a good opinion of the man, and he threw himself purposely in his way, and entered into a general conversation with him. Won by the frankness and affability of his manner, the person at length informed him that he was a younger branch of a noble family, who, having no fortune to set out in life with, and commerce not being looked upon as derogatory, even from nobility, in Genoa, he had commenced in the mercantile line; and by industry, perseverance, and correctness of conduct, had in time amassed considerable property on shore and afloat. Thus was he circumstanced when the French Revolution embroiled the world, and Genoa could not long escape its fate. On the entrance of the French into Genoa, great part of his property fell a sacrifice to the rapacity of these marauders, and Genoa being then considered an enemy's country, the British cruizers swept the sea, and bankruptcy completed his ruin. A general revolution of property followed this hurricane, the rich suddenly became poor, and the poor rich. He soon experienced the usual fate of persons reduced in circumstances, being shunned by those

who once courted his acquaintance, and, being loth to submit to the pity and insults of those who had once been under obligations to himself, and now wishing to forget them, he fled from all the world. Only one friend remained attached to him, and that a most faithful one, although in the humblest station of life; he had been one of his domestics, a valet, and had retained his fidelity unshaken. He went out daily to work, as a barber, or messenger, and returned every night to share with his former master his scanty earnings, which enabled them to drag on a miserable existence in a wretched abode. For himself, he left the city every morning, and wandered about the country till night-fall, when he returned to allay the cravings of hunger, and to solace himself in the society of an honest man, who was cheerful in the midst of extreme poverty, or at least, affected to be so, that he might not add to the distresses of his friend. A case of unforeseen misfortune never failed to interest his Lordship, and there was something so uncommon in the character of the faithful domestic, that his Lordship expressed an earnest wish to see him. The poor gentleman made many excuses to avoid introducing his Lordship to an abode of squalid poverty, but in vain. They went together, and at night honest *Pietro* (the domestic) joined them, bringing with him a scanty meal of mutton broth and vermicelli, with a small loaf of bread. He appeared to be a good

humoured, thoughtless, social fellow, who, provided there was enough for the day, never troubled his head to look forward to the morrow. He was surprised to see a stranger with his master; but his surprise was soon converted into joy, when the unknown, putting some money into his hand, said, "Honest Pietro, you did not expect company to supper; see what is to be done, and enlarge your bill of fare; do not forget some good wine." Pietro's face glistened bright as a May morning, when he received these grateful orders. He soon procured the needful, and the trio sat down to a comfortable meal, enjoying themselves afterwards over the wine. His Lordship then took leave, having slipped into Pietro's hands a small sum sufficient to provide for a few days to come. His next care was to set on foot inquiries among his Genoese acquaintance, and he exerted his influence so effectually that he obtained the gift of an appointment to an office in the city of about three hundred and fifty scudi (crowns) a year, which he secured for Pietro. Words could not possibly describe the astonishment of Pietro, at the announcement of this unexpected greatness being thrust upon him,—"*Come, Signor, quest' onore per il povere mi! è troppo.* All this honour for poor Pietro,—Your honour must surely be jesting." "No, honest Pietro, it is but a just reward for your attachment a ndfidelity to your old master; it will secure you

both from want. Look out for a more suitable residence, and let me know when you have found one." This was speedily accomplished, and his Lordship saw their new abode furnished with what was plain and comfortable, and thus enjoyed the satisfaction of having contributed to the happiness of two worthy fellow-creatures, at a very trifling expense.

Being now about to attend Lord Byron to the last scene of his mortal existence, it becomes an incumbent duty on his Biographer to state what was his opinion of those countries through which he had travelled, contrasting them with his own native land. He has been calumniated, not only as entertaining an antipathy against the whole human race, but as harbouring a particular animosity towards his own country. The charge is as black as it is false. No man was ever more attached to his native soil—no man ever gloried more in her genuine triumphs—no man was ever more proud of the name of an Englishman; and no man was more strongly convinced of the superiority of Britain over every other country, not so much for its local advantages, as for the enterprize, the industry, the perseverance, and the genius of his countrymen. He loved his country, but she enjoyed profound peace, and had no occasion for his services. He had no opportunity of shewing his love for her, but by rendering himself worthy of her. An honest, but rather cynical John Bull,

Thomas Hollis, Esq., who had travelled through great part of the world, without forming any foreign attachments, on landing at Falmouth, on his return from the continent, has thus recorded his feelings on the windows of the inn: "I have seen the specious, vain Frenchman; the truckling Dutchman; the tame Dane; the sturdy self-righting Swede; the barbarous Russ; the turbulent Pole; the honest, dull German; the pay-fighting Swiss; the subtle, splendid Italian; the salacious Turk; the sun-warming, lounging Maltese; the piratical Moor; the proud, cruel Spaniard; the bigoted, base Portuguese, with their courtiers; and hail again Old England, my native land. Reader, if English, Scotch, or Irish, rejoice in the Freedom that is the felicity of thy native land, and maintain it sound to posterity. April 14th, 1753."

Exactly similar were the sentiments of Lord Byron, and his fellow-traveller, Mr. Hobhouse, who, in the publication of their travels, ask—"Where is *real* comfort to be found any where out of England?" Every man who has experienced the real comforts of England, and who has had an opportunity of contrasting them with those deemed comforts in other countries, will readily and truly answer "NO WHERE."

Lord Byron was a true patriot*, who loved his

* None but an idiot will presume a man to be inimical to his country, because he will not uphold its government, right or wrong. Lord Byron was a *patriot*, and not a *party-man*."

country, and hated only those who opposed its progress to improvement. He never ceased to regret the soil on which he first drew breath, and from which domestic griefs alone could have driven him into exile. *There*, he wished his monument to be, and to make her the sole depository of his fame. His works breathe these sentiments throughout.

" I've taught me other tongues, and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger. To the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
A country with—aye, or without mankind.
Yet I was born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause; and should I leave behind
The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,
My spirit shall resume it, if we may
Unbodied choose a destiny.—I twine
My hopes of being remember'd in my line
With my land's language. If too fond and far
These aspirations in their scope incline;
If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty growth and blight, and dull oblivion bar
My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be!
And light the laurel on a loftier head!
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
'*Sparta hath many a worthier son than he!*'" *

GENOA is, perhaps, one of the last places in the world for pleasure or amusement. It seems the

* Pederetas, a Lacedemonian, being rejected as one of the *Three Hundred*, went home rejoicing that his country held three hundred worthier men than himself.

peculiar residence of the *spirit* of commerce, trade, and speculation. *Interest* is the sole Deity worshipped there, and every thing else is sacrificed at its shrine. The nobility do not scruple to engage in trade and manufactures. Nothing is wanting but a *free* government to give encouragement to enterprize. *Business* is inscribed in legible characters on every visage, and wherever you turn, or whomsoever you meet, business stares you in the face. Those, therefore, who have no employment, and only pleasure in view, have *no business* at Genoa.

Although Lord Byron's literary labours were come to a period, and he appears to have wholly resigned the pen (with the exception of some contributions to the periodical publication "*The Liberal*," which have not, however, his name affixed, so as to enable the reader to be able to specify them), yet he by no means relaxed from his usual activity, and perseverance in the cause of philanthropy. He maintained a very extensive correspondence with England, and various parts of the Continent, in favour of Greece, as with the most able, zealous, and upright leaders among the Greeks themselves, as will be seen hereafter, and extracts given from some of the letters. He was busily engaged in arranging with England, and elsewhere, his pecuniary matters, and in providing those articles which were most likely to be useful to, and to be most wanted by the Greeks. His

favourite scheme was to finish, equip, and organize, a corps of engineers, and artillery-men, and a train of artillery, with which the Greeks were wholly unprovided, and which alone was wanting to give them a decided superiority over the Turks. He engaged medical and chirurgical assistants, and provided surgical instruments, medicines, bandages, &c. &c. and took such measures of foresight, as the most experienced commander of an army would have pursued, if about to take the command of a most important expedition. Every, the least *minutiæ* of *actual service*, were attended to; his preparations betokened that his prudence was equal to his philanthropy and zeal in the cause of Greece. This, therefore, although there is the least to show for it, was, perhaps, one of the most active periods of his life. Lord Byron could not be idle, and whatever pursuit he entered upon he engaged in with his whole heart and soul—"*toto se corpore miscuit.*"

CHAPTER II.

COMMUNICATIONS RESPECTING LORD BYRON.

Arrival at Vado.—At Genoa.—Col. Burr's and Rev. Mr. Johnson's Visit to Albaro.—Defence of Lord Byron.—Chit-Chat.—His travelling Dress, &c.—Eccentricities —Mr. D. Stewart.—The Traveller.—Balls.—Signora Bonville.—Her Benefit, &c. &c. —Liberality.—Anxiety.—Captain Stewart Rut.—A strange Arrival and Departure.—Canova the Sculptor.—Cardinal York.—An adopted Child.—Humanity of Lord Byron.—His Reverence for the Dead.—A Tomb-stone Adventure —Purgatory and Wit.—Lord Byron's Respect for Religion.—Abhorrence of Atheism.—Devotion to the Greek Cause.—Mr. Wright.—Busts.—Sea Excursions.—Excess in Bathing. —In Riding.—Habits at Home.—Narrow Escape from Death.—Byron's Bridge.—Fool-hardiness Reproved.—A Trick in Good Humour, and a Sulky Return.—Colonel Carr in Disgrace; Cruelty.—Humourous Adventure with a Magistrate.—The Charlatan seized.—Leaves Genoa.—Mr. Denzell, the Artist.—True Courage in a Storm.—Rome.—Principle.—Peculiarities.—Patronage of a Painter.—Bologna.—The Count and Countess G——.—Recreations.—Don Juan. —Lord Byron's Opinion, and Manner of Writing it.—His Wishes.—Quick Composition.—Italian Songs.—Hours of Idleness.—Saves a Venetian from Death.—Reconciles him to his Father.—Compelled to quit Bologna, &c. &c.

Lord Byron, during the autumn of the year 1822, was wandering on the eastern shores of

Italy, without any settled determination where to take up his winter quarters, when chance brought him into the town of Vado, and the Blossom, British sloop of war, into the bay, where she anchored. The captain landed, and as he entered the hotel met with Lord Byron, and recognized him through the disguise of a mountain farmer, with a fowling-piece under his arm. They were old friends, and the greeting on both sides was cordial and sincere. Captain Stewart spent several days on the mountains with his friend, who lodged at a farm-house perfectly *incog.* and attended only by one Italian servant.

The Blossom, it was intended, should remain for some months at Genoa to protect British maritime rights, and proceed to Smyrna in the spring with a convoy. Lord Byron agreed to accompany and pass the winter in the same place in the society of his newly found friend; they arrived at Genoa without accident, and his Lordship fixed himself in one wing of an ancient palace, situated in that part of the city called the "Mount of Albaro," distant from the noise of the port, and disagreeable effluvia of the markets.

He had often been heard to express the greatest contempt for the character of a modern Genoese, and he was every way justified in doing so; they are at once the proudest and meanest nobility, and, I might add, poorest on the shores of Italy,

—always boasting of their ancestors without ever being roused by a repetition of their actions to any deed of heroism, or the practice of a single virtue—totally devoid of integrity—unsusceptible of honest friendship—slaves to passion and voluptuous ease, without feeling the warmth of pure love or the pleasures of a domestic circle. The lowest orders are, as might be expected from the character of their masters, sunk in depravity: they are the bravoes of Italy; and, at Naples, assassins, who walk publicly the streets, are branded with the epithet of "Genoese." It is known that his Lordship felt a kind of horror in having any communication with these people: as an instance, there was a young man in the service of the commander of the Trident, Admiral Rowley's flag-ship, at Malta. He spoke different languages, and made his services acceptable to his Lordship on various occasions. At length his Lordship expressed a wish to engage him for a voyage to Asia Minor, and questioned him as to the place of his birth; he replied, "At Vado, near Genoa." Lord Byron shrugged up his shoulders, turned on his heel, and never spoke to him again on the subject, though he employed and paid him well afterwards for his services. We all have our prejudices, and considering the general character of the Genoese, his was certainly a pardonable one. Before we speak of Lord Byron's habits and occupation at Genoa, it is right

to notice an account which appeared in Blackwood's magazine, and other periodical works; it gained universal credit at the time of its publication, though the time was very suspicious, just after his death, when the visit it describes was made in the latter part of the year 1822. As much of it is correct and creditable to the noble Lord, it is worth while giving it at large, and correcting its errors. The following is a correct copy:

"The approach to that part of Albaro, where the noble poet dwelt, is by a narrow lane, and on a steep ascent. The palace is entered by lofty iron gates that conduct into a court-yard, planted with venerable yew-trees, cut into grotesque shapes. After announcing our arrival at the portal, we were received by a man of almost gigantic stature, who wore a beard hanging down his breast to a formidable length. This, as I was given to understand, was the eccentric bard's favourite valet, and the same who had stabbed the soldier in the fray at Pisa, for which Lord Byron and the friends of his party were obliged to leave the Tuscan States—an exploit, not the first in its way, by which he had distinguished his fidelity to his master. An Italian count, with whom he lived before he entered Lord Byron's service, had experienced similar proofs of his devotedness. From what I have since heard, I am inclined to believe the fellow has at length

fallen a sacrifice to that sort of violence to which he had so little scruple in having recourse himself. He was shot by a Suliot captain, and it was that occasioned the epileptic fits which are said to have seized Lord Byron not many weeks before his death, and to have weakened his constitution. By this Goliah of valets we were ushered through a spacious hall, accommodated with a billiard-table, and hung round with portraits, into his Lordship's receiving-room, which was fitted up in a complete style of English comfort. It was carpeted and curtained—a blazing log crackled in the grate, a hearth-rug spread its soft and ample surface before it, a small reading-table, and lounging-chair, stood near the fire-place; and not far from them, an immense oval table groaned under the weight of newly published quartos and octavos, among other books, which lay arranged in nice order upon it.

"In a few seconds after we entered, Lord Byron made his appearance from a room which opened into this; he walked slowly up to the fire-place, and received me with that unreserved air, and good-humoured smile, which made me feel at ease at once, notwithstanding all my prognostications to the contrary. The first impression made upon me was this—that the person who stood before me, bore the least possible resemblance to any bust, portrait, or profile, that I had ever seen, professing to be his likeness;

nor have I since examined any which I could consider a perfect resemblance. The portrait in possession of Mr. Murray, from which most of the prints seem to be taken, does not strike me as one in which the features of the original are to be recognized at first sight, which perhaps may be owing to the affected position, and studied air and manner, which Lord Byron assumed when he sat for it. Neither is the marble bust by Bartolini a performance, with whose assistance I should pronounce the lines and lineaments of the bard could be distinguished at a glance.

"It struck me that Lord Byron's countenance was handsome and intellectual, but without being so remarkably such as to attract attention, if it were not previously known who he was. His lips were full and of a good colour, the lower one inclined to a division in the centre, and this, with what are called gap-teeth (in a very slight degree), gave a peculiar expression to his mouth. I never observed the play of features, or the characteristics of physiognomy, more narrowly than I did Lord Byron's, during the whole period of a very animated conversation which lasted nearly two hours, and I could not but feel all my Lavaterian principles staggered, by discovering so few indications of violent temper, or of strong tastes and distastes. I could scarcely discern any of the traits for which I searched, and should decide either that he had a powerful command

over the muscles of his face, and the expression of his eye, or that there was less of that fiery temperament than what has been ascribed to him. In short, I never saw a countenance more composed and still, and, I might even add, more sweet and prepossessing, than Lord Byron's appeared upon this occasion.

"His hair was beginning to lose the glossiness, of which, it is said, he was once so proud, and several grey strangers presented themselves, in spite of his anxiety to have them removed. His figure, too, without being at all corpulent or rotund, was acquiring more fullness than he liked; so much so, that he was abstemiously refusing wine and meat, and living almost entirely upon vegetables.

"The reserve of a first introduction was banished in a moment, by Mr. ———'s starting a subject, which at once rendered Lord Byron as fluent of words as I could have wished to find him; he mentioned the manifesto of the Spanish Cortes, in answer to the declaration of the Holy Alliance, and an animated conversation followed between the two, which, as I was anxious to hear Lord Byron's sentiments, I was in no hurry to interrupt.

"From the cause of the Spaniards, the conversation directed itself to that of the Greeks, and the state paper of the Holy Alliance upon this subject also was brought upon the carpet. Cob-

bett's name was introduced, and the aristocratic poet's observation was too striking to be forgotten. 'I should not like to see Cobbett presiding at a revolutionary green table, and to be examined by him; for, if he were to put ten questions to me, and I should answer nine questions satisfactorily, but were to fail in the tenth—for that tenth he would send me to the *lantern*.'

"Lord Byron then turned to me, and asked, 'Are you not afraid of calling upon such an excommunicated heretic as myself? If you are an ambitious man you will never get on in the church after this.' I replied, that he was totally mistaken, if he fancied that there was any such jealous or illiberal spirit at home; and he instantly interrupted me, by saying, 'Yes, yes, you are right—there is a great deal of liberal sentiment among churchmen in England, and that is why I prefer the Established Church of England to any other in the world. I have been intimate, in my time, with several clergymen, and never considered that our difference of opinion was a bar to our intimacy. They say I am no Christian, but I am a Christian.' I afterwards asked Mr. ——— what his Lordship meant by an assertion so much in contradiction with his writings, and I was told that he often threw out random declarations of that kind, without any meaning.'

"Lord Byron took an opportunity of complaining that some of his poems had been treated

unfairly, and assailed with a degree of virulence they did not deserve. 'They are not intended,' he remarked, 'to be theological works, but merely works of imagination, and, as such, ought not to be examined according to the severe rules of polemical criticism.' During the whole interview my eyes were fixed very earnestly upon the countenance of the extraordinary man before me. I was desirous of examining every line in his face, and of judging, from the movement of his lips, eyes, and brow, what might be passing within his bosom. Perhaps he was not unaware of this, and determined to keep a more steady command over them. A slight colour occasionally crossed his cheeks; and once in particular, when I inadvertently mentioned the name of a lady, who was formerly said to take a deep interest in his Lordship, and related an anecdote told me of her by a mutual friend—'I have often been very foolish,' said her Ladyship, 'but never wicked;' —at hearing this, a blush stole over the noble bard's face, and he observed, 'I believe her.'

"Once, and once only, he betrayed a slight degree of vanity. He was speaking of a narrow escape that he had lately had in riding through a torrent. His mare lost her footing, and there was some danger of her being unable to recover herself. 'Not, however,' said he, 'that I should have been in any personal hazard, for it would not be easy to drown me.' He alluded to his

swimming, in which he certainly surpassed most men.

"Once, also, he seemed to think he had spoken incautiously, and took pains to correct himself. He was alluding to an invitation to dinner that had been given to him by an English gentleman in Genoa. 'I did not go, for I did not wish to make any new—I did not feel that I could depart from a rule I had made, not to dine in Genoa.'

"When I took my leave of Lord Byron, he surprised me by saying, 'I hope we shall meet again, and perhaps it shall be in England.' For though he seemed to have none of that prejudice against his native country that has been laid to his charge, yet there was a want of ingenuousness in throwing out an intimation of what was not likely to take place.

"Such was my interview with one of the most celebrated characters of the present age, in which, as is generally the case, most of my anticipations were disappointed. There was nothing eccentric in his manner—nothing beyond the level of ordinary clever men in his remarks or style of conversation, and certainly not any thing to justify the strange things that have been said of him by many, who, like the French rhapsodist, would describe him as half angel and half devil."

The two gentlemen, named in the foregoing account of this interview, were Colonel Burr,

formerly Vice President of the United States, who unfortunately killed General Hamilton in a duel many years ago, and the Reverend Mr. Johnson, a natural son of Lord Hampden. The account was contained in a letter, written by the latter to a friend in Glasgow, and though in many points very correct, it requires explanation where he alludes to subjects of which he is ignorant only from hearsay.

The palace in which Lord Byron lived, on the hill of Albaro, was once the abode of the celebrated Andrew Doria, Doge of Genoa, who raised her renown and caused her to be respected and feared throughout all Europe. Lord Byron only occupied the centre, the wings being inhabited by some branches of the illustrious family who are still rich and respectable. It is no proof of poverty in Italy, for any person, however great or noble, to let portions of his family hotel. They are frequently so large as to have half their apartments lying useless, and strangers of good recommendation find in them the cheapest and most convenient private lodgings.

The valet, who received Colonel Burr and his friend, is now in England, and was consequently not the person assassinated by the Suliotes.

This man, of huge stature and dreadful form, is very mild in his disposition, and it is a libel on Lord Byron's memory (unintentionally written no doubt) to say that he kept in his service an

acknowledged bravo or assassin. The servant, who, very properly, in defence of his master's life, stabbed the soldier in the affray at Pisa, was a Sardinian who acted as interpreter when Lord Byron traversed Asia Minor. He was taken into the service of a British Admiral in the same capacity, and was with Lord Exmouth at Algiers.

The reverend gentleman accuses Lord Byron of wanting ingenuousness, in throwing out a hint that they might probably meet in England—surely this is undeserved; no one could be acquainted with his Lordship's intentions on that point, and he never pledged himself to abandon his native country for ever; he never spoke of it but with enthusiasm, and has often been heard to say, "If ever I go back to England I will do so and so." Even if Lord Byron had said, "Good night for ever to Old England," he might have changed his mind, as who does not: did he not write and publish, in prose and verse, a final farewell to the muses four or five times; but the ink was scarcely dry which recorded his *then* sincere resolution before he issued out proofs that he had forgotten it, and that his passion for rhyming was stronger than his inclination to obey the dictates of reason and employ his time on something better.

The reverend gentleman thinks he has discovered his Lordship's ruling passion to be vanity, because he merely expressed an opinion that he could

not be easily drowned, he was so good a swimmer; was ever any conclusion more ridiculous? Would you call a man vain, who by chance had mounted a wild horse, and said he thought he would be able to manage him, as he was a good rider? The reverend gentleman seems to have expected something out of the common course of nature when he went to see Lord Byron: did he ever read "*Shenstone's Essays?*" I presume not. That person went to see Mr. Pope, and when he returned to his native village every one was anxious to know the result of his interview with the English Homer. They asked a hundred questions, to which Shenstone gave no reply; at last one said, "Well, at least, Mr. Shenstone, tell us what he was doing when you first saw him?" "Picking his nose" was the answer, and which at once silenced those who expected something more than man from the private life of an illustrious character. If the account be true, of which I see no cause to doubt, Lord Byron must have been in one of those whimsical moods, when he purposely misled intruders. The conversation about the Christian religion is so much unlike him, that it must have been brought up by the parson himself, anxious to know his Lordship's sentiments, and his Lordship probably laughed in his sleeve at sending his impertinence away puzzled. His Lordship's slight defence of his poems, where he is made to say, "They are not intended to be

theological works," smells so strongly of the pulpit. I think the reverend gentleman only *wished* his Lordship had said so, for he (even in his best moods) assumed a reserved air, if not a determined silence, when any one started as a subject for discussion the merits of his writings: now as to his Lordship's resolution mentioned, "of not dining out at Genoa," I believe he said so; and that he *did* dine out is a proof that he was not disingenuous, but undetermined in his resolutions.

There are other points in this letter which may be suffered to pass, though they are to be doubted: the allusion to Cobbett appears a made-up political hit; and the mention of his Lordship blushing at the name of a lady, is barely possible; he was so sensitive on all that concerns female reputation, that it is most likely, any one taking the liberty of mentioning the name of any lady whom public reputation had connected with his own, would have been left to find his way out of the house alone. No one, however, can be mistaken in Mr. Cobbett's character. With great natural, and some few acquired abilities; with a strong mind, but an unsteady temper; every one must be aware, that he retains about him too much of the *drill-serjeant*. He has not, as his Lordship seems to hint, his passion sufficiently under command to be a fit man to be entrusted with power. He would not be a Robespierre, or a Marat, but he

would assuredly be *Dictator*—" *aut Cæsar, aut nihil.*"—The former he can never be—the latter he will soon become.

The reverend gentleman concludes, by observing that his " anticipations were disappointed;" it is fit they should have been so, if he went to make a gazing-stock of the noble bard, and then tell the world, not what he really appeared to be, but what the gentleman *anticipated* he ought to have been. The interview appears to have been a very pleasant one, and, to total strangers, the reception was unusually frank and free; Colonel Burr said to an English merchant at Gibraltar, that he never was more delighted than by the short interview he had with Lord Byron, adding, " I am no judge of his merits as a poet, but by G–d, sir, he is every way a gentleman."

Anxious that the public should view Lord Byron's character, not through the mirror of prejudice, but with the eye of clear truth, we have given this letter no more attention than justice to the deceased's memory demanded from our impartiality.

Lord Byron chose his residence in the Albaro, to be out of the way of curious intruders, and moreover he had a strong partiality for fixing his abode in ancient chateaus of romantic celebrity; his palace at Venice, house at Otranto, and apartments at Genoa, are all Old Newstead Abbey in different points of view. Alluding to houses

raised in exposed situations, he once remarked, "I like a dwelling for the sake of real comfort, and therefore prefer it in a town; if I wish for a prospect, I can walk out and enjoy one from any mountain top; and, when the eye is satiated, remove myself, but I could not remove my house. The monks were men of taste, and good judges of life's comforts; shew me a fine rich valley, and I will engage to find it embellished with the ruins of a monastery."

Lord Byron's object in coming to Genoa was to meet a person; but who that person was, it is very probable, no one will ever know; nor is it of any material consequence, and may serve to amuse those who wish to throw an air of romance over all the wanderings of "*Childe Harold.*" His Lordship did not bring his own horses to Genoa, but purchased two tolerable ones from Captain Gawkins, of the Chesterfield, a British trader to the port of Genoa, and having no groom with him, the boy who had charge of the horses on board, was hired by him in that capacity. The captain told his Lordship that "the youngster's only fault was tippling a little in the evenings over his pipe." His Lordship said, "if he kept sober all day, and made up his horses well for the night, he would allow him to do as he pleased till morning." This youth was dressed in a livery, not unlike the Robin Hood archers: a green coat, and hat flopped down on the right shoulder,

the rim on the left being fastened up to the crown by a buckle and black feather. When they rode out into the country he had a pouch and powder-horn by his side, and a carbine slung at his back. His Lordship wore his usual travelling dress, which we have had occasion before to notice, of brown waistcoat and trowsers, with large silver buttons, buff-coloured boots, white hat, Morocco belt and daggers, and a loose-flowing green cloak, studded by a small silver star in front. The pair were unique at Genoa, and created some surprise, which made Lord Byron, when he sallied forth, proceed at full gallop through the city; and to avoid on the high road a religious cavalcade, of which there are many every day, he would clap spurs into his horse, and leaping the first fence near, ride over the fields and through the vineyards till he had cut them off, and then he returned to the road again. He had several times to pay for these trespasses, and always submitted to it with good-humour.

There was, at this period, resident near Genoa, a gentleman of singular character, Mr. Duncan Stewart, whose estates lay in the Western Islands of Scotland; his early years were spent in the service of Tippoo Sultan, in a civil capacity, and when Seringapatam was stormed by the army under General Harris, Stewart fell into his power. He acted to Tippoo as a private secretary, only for his private affairs, and never interfered with

politics, except once, when he undertook to deliver to the tyrant a letter, forwarded to his care by Sir Eyre Coote, for which service he received two hundred bastinadoes on the soles of his feet. He would gladly have left the despot's service, but never could obtain permission. He accumulated a large fortune, and purchased many leagues of barren mountains and rocky coasts in the isles of Pomona, Skye, and various parts of the Hebrides, of which islands he was a native; he had no resting place, and travelled over the continent in gay style, sojourning longest where the society pleased him best. He had a house of three rooms, mounted on springs, with eight wheels, drawn by as many horses, and this he fixed wherever suited his fancy. In fine weather he raised a tent near it, wherein he entertained his friends; and at less propitious seasons, took shelter in its iron walls. This singular dwelling was fixed on a rock, near the military road leading to Vado, and overlooking the ocean, the city, and adjacent country, which to the westward appeared a perfect garden. To Stewart Lord Byron paid many visits; they bathed, shot, fished, hunted, and smoked away many an evening together; and one of the greatest balls given at Genoa since the expulsion of the French, was given by the two Englishmen on this delightful spot; it was a carnival in miniature; masks, characters, music, dancing, drinking, and every

sport, filled up the space of a day and a night; the trees and bushes were hung with various coloured lamps, and upwards of a thousand persons, the most fashionable in Genoa, were invited. No accident happened, and four carts filled with broken meats and wines, were sent to a monastery, and distributed amongst the poor. The Austrian General Wolfner, upwards of eighty years old, dined at this gala, on the very spot where he had experienced a signal defeat from Moreau, many years before. The officers of his Britannic Majesty's sloop of war the Blossom, were of the party, and a trivial circumstance occurred, worth mentioning from its characteristic singularity.

An officer of the sloop, Mr. Hastings, was engaged in conversation with a lively French officer; the latter spoke in French, the former replied in English. "Why," said Lord Byron, who had participated in the chit-chat, "do you not speak in French, which you appear so perfectly to comprehend?" "As to that," replied the tar, "I like to *read* French very well, but damme if ever I honour their country by *speaking* it when they can speak *English*; that would be like knocking under to them." Lord Byron often repeated this anecdote, with the wish "that English sailors might always cherish the same stubborn sentiment."

Lord Byron both gave and accepted invitations

at Genoa, of which festivities the reverend gentleman before commented upon might have partaken, had he not hurried away with a cock-and-a-bull story in his mouth. His Lordship only once went to the opera, in company with Mr. Stewart, Messrs. Marshall, Bingham, &c. officers of the sloop of war. The house was nearly empty, and it was for the benefit of Signora Bonville, a young and pretty, but not a very good actress. His Lordship remained till the conclusion of the performances, and applauded her with bravos whenever she came forward; next day he sent her a purse of fifty pistoles, made up by himself and Mr. Stewart, and assured her, that if he was at Genoa next season, he would patronize her benefit. This lady called at the Albaro to express her gratitude, and whether like Charles the XIIth. of Sweden, who would face a thousand foes fearlessly, but run from a pretty woman, he dared not trust himself in her company, or actuated by one of his strange whims, is not to be defined; he refused to see her, and having ordered her refreshments, left the house, and never saw her at any future time. It has been customary with many to speak of Lord Byron's liberality to the female sex, as proceeding from selfish and interested motives; in this work, more instances than this will be found, to prove that he was just and generous to the sex, from the noblest and purest motives. This lady bore an unblemished reputa-

tion, and supported an aged mother by her professional industry, for which reason Lord Byron behaved to her as related.

Towards the end of the autumn of 1822, his Lordship became more reserved, and his visits abroad were circumscribed to a few select friends' houses, and the ship of war in the bay. He rode out every morning and evening on the Roman Way, and always went to the post-office in person, twice a-day. Captain Stewart of the navy (no relation to his namesake, "the man with the iron house," as the Genoese called him), generally accompanied him, and the servant remained behind.

At last an old gentleman of venerable appearance arrived at the Albaro in a travelling carriage. His hair was grey, in person he was tall, but bent by age, and good-humour appeared in his countenance. His arrival seemed to give great joy to his Lordship, who was seen walking with him arm in arm, to all parts of the city, and apparently paying him all the deference due to a father,—dinners gave way to public breakfasts, which were spread thrice a week at the palace, late hours not suiting the old gentleman's health. Lord Byron familiarly called him "George," and he was known by no other name. After a sojourn of six weeks, the Chesterfield trader was hired by Lord Byron, for a voyage to Smyrna, and on board of her was embarked large quantities of Genoese silks and

British goods, fit for commercial purposes in the Levant. Mr. George sailed in this vessel, and after his departure Lord Byron kept his house for three weeks, and saw no one but his servants, and occasionally Captain Stewart, who evidently possessed a great share of his confidence.

It was conjectured that this venerable gentleman might have assisted his Lordship, when in pecuniary difficulties at some earlier period of his life; and *such* an obligation could never be erased from *such* a mind as he possessed. It was known that his Lordship paid for the ship's cargo, and also her freightage, and recommended Mr. George strongly to the care of Captain Gawkins, promising him a handsome present if he returned with an account of his safe arrival at Smyrna. If the thing is worth a conjecture (every one must follow their own opinion), it was not without good reason that his Lordship behaved so liberal to his ancient friend; but the real cause he wished no one to understand.

It is necessary to look a little back, previous to relating an event that places Lord Byron's benevolence and generosity in a pleasing view, and which is very little, if at all, known to his countrymen. Canova was an actor in the scene, but when he left Genoa, with the forgetfulness peculiar to him, probably remembered it no more.

When Cardinal York, the last male heir of the house of Stuart, was driven from Rome to Ve-

nice by the approach of the French army, he had to wander in the villages on the sea-coast, for the enemy had also compelled him to quit Venice. The Agamemnon of sixty-four guns, commanded by Captain (afterwards Lord) Nelson, was cruising in the Adriatic sea, and the Cardinal embarking in a small boat, ventured on board, and threw himself on the captain's honour for protection.

He was treated with the greatest distinction by the officers, and had a separate cabin purposely fitted up for his private use; he was eventually landed at Genoa, where he resided several months, and was joined by part of his family. When he left, he committed to the care of a respectable surgeon a boy about three years old, and for several years he remitted an allowance to support him: with his death it ceased, and the boy was dependent on the surgeon's charity, to whom he acted as a servant. To this shop Lord Byron frequently went for medicines, and observing something peculiar in the cast of the boy's countenance, he questioned him as to his birth, and felt rather surprised at his replies. The surgeon gave the same account, and Canova, who happened to be at Genoa, when consulted by Lord Byron on the occasion, declared it to be his opinion, that he was a natural son of the Cardinal's, from the strong likeness.

This romantic adventure pleased Lord Byron's

fancy, and, as a first step, he removed the young man from his menial situation, and lodged him in his palace; he was about eighteen years old, with a good person and amiable disposition; he spoke only the Genoese dialect, and had no knowledge of any trade or profession, only he could, upon an emergency, let blood and shoe a horse.

Canova had some influence with the minister at the court of Turin, and by Lord Byron's wish, took the young man with him to that capital. Lord Byron paid all the expenses of his *protégé's* outfit and his journey, and Canova got him admitted into a public office as a clerk; the fee to be paid for his admission was about 100*l.* British, which his Lordship advanced, and also an equal sum to improve his appearance. These good offices were all unavailing, for the young man sickened and died just three months after he had been discovered as the surgeon's valet.

This attempt to preserve a male heir in the Stewart line may appear rather singular: there can be little doubt but he was the Cardinal's natural son, and the good intentions manifested towards him by Lord Byron do honour to his heart.

The heart of Lord Byron was peculiarly tender. He was in the practice of going on board the Blossom sloop of war, without ceremony, at all hours; one day he climbed up the side unnoticed, and on the opposite side the crew were all ar-

ranged, and Captain Stewart directing the punishment of an offender against discipline: no sooner did the poor devil's cries, and the sound of the lash, reach his Lordship's ears, than he tottered to a gun for support, and was seized with a violent retching. The lash was suspended, and the officers crowded round, anxious to know what caused this "admired disorder;" when a little recovered, he inquired if the man's crime was "theft, mutiny, or lying." "Drunkenness!" was the reply. "Then let me beg of you to pardon him this time." Captain Stewart read the fellow a lecture, and complied with his Lordship's request, who privately sent him some money, and a message enjoining him sobriety in future. He was several days affected with this painful circumstance, and said he would not have heard the punishment for a thousand pounds.

His Lordship's reverence for the dead was superstitious in a great extreme; he would never cross a church-yard if he could conveniently avoid it, and then he cautiously kept the trodden path, nor ever stepped across, or upon a grave. When the Chesterfield lay at anchor in the bay, the sailors had brought on board a tombstone for the purpose of sharpening their knives upon; his Lordship observed it on the deck, and knew it to be a memorial torn from the sepulchre of the dead, by a cross being rudely carved on its surface. He severely reprimanded the crew for stealing,

and the Captain for allowing them to bring it into the vessel, and by his directions it was packed up in a case and carried to the place from whence it came, where he attended to see it fixed in its old position; that done, he waited on the priest of the church, and gave him a sum of money as a peace-offering. When he met a funeral, he always made way even to descending into a ditch, and when the coffin passed he invariably moved his hat. He could jest at times on melancholy occasions, and once his attention was attracted by the cries of a female, in the church of St. Peter near Genoa, she beat her breast, and appeared in great agony. Captain Stewart remarked he had seen her in the same situation, using similar frantic gestures several days before. His Lordship rode up and inquired the cause of her grief; the poor woman, with a doleful countenance, said that her only son was buried below, it required twelve masses to release his soul from the pains of purgatory, and she had no money to pay the clergyman for performing them. The next inquiry was "the price of a mass," which she said was a dollar; his Lordship handed her twelve gold cobs, to which he added two more, telling her to hasten and have the twelve masses performed, which he felt assured would ease her of great mental torture, though he feared it would not benefit the departed soul—with one cob, he advised her to get the clergyman a bottle of wine, in order to give strength to his

lungs, that he might bawl loud enough to be heard by the porter at the gates of purgatory; and with the other to arrange her dress and wash her face, "which (he smilingly said) was too dirty to be raised to heaven to thank God for his mercies to her son's soul." Though he did not frequent any place of public worship at Genoa, he made his servants regularly attend mass; one Sunday in particular, he came on board the Blossom as the clergyman was performing divine service; he would not disturb the crew, by rising to let him pass to a seat near the captain; but remained on the gangway with his hat off, made the regular responses, knelt upon the deck, and joined with a clear voice in singing the psalms.

He certainly was a good Christian, but it may be doubted whether he knew that he was so. A British sailor, belonging to his Lordship's yacht, refused to take an oath on a particular occasion, rudely declaring, "he did not care a curse for the Scriptures." His Lordship ordered the captain to pay him his wages and discharge him,—the captain objected, as he had so few *good* hands on board,—"and do you, sir, call that reprobate a *good* hand? he is a very *bad* fellow; turn him on shore instantly; I would rather give up my yacht, than be indebted to such fellows for any service whatever." The world entertained very wrong opinions of the religious and moral virtues which gave lustre to the mind of Lord Byron; he fre-

quently said, when any one had deceived him, "that a liar would be a murderer, if he could with impunity."

The determination of Lord Byron to devote his life and fortunes to the Greek cause, was fixed about this period, and he selected for his first *envoy* (if I may so call him) to the Morea, a Mr. Henry Wright, a young man who had been a midshipman in the British Royal Navy, but, for reasons it is not necessary to mention, quitted it, and became pilot to a Turkish frigate. He soon abandoned the crescent for the cross, and arrived at Genoa, I believe, in the month of October, with a Grecian galley under his command. He had despatches for Lord Byron, and letters from many of the rival Greek princes, soliciting his presence and favour. It was too early in the contest for his Lordship's prompt interference, but he sent by Mr. Wright supplies of medicine, and about three hundred suits of seamen's wearing apparel, which he purchased from a ship of war (they were sold on account of their being damaged); he also added some money; and the men to whom these clothes were given had to be enrolled as *Sea* Fencibles, on the coast near Corinth. It was never known whether his Lordship's orders and wishes were executed, for the Turks unfortunately got possession of the coast of Negropont, and Mr. Wright was killed in battle with the Turkish gun-boats. His Lordship

regretted the fate of Mr. Wright, and declared, had he lived, he would have been one of the noblest defenders of Greece.

Canova at this time formed a bust of Lord Byron, and "Alexroy," a Sicilian, copied it in ivory, which copy was given to Captain Stewart. Judges thought neither of them were likenesses, and if they are not destroyed, they may not be worth the trouble of tracing out.

The arrival of the Chesterfield from her Smyrna voyage, gave pleasure to Lord Byron, and he ordered her cabin to be fitted up for his reception; it was hung with satin, the colour of green being most prominent, and was always a favourite with the wandering "*Childe.*" On board this vessel his Lordship gave many parties, and when the weather permitted, always weighed anchor and sailed about in the bay; this he acknowledged was not intended as a treat to his friends, but a matter of private consideration, thoroughly to accustom himself to the sea, and prepare him for many an anticipated cruise, under various fortunes, amongst the Grecian islands, and along her rock-bound shores.

His Lordship was seldom sea-sick, and when, in fine weather, he would venture into the sea for a swim, no man appeared more delighted; his nerves (after a dip) seemed more strongly braced, his sinews new-strung, his walk more firm and erect, and his countenance covered with tran-

quillized smiles. But oftenhe exerted himself so much, that a few hours put a period to those deceitful appearances, and he became languid, petulent and dejected.

Lord Byron ran into excesses, particularly in two things, riding and swimming. Immoderately addicted to the latter, he might have been denominated as amphibious; for he has been known to sport on the water five hours, without once coming to land: his exercise on horseback was very violent, always proceeding at a hard gallop, and taking the most desperate leaps, swimming his horse through rivers, and spurring him up precipices where few were able or willing to follow him, even on foot. It is most certain that the use of the bath to excess is very debilitating; and this his Lordship must have felt, though it invigorated him for a few hours after immersion, during the last years of his life, particularly at Genoa, where he more frequently used the warm bath than at any other period. Hew as accustomed to doze in his chair after dinner, unless he had company, or took a few glasses of wine to keep him awake. When he roused, and found that he had been napping, he looked round, as if inquiring whether his conduct had been noticed; and, if any one observed that he had been dozing or was not well, he was nettled, and snappishly said he had not been asleep, and was very well: no doubt, bathing contributed to promote

the epileptic fits which announced his course to the grave.

His contempt of danger had nearly cost him his life at Genoa: he was riding on the banks of a small rivulet, which, in summer, is nearly dry; but in winter, swelled by the rains from the mountains, it becomes a perfect torrent, and thunders over a rocky precipice, forming a beautiful cascade, full thirty feet in perpendicular descent; it then meanders through a smiling valley, and crosses the road at the villa of Chipsum. His Lordship endeavoured to cross this stream, about two hundred yards above the cascade, but his horse, frightened with the noise of the waters below, refused to proceed till he was spurred; the force of the waters carried horse and rider rapidly towards the edge of the cataract, and his Lordship's friends, unable to afford any help, looked on in the greatest agony. His Lordship tried in vain to keep his horse's head to the stream—he went sideways on to the rocks; and the party on land called out to him to alight, and try to ford it; the horse's feet took the ground, within two yards of the waterfall, and his Lordship spurred and whipped him, so that he sprang forward, several times stumbling, and falling on his knees within a foot of destruction: with uncommon difficulty they reached the margin of the stream; but, as the bed of the river was deep at that part, it was impossible to get out. By the assistance

of his friends, his Lordship managed to clamber up from the horse's back; and a Genoese, descending by the same mode, brought the poor animal into safety, after walking him up the side of the river for a quarter of a mile. His Lordship fainted on the grass, and was so much exhausted, that, when he reached home, he went to rest and slept for several hours. The only remark he made on this narrow escape, was, "I forgot, when I tried to cross the stream, how I was mounted; my own horse would have carried me over with ease;" he expressed himself pleased that the groom was not with him that day, for, in attempting to follow his master, nothing could have saved him. The seamen of the British ships in the bay, who never let an opportunity slip of christening any particular place, where something has occurred interesting to their feelings, called this ridge of rocks, "Byron's Bridge;" and, no doubt, few ships hereafter will visit Genoa, without their crews visiting the spot, and drinking a bumper to the memory of him who made it famous. It had nearly become dreadfully immortal; for neither before, nor at any future period, had his Lordship such a near escape from a terrible death.

His Lordship did not approve of any one braving dangers, into which they had purposely run, to shew their dexterity or fool-hardy courage. A sailor of the Blossom ascended to the mast-

head, into which was driven a small iron spindle, about three inches in circumference at top; upon this he mounted, first standing upon one leg, then another, then cross-legged, and lastly, placing his head upon it, threw his heels into the air, and cut capers in imitation of dancing. His Lordship said the fellow was a fool, and did not know the value of life; there was no good derived from exhibitions which it was painful to look at; nor did he give the fellow any marks of his bounty, which he probably expected.

The temper of his Lordship was very easily ruffled, and it was difficult to restore him to good-humour again; if any thing occurred to throw him off his bearing in the morning, he remained in the sulks all day, finding fault with every body and every thing. One morning he rode with a large party, to visit a celebrated ruinous cathedral in the mountains, fifteen miles from Genoa; they all dismounted, and clambered to it up a slippery height, where they often rolled down to the bottom, after being near the top; he enjoyed this fun, and cheered the young people in their mirth; he was in one of his best moods, and kept the joke alive most happily. After viewing the object of their visit, and sketching it in pencil, they were entertained in a part of it, converted into a chapel by two or three poor monks, who relied upon the casual bounty of travellers for support. Fruits, bread, and wine, were spread

upon the board, and all was harmony, when, unfortunately, Colonel Carr's dog leaped up at his knee, soiling the Colonel's white overalls; who, more nice than wise, or humane, felled him with a blow from his clenched hand, and then gave the poor animal a kick which broke one of his ribs. His Lordship turned pale, his lower lip quivered with horror, and bending his eyes on the Colonel, he said:—"My God, sir, you are either mad, or the greatest brute I ever saw in my life;" he then lifted up the howling animal, and discovering that its rib was fractured, he gave loose to his indignation, and said to Captain Stewart, "a bad master to a dumb animal is very unfit to command men:" this the Colonel heard, but seemed heartily ashamed of his conduct, and never opened his lips; indeed the act admitted of no justification. His Lordship placed the animal under care of the monks, directing them to bring it to him when it was recovered; on this occasion, his humanity prevented him from thinking that the dog belonged to another: he rewarded the poor monks, and broke up the entertainment, descending so rapidly the hill that none could overtake him. When mounted, his horse, which was rather restive, received a good whipping, and in crossing a dry ravine, he hallooed to a young officer "to keep out of his way, or he would ride over him." Captain Stewart pointed out to him a fleet of ships sailing into the bay, and observed it was a beautiful

sight—"I see nothing beautiful," said his Lordship, "in what is common." At a cottage, where they halted to drink milk, a woman, not very handsome, presented him with the bowl, which he handed to Mr. Bell, uttering hastily, "I shan't drink—that Jezabel's looks have soured the milk," and then he rode on, leaving his party far behind. As they proceeded to Albaro, he pouted and fretted at every trifle; and, leaving them to dine alone, he shut himself up in his chamber till next day; when he apologized for his rudeness, and said, "Colonel Carr's brutal conduct would have discomposed an angel:" he never afterwards looked favourably on that officer.

There is (as we before have had occasion to mention) an old saying of the Genoese territory, in which truth is mingled with sarcasm; "A sky without clouds—a sea without fish—land without trees—women without virtue—and men without honesty." Lord Byron said, that five hundred years had passed since a Frenchman gave that as his opinion, which was still just, with only one exception; there were some trees to be found, but the lantern of Diogenes would not find a man with an honest heart. The deputy-chief magistrate, who presided in the district of Albaro, was an avaricious, low-minded, grovelling wretch: he made many attempts to get into his Lordship's good graces; but the latter despised him so much, that, when he met with him at a party, he

was no more than dryly polite to the old lawyer. It happened that Lord Byron fell ill, and was confined to his house, adjoining which was a small belfrey, round which the lower orders of the people assembled on Sunday and holiday afternoons, to smoke, drink, and hear the bells, which sounded like marrow-bones and cleavers jingled; for this they paid a small sum, part of which went into the coffers of the old lawyer, as magistrate's fees. This noise was at any time offensive to his Lordship's ears, and he had often silenced it by a bribe, which only encouraged them to annoy him more frequently. At the period of his illness, it was winter, and the mob having little employment, herded under the sheds, and all day kept listening to this discordant music. Finding no end to bribes, his Lordship applied to the old lawyer, to interpose his authority, and save his ears from such horror. The old man, either from regard for his fees, or glad of an opportunity to shew his spleen towards one who had spurned his friendship, made answer, "that he had not power to prevent the people amusing themselves, and that the belfrey was part of a man's dwelling; and," added he, "'tis here, as in England—every man's house is his castle, where he may do what he pleases." His Lordship, much vexed, resolved to be even with this unjust judge, whose refusal was brutish, when it is known that the request to prevent the

noise was made by the physician who attended his Lordship, and thought quiet most essential to his recovery. The old magistrate was a *bon vivant*, and never retired to rest till break of day: his house stood about a rood distant from his Lordship's residence, and his garden wall ran parallel with the windows of the old boy's sleeping apartments; in this garden Lord Byron ordered a target to be erected, and applied to his friend, Captain Stewart, who sent on shore, every morning at day-break, a party of marines, who practised firing at the target, taking care to begin when they supposed the old boy had just sunk into his first sleep; the men were also directed to make as much noise as possible, and for this purpose were well supplied with wine and grog. Now the firing continued in rolling volleys, and at intervals, "Rule, Britannia," and "Hearts of Oak," accompanied with three times three, shook the old man's dwelling to the centre. It was a noise enough to have wakened the dead—he rose in his shirt, and, from the window, threatened and remonstrated in vain; they laughed at, drank his health, cheered him, and pelted him with orange-peel, swearing he was a maniac. This continued three weary days, when his pride became humbled, and he begged Lord Byron to remove the nuisance, and let gentle sleep once more weigh his eye-lids down,

"And steep his senses in forgetfulness."

His Lordship replied, "that his house was his castle, wherein every man may do as he pleases." Retaliated upon, even in his own words, the old man was in a state of despair, when a compromise was effected; and, on condition that he stopped the bells from ringing, the marines were to be withdrawn: this was accordingly done, and peace once more extended her balmy wings over the heads of the contending parties. Some weeks after this event, a mountebank pitched his tent near this belfrey, and erected a stage on which he displayed his antics, and harangued the mob. He collected them together from all quarters, by ringing the bells, and interlarded his discourse, every now and then, with a heavy peal. Lord Byron felt greatly annoyed, but did not wish to prevent the man from "labouring in his vocation" to earn a penny; he had small leaden crucifixes, which were offered for sale, at the conclusion of his tricks, and he assured the purchasers they had each touched the toe of the Blessed Virgin, in the church of St. Peter's, at Rome, and received the Pope's benediction. A bribe only silenced this fellow for a few hours, when he returned, like a giant, refreshed to the charge. His Lordship, one day, in passing, stood still, and observed the fellow's proceedings; he was convinced that he must be an Englishman, from the circumstance of his exhibiting "Punch and Judy," an exhibition unknown to Italians. His Lordship

got Captain Stewart to send some of his sailors to sound the fellow, who proved to be an Irishman; and one afternoon, as he was exhibiting on the mole, to an audience of sailors from all countries, an officer of the Blossom, with a party of men, seized him as a British subject, and by virtue of the impress, carried him, bag and baggage, on board a man of war. Thus Lord Byron was effectually relieved from his annoyance; and it so happened that this Irish charlatan, was recognised by several sailors as a deserter from the navy, some years before: he was confined, and in a fair way of being tried by a court-martial, when Lord Byron heard of it; and, as he had been the cause of placing his back in this jeopardy, he interfered with the senior British captain on the station, and procured his pardon.

When Lord Byron prepared to leave Genoa, by breaking up his establishment, with a generosity agreeable to his character, he made handsome presents to all the public charities, particularly one "for the cure of scrofulous diseases," to which the inhabitants are very liable.

He embarked in a small cutter-rigged vessel, manned by Italians; and, with an English gentleman (Mr Denzel), an artist, and the boy, his groom, made the best of his way for the Roman States, calling no where till they arrived at Civita Vecchia, a part of the mouth of the Tiber, and the only tolerable one in the Pope's territories.

When they had arrived within one day's sail of this port, a violent storm came on, and threw them all into confusion. The men were very inexpert at their business, and the master a dastardly coward; Mr. Denzel was ill with sea-sickness, and his Lordship was the only one able to bear up under approaching disasters. The top-mast was carried away in a heavy squall; and the boat, with his Lordship's two horses, were swept overboard, and no more seen. The night was passed in doubt where they could be, and daylight shewed them the entrance to the port of Civita Vecchia; the hold was half full of water, and the sailors so exhausted at the pump, that the vessel could not have floated many hours longer. It is worthy of remark, that his Lordship steered the ship nearly all the night, and was at the helm when they got into harbour, where hundreds welcomed their entrance, having seen them buffeting the waves, every moment expecting they would have been dashed upon the rocks. During this awful period, his Lordship was perfectly cool, and issued orders with the precision of an experienced sea-officer; this manner and knowledge he had acquired from being so often on board British ships of war; and it may be said of him—

> "His genius, ever for the event prepared,
> Rose with the storm, and all its dangers shared."

From Civita Vecchia, his Lordship travelled to Rome, in company with Mr. Denzel; this young gentleman was an artist by profession, and Lord Byron patronized him with all his influence. He had taken views of all the principal mountain-scenes about Genoa, which his Lordship said "did him great honour;" and that, from him, was great praise, for he never flattered with compliments any person depending on his talents for support; he averred it was very wrong to induce a man to believe he excelled, when he scarcely rose to mediocrity—it made him rest on a broken reed for support, which, at the needful time, failed him, and plunged him into distress, made more severe by being unexpected, and, therefore, not prepared to meet it.

No man was less profuse of compliments than Lord Byron (except when in a rattling h amongst ladies); and in his professions of friendship, he was ardent and sincere. He readily forgave injuries, but he never forgot them; and having once lost his good opinion, it was impossible ever to recover it. Colonel Carr, who has been mentioned for his passionate correction of the dog, never after possessed Lord Byron's esteem: their friendly intercourse settled into polite formality; and, when his Lordship left Genoa, he avoided bidding him adieu, and neglected inviting him to a farewell-dinner, given

to the officers of the Blossom, and all the resident English. With respect to Mr. Denzel, Lord Byron first noticed him at Venice, where he arrived on a scientific tour; his income was very scanty, and much of the time he ought to have spent in study and improvement, was thrown away in taking portraits for immediate cash, to enable him to proceed on his travels. He painted a likeness of Lord Byron, and, when he found how the young man was situated, he recommended him to many of the principal Venetian noblesse, and made an addition out of his own purse to his income, that superseded the necessity of his wasting valuable time on portrait-painting. Through this generosity, Mr. Denzel was able to visit Athens, Corinth, and Asia Minor, remaining a whole year in Egypt, from which country he returned, and, by accident, met his benevolent patron at Genoa. Mr. Denzel was introduced, at Rome, to the Duchess of Devonshire, the Boringdon family, and other admirers of the pallet and pencil, and there he remains at the present period: it is probable that the stoppage of his annual income, occasioned by the death of his noble friend, will oblige him to repair to England, and exercise his profession. He cannot fail to excite a sensation, when it is understood, he was the only painter Lord Byron ever honored with his patronage and friendship.

Lord Byron made no stay at Rome, but proceeded to Bologna, where he was joined by the Count and Countess of G——, and took a small house in the suburbs, living very secluded; and it is a known fact, that, for four months, he never took a pen in hand, except to write letters of business. His genius lay dormant, and reading was his daily amusement—a task which he imposed upon the lady always in the evenings. With the autumn he recovered his usual spirits, and rambled on foot all over the country. It was his delight to enter the vineyards, orange, and citron groves; there gather fruit with his own hands, and, seated by the side of some cool sequestered spring, refresh himself with lemonade, and while away the sultry hours in the shade, chatting agreeably to his companions: these may be reckoned some of his happiest days; he was in the enjoyment of that privacy he so much desired, and surrounded by those friends he most loved. The Count and Countess were a part of his family, and for years they had been linked together in the closest bonds of friendship. At this time the inquiring world were ignorant of his Lordship's retreat; and the supposition which gained credit in England was, that he had gone on a voyage to Corsica and Sardinia, a thing he often threatened to do, when he had leisure.

It was at Bologna he penned a good portion of "*Don Juan*;" he set not much value on this

bagatelle, and did it merely to distract his attention from other more serious objects. It is certain he expected no fame from the production; and a proof how lightly he esteemed it was, that he read it to his friends at the breakfast table, and desired their opinions on its *demerits:* this he never practised with any other poem; and his nearest friends, with him in Italy, had the first intimation of his having composed any thing new, either from the English journals that criticised the work, or a printed copy having come to the author. Attached to the house was a green field, surrounded by trees, under which he was wont to walk in the mornings before breakfast, with paper in his hand, on which he wrote "*Don Juan*," with a pencil, and sometimes with a pen; an ink-stand being placed on a sun-dial in the centre of the field.

Scraps of this poem, on the backs of letters, were suffered to lie about, exposed to the inspection of servants on the chairs and sofas. His Lordship made a promise to herald "*Don Juan*," when he was in a remarkably good-humour; and no inducement could make him break his word, or he would gladly have done so, with regard to this poem. One day he intended sending away a portion of it, when nearly half a canto was missing, and never could be found; his Lordship said, "he supposed it was where he should not be sorry to hear all he had written was also, in the fire;" he, however, sat down, and, in a couple

of hours, supplied the deficiency, sealed it up, and, without correction, despatched it to England. The part thus hastily written, was the thirty-five last stanzas of the sixteenth canto.

His Lordship, about this time, wrote several songs in the Italian language, for the Countess to set to music, and sing. They were never suffered to go out of the circle of his domestic sphere, though now they would be a most desirable acquisition to his remains, for he could do nothing but what merited preservation.

At this period, too, when he was apparently happy, and endeavouring to please those he esteemed, it is very likely that his Italian songs are far superior to his amatory essays in his native language, which are evidently written with haste and negligence, and highly creditable to his boyhood, but bear few marks from which you could judge of the author's future excellence.

His Lordship has been heard to say, "that amongst the poems, contained in the volume called '*Hours of Idleness*,' there was one, the recollection of which gave him particular delight:" he did not distinguish that song; but it may amuse those who love agreeable trifling, to run over the book, and endeavour to guess at the favourite.

There was a young Venetian at Bologna, whose life made some noise, and whose death would have made more, but for the interference of Lord Byron. This gay and dissipated boy was heir to

a Marquisate, and squandered his wealth upon gamblers and cyprians, both licensed at Bologna to follow these professions and live by infamy. This young man had a cover always laid for him at his Lordship's table, but he very rarely honored it with his company. Lord Byron, who knew his parents, had remonstrated with him on the ill courses he was pursuing, and for this reason the youth absented himself from where he was sure to be told of his faults. He was one night engaged at the gaming-table, when a desperate affray took place; he was not willing to be cheated with his eyes open, and swords were drawn on every side. In the end, two of the gamblers were killed, and the young Marquis, badly wounded, was conveyed to prison. He was there examined by the proper authorities, and stood committed for the murder.

Lord Byron visited the unhappy youth, and learned from him that he had no doubt but he killed one of the fellows in his own defence. His Lordship applied to every quarter, where he had any influence, and was distressed to find that nothing could be done to save the Venetian from an ignominious end. The Bolognese detest the Venetians, and the first amongst them spoke, with malignant exultation, of the approaching execution of a Venetian noble.

The gambling fraternity were determined to avenge their brethren's death, and retained, for

the prosecution, all the ablest lawyers. His Lordship saw that, if the law took its course, the Venetian's fate was decided, for no lawyer of note would undertake his defence. The only chance was in well-greasing the wheels of corruption, and by means of a bribe (reported to amount to one thousand pounds), the prison-door was opened by night, and he escaped to Padua, accompanied by Lord Byron. All Bologna was in an uproar—the gaoler was dismissed, and a reward offered for the persons who had caused the prisoner's escape.

Lord Byron, not content with having saved this young man's life, went with him to Venice, and succeeded in reconciling him to his father; who, in consequence of reports, had sworn to abandon him for ever.

His Lordship had arrived at Rinzi, on his return, when he was met by a messenger from the Countess, advising him of the danger in entering Bologna, as orders were issued to arrest him at the barriers, the daughter of the gaoler having accused him of being the person who paid the bribe.

Though not afraid, his Lordship guarded against danger, by remaining where he was, and sending for his friends. If the Venetian had been a murderer, Lord Byron would have left him to his fate; but, it was evident he only acted in self-defence, and the wonder was, how

he escaped himself. The Count and Countess joined his Lordship, and they slowly journied on to Venice; this was the last time he ever set his foot in Bologna, a city to which he was once extremely partial.

CHAPTER III.

ELBA, LEGHORN, LUCCA.

Communications respecting Lord Byron concluded.

Preliminary Observations.—Byron's assumed Secresy.—Abode at Otranto.—Discovered by Accident.—Amusements.—Employs a Mr. Monkhouse. — The *'Deformed Transformed'*.—Fails to serve Mr. M.—Poem entitled "*Hannibal.*"—Visit of a Marchioness.—Her Brother.—Lord Byron's Opinion of Vows.—His Dictatorial Manner.—His Pride.—Capt. Roby.—Liberties suffered.—His Mirth.—Opinion of Ancient and Modern Nobility.—Reproof of Forwardness.—Liberality and Justice.—Kindness to a Boy, the Likeness of his Sister.—Sorrow for his Death.—A Female Domestic.—A Priest's Story.—Two virtuous Lovers.—The Guccioli on Old Age.—A Boat.—A House, and a happy Marriage.—Scandal.—Mr. Monkhouse sent to St. Maura.—He returns.—Lord Byron fled.—Finds him at Ragusa.—Residence in a Monastery, on a Mountain.—A Tomb to Valour.—Arrival of the Greek Chief, Dionysius.—Splendid Table.—Count Galieno.—A Coward.—Helps to purchase a Ship.—Calls her "Dionysius."—Generosity to some Sailors.—Mr. Monkhouse sails for Greece.—The manner he was provided for.—Lord Byron's Charities.—Preparations for his Enterprize.—Sails from Ragusa.—Touches at Venice.—Sails in the Matilda.—Calls at Elba —Strange Lodging.—An Accident.—His Lordship's strange Companion, Capt. Leicester. —

Light's Travels.—Diving for Oysters.—Arrives at Leghorn in an open Boat.—Appears in Public.—Engages some Men for Greece.—Their ill Success.—Goes to Lucca.—Enlists Men.—Is arrested.—Released.—Embarks his Men safely.—A Challenge.—A Death.—Sojourn at Weray.—An interesting Child dies.—His Lordship's Concern.—Despondency.—Charters the Hercules.—Lieut. Pool's Information.—The little Girl.—Who she was.—Mr. Monkhouse.—His supposed Wife.—A broken Leg.—The Consequences.—A Flirtation.—Cuckoldom.—Deportation.—A Cure for a broken Bone.—Why Lord Byron would not second his Friend in the Duel.—His decaying Health.—Remarks on his Weakness of Stomach.—Lieut. Poole's last Interview with Lord Byron, on the Mole, at Leghorn.

"THE life of a scholar," says Dr. Johnson, "abounds not with adventure;" in this, he spoke from his own experience, and, during his day, men of learning were not to be found, or, indeed, looked for, amongst the great and titled. The life of Lord Byron comprizes a little of every thing; he was at once a *nobleman* (a sufficient passport to fame, without even ability or genius to recommend any one to notice)—he was an *accomplished gentleman*, quite enough to make all he said acceptable in genteel society—he was an *admirer* of the fair sex, a virtue (I must call it so) that, at all events, ensured him the smiles of those for whom poets, painters, and heroes live, labour, and die—he was a *profound scholar*; that ensured him the estimation of all men of genius—he was a man of *dramatic ability*; this ensured him celebrity amongst buskined enthusiasts—he

was a *moral man;* that ought to have commanded the praise of religious minds—he was a *bard,* unequalled since the days of Shakspeare, and this made every British heart-pulse throb with pride at his name—he was a lover of *constitutional liberty;* as such he was reverenced by men of liberal principles—he was a *traveller,* a wanderer, an exile, a man of blighted hopes, and blasted fortunes; at times, a reed shaken by the wind, or a rock of adamant, according as noble pride or tender passion moved him—his variety of character, the rapid succession of lights and shades that obscured and illumined all his actions, fixed the attention of mankind; and whilst the blaze of his genius seemed to raise him, in our estimation, to Heaven, his errors reduced him to a level with earthly beings; and we feel even a consolatory exultation in thinking that he was one of us, though so pre-eminent in talents, that we may say

> "He was a man, take him for all in all,
> "We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

These observations are here introduced, merely because they occur at the moment, from a contemplation of particular circumstances in which Lord Byron was engaged. As an excuse for want of connection in events, we have two precedents, one legal and strong, the other light and amusing, *viz.* Montesquieu and Boswell; the former made his "*Spirit of the Laws*" agreeable, from being

pursued in no settled form; and Boswell's "*Life of Johnson*" is admired, because it is "a thing of shreds and patches," where something must suit every one's taste; but, in point of fact, Byron's life was

"Ever charming, ever new;
When will the landscape tire the view!"

And be it remembered by the reader, that the biographer of Lord Byron has nought in view but plain truth—there are no living relatives of the illustrious *dead*, who are anxious that his *life* should be done justice to; and the praise that is wafted over the grave of virtue must be sincere, for it expects no reward beyond the self-approbation felt at recording an act of justice to him, over whose ashes the bolt of fate is hurled with impotence, and whom neither the voice of censure or applause can rouse to a feeling of indignation or pleasure.

It is almost impossible to trace the movements of Lord Byron from day to day, or year to year, with any regularity; he was varying as the wind, and, like it, you never knew from what quarter he came, or whither he was going. One of the foibles of this great man was an assumed secresy; a wish to be hidden from the gaze of curiosity and ignorance; but his innate worth, always displaying itself in acts of benevolence, revealed him to every eye, when he fancied himself un-

known; so great and good a man could not conceal himself.

His Lordship pursued his journey from Rinzi, through the Roman states, to Otranto; and here an instance occurred of his vanity, in supposing he could keep himself concealed. He took up his abode on the summit of a small monticule, overshadowed by the ruins of the *Castle of Otranto*, and looking on the ocean. The peasant, with whom his Lordship sojourned, was an idle, lazy fellow; the Countess of G—— had ordered him to do a certain thing, and he neglected to perform it; she made this known to Lord Byron, and he (forgetting that he was plain Signor Arcia) told the cottager, "that if he did not execute the order given him, in a few hours, he would break every bone in his skin." This threat, which implied nothing, was repeated by the peasant at Metaskat, in the presence of Mr. Robson, an English gentleman; and he had the curiosity to go to Otranto, where he recognized Lord Byron.

His Lordship fitted up the cottage at the port of Otranto very neatly: it was small, and consisted of only four rooms, on a ground floor; in front, a flight of steps led to a sheltered cove, where a natural bath, secluded from every eye, tempted him to bathe very often. Large pines overshaded the roof of his cottage; and a beautiful garden, in a state of rude cultivation, spread for a quarter of a mile on each side. Here Lord

Byron purchased a boat, and amused himself by sailing and fishing; in this he was assisted by Mr. John Monkhouse, a naval officer, to whom his Lordship had been a real friend.

It was here that Lord Byron began to write his "*Deformed Transformed*," which, had he lived to finish, would have been the best of all his works, bearing a dramatic appearance. His Lordship said to Mr. Monkhouse, in allusion to this work, "Hitherto my works have been more astonishing than pleasing; I mean now to make every one pleased, even against their inclination." Mr. Monkhouse was a master in the navy, and had fallen under the censure of his superiors, for faults which the common charity of all mankind would have forgiven him. Lord Byron did all he could to have him reinstated in the admiral's good opinion, but failed; and for a year he entertained him at his table, and made him the companion of his pleasures, in a nautical way.

At this time, his Lordship wrote a poem of considerable length, entitled "*Hannibal;*" the Marchioness of Guccioli shewed some parts of it to her particular friends, and she must still have it in her possession; we have been told that it was of a light and sarcastic nature, making Hannibal the slave of sensuality, and attributing the salvation of Rome to the influence of women and wine.

The Marchioness of Gréuille came here on a

visit to his Lordship, and her chief motive was to bespeak his good offices in favour of her brother, a canon of the Holy Roman Church, who had been suspended from the exercise of his functions, for incontinence: ever ready to do good, his Lordship's services were prompt; and, being so, the Marchioness's visit was of necessity but of short continuance.

His Lordship did not consider this as a very heinous crime, but he remarked on this occasion, "I hate religious vows; but if a man makes one, he ought to keep it." Mr. Monkhouse observed, "that vows in the Catholic Church were nonsense." "No, Sir," said his Lordship, "whether a vow is made before an idol of wood, or an imaginary being, if the person so vowing professes to believe in the sanctity of these objects, he must be a villain if he breaks the obligation."

There was a rectitude of judgment in all Lord Byron's opinions that commanded respect; and whether he jested, or was in earnest, he never spoke without a significant meaning, and a wish that he should be clearly understood.

In Lord Byron's manner of delivery, when discoursing on literary subjects, there frequently appeared a lofty tone—a dictatorial method, as much as to say, "I have said it, and it must be so;" he commanded your belief in what he said, and seemed to think he was applied to as the source of superior information. In common conversa-

tion, on events of the passing day, he was mild and unassuming, or gay and jocose, endeavouring to draw his companions out, which he had an admirable facility of doing, and striving to reduce himself to a level with all in his presence: a keen observer could see that he forced himself on these occasions; for, notwithstanding he wrote in a manner that appeared as aiming at levelling all distinctions, except those which spring from superior merit, he possessed, unconsciously, a large portion of aristocratic pride; and in moments when the cheerful glass went gaily round the social board, would boast of his ancestry in pretty bombastic terms. Mr. (now Captain) Roby, of the navy, was a rude sailor, and nothing else; he made more free with Lord Byron than any one of the officers invited to his table at Genoa, and this from mere artlessness; he was honest and candid, never meaning offence. Lord Byron said once, on seeing him advancing up the court to his door, "Here comes rough-spun truth." This gentleman, rattling on after dinner, remarked, "Do you know why I like your Lordship?" "No, Roby," said Lord Byron, "I did not know you either liked or disliked me." "By God, but I do, Sir, and it ar'nt for your verses, but on account of your great grandfather, who went round the world, and was as fine a sailor as ever strapped a block." "Ah!" replied his Lordship, "you have let me into the secret

why I am so welcome a guest at this table, because my old grandsire could strap a block; this cures my vanity. I thought once it had been from some merit of my own; I am glad to find my mistake—a bumper to the memory of old Byron, the circumnavigator." His Lordship laughed heartily on this occasion, and often repeated the anecdote. He peevishly remarked of Lord E——, "He is one of your mushroom nobility—a good pension would have suited him better than a title; Lord Waldegrave is descended from a line of illustrious ancestors; he does more honour to the service than it does to him." An inferior officer, to whom he often referred for nautical information, once forgot himself, and, in a hurry, addressed him, "I say, my Lord;" "I say, I say," he repeated briskly—"pray, Sir, recollect whom you are speaking to:" his pride appeared hurt, and he turned upon his heel—a few steps across the deck made him sensible of his error, and he suddenly wheeled round, clapping the poor fellow on the shoulder: "Well, Braddon, what is it you have to say? something curious, I am certain." He was very hasty; pride and humility were, in him, at perpetual variance; but he always made an apology when he thought he had said any thing hurtful to another's feelings.

The steward of the Philomel brig was often employed by his Lordship to make trifling pur-

chases in the country, when at the Isle of Samos. He once bought for him a cask of wine, and offered the change remaining out of a doubloon, about thirty dollars; "Keep it for your own use, Hastings," said his Lordship; "I once did you an injury, and prevented your recovering about that sum from another person." "My God!" exclaimed the steward, "your Lordship is too good, you never did me an injury." "I did, Sir, and now I am satisfied; I have made atonement for it, begone!" he then waved his hand, which was a certain signal that no reply was wanted. His Lordship had a boy who ran after him in his shooting excursions, and carried his game; he was a Maltese, and a perfect little rogue. Captain Crawley remonstrated with his Lordship for entertaining such a worthless fellow. "In his countenance," said Lord Byron, "he very much resembles a beloved sister of mine; I often intend putting him adrift on the world, but when I look in his face, my resolutions vanish; for he has the eyes of her that always beamed with affection, mercy, and forgiveness.' This wicked young rogue was accidentally drowned at Ithaca, and his Lordship greatly regretted his premature fate.

At Otranto, his Lordship made himself acquainted with all his neighbours; there were none of them above the degree of farmers, and the majority cottagers, who cultivated a vineyard

and reared olives. The Marchioness of Guccioli hired one of the girls, to attend in the kitchen, and observing that she was very expert, raised her a little nearer her person; every evening she had permission to repair to the village, where dancing was practised by the young and old. No girl could rest content in her bed at Otranto, if she had missed having a trip on the "light fantastic toe," as a prelude to her slumbers. The Marchioness observed from her window, that in place of going to the village, where the merry dance went round, this girl always descended to the beach, and, joining a young fisherman, wandered out of sight amongst the rocks. She was unwilling to form a bad opinion of her, and yet suspicion ran over her mind; the girl, moreover, told a falsehood, for when questioned as to the company she kept during her absence on the evenings, she declared "her time was spent at the village in dancing." The friar, who confessed and admonished all within five miles round, was a benevolent old man, and highly respected in the district; to him the Marchioness applied for the character of her young, and, apparently, giddy servant.

The friar had known her from a child, and she was one of the best girls in the village; all her earnings she gave to her parents, the father being unable to walk, having long lost the use of his limbs, from a cold caught in fishing, and the mother, by knitting cotton caps, made a few

pence. In the same cottage with her parents, lived a young man, an orphan; he worked daily in the fishing boats, and threw his little gains into the common stock, eating with the old people and helping to pay the rent of their house and garden; he was to them as a son, and when the daughter (the servant alluded to) was out of place, and obliged to remain at home, he lodged in some other house, and only went to his father's (so he called him) by day. Thus the breath of calumny had never assailed the poor girl's reputation; and the general esteem of poor, but honest, neighbours accompanied both her and her lover. Poverty, that barrier to happiness, prevented the youthful pair from being married, and, with all their exertions, they could not raise a sum sufficient to furnish a cottage, and buy a fishing-boat, these two essentials constituting a fortune at Otranto.

This was the account given by the worthy friar, and, by the Guccioli communicated to Lord Byron. This lady was the best-hearted creature that can be imagined; she was always looking about to do good, and whatever she wished was a law with his Lordship: she was his junior by some years; yet, in such instances as this, would assume the right to dictate, alluding to her affection for him, and good-humouredly saying, "I am oldest in love, and, of course, more experienced than you." The lover, of the girl had thoughts of trying his fortune as a

soldier, and hoped a few years, if he escaped the bullets, would send him back to his native village, with a sum sufficient to make happiness smile on his dear little girl.

Encouraged by the familiarity with which the Marchioness treated her, the girl very artlessly disclosed her situation, and intreated her to ask "the great Lord" for a letter, recommending her lover to the officer commanding the Grecian legion, in British pay, then stationed at Cephalonia. The Marchioness talked this over with her friend, and he remarked, "A very little will make these poor devils happy; they have been in love, it seems, seven years, a terrible penance; let us put an end to it:" the resolution was taken, and, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, was unalterable. Mr. Monkhouse received orders to purchase a small boat with oars and sails, also a fishing-net, and a set of lobster-creels; this he did at Venice, and sailed round along shore in the new purchase, safely mooring her in the small cove where his Lordship used to bathe. With the assistance of the good friar, the Marchioness purchased the freehold of a small house and field, distant a mile from Otranto; the whole expense of this only amounted to ninety dollars. All things being prepared, his Lordship, the Marchioness, Mr. Monkhouse, and Count Poliniese, a friend of the friar, assembled at the cottage, where coffee was served up by the girl, who eyed the scene with

amazement; her lover was, to her astonishment, introduced, and the Marchioness briefly told them, "they were to be married immediately, and that the cottage and field were their's, to reside in for life."

The chapel was not far distant, and to it the whole party went, where the holy father joined together as happy a pair as ever tasted bliss unexpectedly. When they returned to the cottage, the married couple were enraptured to find the old people seated, and ready to participate in their good fortune. Music was called in; all the villagers had been invited, by previous directions; wines, fruits, and pastry were ready in abundance; and his Lordship, having set them an example of freedom and conviviality, by drinking to the health of the new-married pair and kissing the bride, left them to enjoy themselves without control.

On the following morning, the happy pair came to return thanks for such unexampled generosity and kindness. Lord Byron, from over-exertion, was unwell, and kept his bed; but Mr. Monkhouse, by his directions, took the man down to the cove, and presented him with the fishing-boat, complete in all her materials. It is not possible to do justice to the variety of feelings that animated this worthy pair; they were raised from abject poverty to affluence; from being poor despairing lovers, they were become bone of one bone, and flesh of one flesh; and when Lord

Byron left Otranto, they were in possession of all their hearts could wish, and the bride in a fair way of adding to their felicity, by becoming a mother.

Scandal is a demon that winds its way into cottages as well as palaces; and there were those, who, incapable of any disinterested action themselves, suspected others. It was whispered about, that Lord Byron had his reasons for thus disposing of the girl in marriage, and that the Marchioness was glad to get rid of her on any terms. The parents of the married couple smiled at these reports, and the good friar soon silenced them by his reproof. It was a fact, that, until the evening of the marriage, his Lordship had never once spoken to this girl; and so little had he noticed her, that he inquired of Mr. Monkhouse, when standing at the window of his room on the same day, if another girl, coming up the lane, "was not the one the Marchioness intended making happy." It is true that Lord Byron had an interest in advancing this match; the gratification he enjoyed at making two human creatures happy, was a reward he anxiously coveted; and he always appeared to think that life's chief blessing consisted in making others blest. It is pleasing to turn from the contemplation of the lofty-minded poet, whose imagination bore him through a galaxy of suns, rolling in frenzy from earth to heaven, listening to the music of the spheres, calling down the spirits of air to em-

bellish his poems—to muse on such actions as these, which place him before us as a man blest with all the finer feelings that ennoble human nature, and, although wretched in his own heart, yet pouring the balm of consolation into those of others.

In pursuing Lord Byron's irradiations of genius, we are astonished, awed, and struck with devout admiration: in the company of his inspiring muse, we—

> "Ride on the vollied lightning through the heavens;
> Or, yok'd with whirlwinds, and the northern blast,
> Sweep the long track of day!"

But we descend from these lofty flights with real pleasure, to mingle with him in domestic scenes, where every thing he does comes home to our hearts; where the poet and the philosopher are lost in the honest man and good Christian; and where he teaches us, by practical lessons, how sweet are those sensations which spring from the consciousness of having done good for the love of virtue.

Mr. Monkhouse was sent from Otranto to the island of Santa Maura, with letters for Dominaho Carvalos, a Greek chieftain, with whom his Lordship had long and frequently corresponded, on the affairs of his country. Mr. Monkhouse sailed in a small *xebeque*, under British colours, though in reality she was Venetian, and so were the master and crew.

The Greek chief sent a large packet back,

filled with information as to the progress of the Greek insurrection; but he appeared to have no idea that his Lordship meditated personally advancing to the field,

"The first in danger as the first in fame."

Upon the return of the xebeque to Otranto, the wanderer, it was found, had again set out on his pilgrimage, and Mr. Monkhouse was directed to follow him to Ragusa, on the opposite side of the Adriatic Sea. There his Lordship had, like the eagle of Jove, soared to the summit of the mountains; and, from an old monastery, looked down upon

"Lakes, forests, cities, plains extended wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherds' humbler pride."

This residence was occupied by his Lordship before; in the year 1817, he occupied it several months: the apartments were good, and furnished in the British style; the proprietors were farmers, and it is probable the furniture had remained there since his Lordship's first sojourn. The ascent to this place was difficult—a horse could only come within half a mile of it; and then, winding paths, with occasionally steps cut in the solid rock, led you to the garden gate, where a level plain extended nearly a mile round the mountain. This had once been a beautiful terrace; the trees, in regular rows, were still standing, and mouldering temples, dried-up fountains, and broken marble seats, caught the eye in every

direction: originally, it was a nunnery, then a monastery; and in the early part of the seventeenth century, the champion of republican rights, the far-famed citizen of Ragusa (Andrea Torrail), after establishing the independence of his country, retired to this seat, rebuilt it anew, and embellished it with a splendour unrivalled at that period. He lived in it to the age of ninety years, and lies buried in a chapel, at one end, which the twisting vines and lichens only keep from totally falling to the earth, and burying in its ruins the simple stone that records the founder's virtues.

It was in this spot, far from the busy haunts of man, that Lord Byron called to meet him several Greeks; one of them, named Dionysius, has since been eminent as a warrior, and died amongst the heroes who disputed the pass of Thermopylæ, with the Turks, in the early part of 1824. With these men his Lordship spent all his mornings in deep consultation, till twelve o'clock, when an end was put to business for the day, and amusements began. His favourite sport was shooting, that of the Greeks smoking; so that they were necessarily apart till dinner time, which was about seven o'clock. The table was sumptuously served, and the Marchioness went every morning, when his Lordship was engaged with his Greeks in his study, to Ragusa, to market for him.

The Count Galieno, a cousin of the Marchioness, was her cicisbeo on these occasions,

23365

and he always attended her when she visited Lord Byron: he had many good qualities, and also accomplishments, which made him an enlivening companion in such a solitude; he had a taste for music, a most excellent voice, and played on several instruments to perfection, particularly the violin; he was poor in purse, and supported by the bounty of Lord Byron; he was, at the time of his Lordship's death, a captain in his legion at Missolonghi, but not greatly esteemed by him. He had no military talents, and what was more deplorable, he wanted the soldier's first requisite, courage. Though he was indebted for all he possessed to his Lordship's kind friendship, he appears to have acted with ingratitude at his death, his name not appearing amongst those who assembled to pay a last tribute to his undying memory. The Greeks, who were assembled at the monastery, prepared to depart, and his Lordship descended from his "cloud-capt tower" with them to Ragusa. The leading person was Dionysius; he had contracted for a small ship, mounting twelve guns, and was unable to complete the purchase, money not arriving as he expected from Hydra. His Lordship resolved to send them back more honourably, in external appearances, than they came, and he advanced the money which made the ship their own—thus, it may be said, his Lordship laid the foundation of the Grecian navy, this being in reality the

first ship of war that ever bore the colours of independent Greece; all their other vessels were merchants' traders, hastily fitted up, and incapable of doing more than acting on the defensive. This vessel was named "The Dionysius," by Lord Byron, and under the directions of Mr. Monkhouse, completed as near as could be done, at Ragusa, in the style of a British man of war, when she was moved into the bay. The Marchioness performed the ceremony of christening her, by throwing a bottle of wine at the stem, and pronouncing her name; and according to the wishes of the Greeks, and the custom of their country, a priest gave her his benediction; after which, a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and an entertainment given, to which all the municipality of Ragusa were invited. Mr. Monkhouse, who had been so long without employment in his profession, was appointed master of this ship, greatly to the joy of the Greeks; and the crew of an English bark, which had been broken up at Ragusa, entered as mariners, to the number of nine men and a boy: they were promised good pay, and Lord Byron gave them each a blue jacket and trowsers, straw hats, and silver buckles. Dionysius and his men of war left Ragusa with exultation. This first essay towards forming a Grecian navy, so creditable to Lord Byron, is not generally known in this country; and even in Greece, only those im-

mediately concerned knew that Lord Byron's money set this ship in motion.

Mr. Monkhouse, who left Lord Byron's service, and entered into that of the Greeks, was well provided for by his noble patron; he furnished him with clothes of every description, and the best nautical instruments Ragusa could afford. The whole of Lord Byron's conduct towards this young man was singularly liberal. He met him as a stranger, and labouring under the stigma of disgrace; in truth, Mr. Monkhouse had been reduced to a subordinate rank, from one tolerably high in the navy, for disobedience of orders; a crime so subversive of all true discipline, that it is very rarely forgiven. His Lordship received and sheltered him when no one else would, and parted with him under the conviction that he had put him in the way to make his fortune, and re-establish his fame. Lord Byron was not able to go about giving proofs of his humanity or charity, in a cool methodical way, like our subscription gentry in London; it was sufficient for him that any one wanted his assistance to induce him to lend it. At Malta he put his hand in his pocket to relieve a distressed fellow begging in the tattered garb of a soldier. Colonel Belvoir told him "not to give him any thing, for he remembered the rogue five years before at Lisbon." "The rogue," said Lord Byron, "of five years ago, may have turned honest, and in the view of his present miseries I

cannot think of his past crimes." From Ragusa Lord Byron went to Sabioncello, and, hiring a latteen-sailed vessel, reached Venice, after an absence of more than a twelvemonth. He rigidly adhered to a resolution he made not to see any company, and many English who sent their wishes to pay their respects, were mortified by a refusal; and this caused those stories to be so rife in England of his Lordship's hatred of his countrymen: it was not so,—he always delighted in their company, but made a distinction betwixt those who wished to see him from impertinent curiosity, and those whose characters argued they were above such meanness. At this time, when he was preparing to embark in the cause of liberty and Greece, he had no time to spare in frivolous visits and ceremonies: he was, we may say, winding up the last scene of his "strange eventful history," as we are doing now. He was well aware of the dangers he had to encounter, and had a strong presentiment that he should not live to witness an end to the struggle betwixt the Greeks and their tyrants. All the actions of his Lordship were those of a man preparing for the last extremity; he called in all his tradesmen's bills and paid them himself, thanking some of the people for their integrity, and bidding adieu to them all; to the manager of the opera-house, whom he had once been an enemy to, he gave 50*l.* and to the hospital he sent an equal sum; several poor creatures

whom he had pensioned at one, two, and three shillings a-week, he sent for, and discharged them with a sum of money equal to the pension they had received. Having "cleared his conscience and his debts," using his own expression, he tarried two months at the Marchioness of Grénille's, and then privately sailed for Naples, which port he never reached, but changed his vessel at sea; and on board an English brig, the Matilda, Captain Spencer, anchored at the Island of Elba, in Port Longono, where he landed, and lodged in the palace once occupied by Napoleon Buonaparte. There he lived in the same eating-room, and slept in the same bed-room; what his Lordship's reflections must have been when there, resting in the very mould of him who had driven the world in dismay before him, and yoked yielding kings to his chariot-wheels, cannot be imagined. Did he recollect that bitter satire, when, in his indignation at seeing him who had mounted high, borne to the dust by the breeze of an hour, like a moth with wings singed in the candle's flame, he even lamented, and reproached the fallen exile, that he had not dared to imitate the example of Cato, and die rather than be degraded:

"'Tis done! but yesterday a king,
And arm'd with kings to strive;
And now thou art a nameless thing,
So abject—yet alive!"

An accident happened to his Lordship in ex-

ploring the quicksilver mines;—a rope by which he held gave way, and he fell a distance of six feet on a heap of stony rubbish. He complained much of the injury done to his left side, and kept his apartments for the space of a fortnight. May not this have been in some degree the cause of those fits which preceded his death?

The Marchioness was left at Venice, and his Lordship had with him only one friend, Mr. Leicester, and an Italian footman. Mr. Leicester was a lieutenant in the army, and had travelled overland from India, and afterwards through Turkey, Asia Minor, Egypt, the Isles of Rhodes and Candia. This he accomplished on his half-pay, and was now attached to Lord Byron "in the way of bargain." His Lordship engaged him for the Greek service, and paid him a salary weekly as a captain in his legion—which was then only formed in his brain. Mr. Leicester was a man of great energy, bodily strength, and undaunted courage; and it is no less strange than true that, although he had travelled over half the world, he was acquainted with no language but English. This gentleman has since published his travels, and the latter part of the second volume was read and almost re-wrote by Lord Byron at Elba, during his confinement from the effects of his accidental fall.

For some reasons these travels have been given to the world under the name of "Mr. Light"; it

is not of much consequence what name appears in their title-page, for they are meagre in the extreme, and even Lord Byron (though traces of his pen may be discovered) has failed to add any interest to the last book.

At Elba his Lordship attended the oyster-divers —these men go out in small boats to Point Longono, where they anchor; stripping themselves naked, they fasten a coarse towel round their neck, allowing it to form a kind of bag in front; armed with a small hammer, they drink a glass of spirits and dive to the bottom, commonly in five fathoms water; they then commence their submarine occupation, and strike the oysters from the rocks: after remaining about five minutes under water, they ascend with their towels, and frequently their folded arms filled with oysters—they are always so exhausted, that the instant their heads appear above water, the men in the boat seize and drag them in—they are sick at first, and then, recruited with another glass of spirits, they descend again to their labour. Lord Byron, so excellent a swimmer, tried this experiment, exactly after the fashion of the natives;—he cut his knees and hands, and after repeated divings, in which he did not bring up a single oyster, he relinquished the effort, and laughed at himself for attempting it. These oysters contain pearls, which is the motive for this hazardous and painful labour.

Lord Byron rowed to Leghorn in a small boat, stopping at the island of Gorgona for a refreshment of fruit and wine: immediately upon landing he walked to the Governor's, General Armiston, an Irishman by birth, but who had been from his boyhood in the Tuscan states, in various capacities; with him Lord Byron took up his abode. The incognito which his Lordship had lately observed was now laid aside; he dressed in the apparel of his native land, and exhibited a star on his breast, with a gold chain and medal, given him by the Greeks of Hydra and Ipsara; he visited publicly every public place, and paid his respects frequently to the Grand Duke, who then resided in the castle. Captain Leicester engaged about forty English and eighty Italians, to embark in the cause of Grecian independence, and they were all paid money in advance by Lord Byron. They sailed for Cephalonia, as a port of general rendezvous; but, unfortunately, one of the vessels, for they were divided, perished in a storm, and none survived to tell the tale of woe—the other was captured by a Turkish sixty-four gun ship, and, like true soldiers of fortune, the men all engaged to serve the Sultan, and in place of *killing* FOR the Greeks, they had the fate to be *killed* BY the Greeks in Negropont, where they were placed in the advance of *true believers*—merely as "food for gunpowder." Lord Byron was at Leghorn still, when the fate of his first levy reached him,

but not an account of their treachery. He bore it with resignation, and relaxed not in his efforts—he was not to be chilled by disappointment, or frightened by shadows, and he might have said with Addison's Cato,

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success—
> But we'll do more Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

A body of Poles, in the service of the Grand Duke, had been disbanded at Lucca; two of them made their way to Lord Byron, and offered themselves to serve in Greece; their offers were accepted, and his Lordship, in company with Captain Leicester, went to Lucca with an intention of engaging the whole. These men were found rambling about the streets in a state of great misery, having sold their arms and every trifle for immediate support. Lord Byron did not chuse to appear, by name, and Captain Leicester issued a placard requesting them to assemble at "Tasso's Hotel," by daylight on a Sunday morning. When the hour arrived, the front of the hotel was crowded, and they were admitted a few at a time for examination. Whilst this ceremony was peaceably going forward, "Saint Flurigen," the governor of Lucca, arrived on horseback with a strong military guard; he ordered all the poor wretches outside of the hotel to disperse, on pain of being shot, and then, "*sans cérémonie*," entered

the house and arrested Lord Byron, Captain Leicester, the clerk, and servant, and seized every paper in the room. There was no time for appeal, as the whole were hurried off to a prison in the suburbs, where, huddled together in a small room, they passed the night on straw. The situation of Lord Byron was here very unpleasant; he did not wish to have his name known, and yet was aware that he had no right, as a foreigner, to raise soldiers in the Grand Duke's dominions, without permission, which he had never thought of asking. Next morning they were all carried before the governor, and interrogated; who expressed himself dissatisfied with their answers—accused them of trying to create a sedition amongst the disbanded soldiery, and, finally, said he should send them to Leghorn for trial.

The manly way in which Lord Byron defended his conduct excited admiration: he pleaded ignorance of the laws, which, in any other country but Italy, would have been admitted as a reason for acquittal; the governor was smiling at his earnestness, when a person handed him a note, which he read, and, casting his eyes upon Lord Byron, retired. A messenger conducted his Lordship into this great man's apartment (possibly like our *private police*-office rooms): whatever was the end of the interview is of no importance; all parties were at once released, and the Poles marched off

to Leghorn with drums beating, and a Greek ensign displayed.

Captain Leicester, in the course of exercising his authority over the Poles, gave offence to a bystander, an Italian count, and a general officer; some words ensued, and the latter forwarded a challenge, couched in very contemptuous terms. Captain Leicester did not hesitate to accept it; but Lord Byron would not agree to second him. Lucca is famous for duels with the small sword, and as Captain Leicester was a novice in the fencing art, pistols were proposed, and with some reluctance adopted by the opposite party. Day-light discovered each hero on the ground, and after the usual forms, such as are observed in England, were gone through, an exchange of shots took place; the result was the instant death of the general, who was shot in the heart, and the fall of Captain Leicester, who received a ball in his chest. He was removed in a spring cart to town, from whence, after his wound being dressed, he got into a travelling chariot with Lord Byron, and arrived next day at Wesay, a villa between Leghorn and Pisa. The wound of Captain Leicester was not dangerous, and the death of the general scarcely afforded "a nine days' wonder," where duels and deaths are so common, that to be shot is called the natural death of a Luccanese.

Lord Byron carefully nursed his friend, and soon had him upon his legs again. The Poles were all embarked on board a vessel, called after the favourite wine of Naples "*The Lachrymæ Christi*," or "Tears of Christ," and they safely arrived at Cephalonia. Their destination afterwards was, probably, Missolonghi; but they merged into more extensive battalions, and may now be fighting the good fight on the plains of Marathon, or bulwarking with their bodies the sacred city of Athenian glory.

The house where Lord Byron abode in at "Wesag," had an old woman for mistress, and a beautiful girl, almost a child, acted as maid. This little girl took great delight in devoting her services to Lord Byron, and he, in return, shewed her fatherly attention—nay, he bought her apparel and ornaments, such as none of her family had ever worn before her, and which, to the neighbouring villagers, appeared mysterious. Lord Byron said he would send her to Venice as an attendant on the Marchioness ——, and no doubt such was his honest intention; fate, however, spoils many a fortune. This interesting child went to Leghorn with Captain Leicester, to look at the cabins on board the ship in which she was to embark, and point out any thing she might deem necessary for her accommodation. The crew had a fever amongst them of a malignant nature, and when the poor girl returned to "Wesag," she

took to her bed, from which she never more arose; Lord Byron also caught the fever, and had a severe struggle to overcome it. He was in a very feeble state when he followed, in the mass, this hapless victim to the grave; he saw her laid where he was soon to lie—he watered her early grave with tears, and, in the bitterness of blighted hopes and heart-felt anguish, he declared to Captain Leicester, "That there was nothing worth living for on this side of the grave." His Lordship hurried from "Wesag" to Leghorn, where he chartered the ship Hercules, Captain Scott, to convey him to that country for which his brightest hopes were cherished—and for which he died—perished in the blaze of his fame, and left behind him a spirit which will inspire with courage every Grecian soul, and render the name of Byron the watch-word of liberty till the cresent is lowered, and

> "Prone to earth Oppression shall be hurl'd,
> Her name, her nature withered from the world."

It will be seen from the preceding pages of this work, that this was the second visit made to Pisa and Leghorn by Lord Byron, and therefore it has been reported that the child, whose premature death affected him so deeply, was nearer to him than being a simple protégé; this, however, is not borne out by any corroborative circumstances: she was thirteen years of age, and therefore, at the time of her birth, Lord Byron was in England—more-

over, she had been brought up in total ignorance, and could neither read nor write—this he would never have permitted, had nature given him any claim to her by ties of blood; and it does not appear, that during his first visit to Pisa he ever stopt at this village (which lies four miles to the westward of the main road), or knew his future hostess, the old widow, on whom he seems to have bestowed no marks of his bounty at his departure, which would have been the case had she been related to a child entitled to call him by a more endearing name than that of friend.

There is an extraordinary wish in writers to pervert the best and most liberal actions of Lord Byron into something mean and interested: if he looks on a beautiful woman with virtuous admiration, they try to pervert it into sensual desires, and coarse voluptuousness,—if he nurses a little infant on his knee, and stops from the regions of stoical philosophy to be amused with its infantine prattle and innocent caresses, Oh, then, it must be his own, the fruit of some adulterous connexion or heartless intrigue; they cannot give him credit for possessing the common natural feelings of man, which delights in all that is lovely, and feels for all that lives. The man that did not become attached to an innocent little child, familiarly accustomed to play at his feet, and climb up his knees, must be formed of materials quite different from the majority of God's creation; shame on such suspicious

characters,—evil in themselves, they imagine evil in others, and are no more calculated to be judges of Lord Byron's tenderness of heart, than they are to be judges of the twelve tribes of Israel, quick and dead. There was an instance occurred at Ragusa, which we were only made acquainted with when our memoirs were in this forward state, and take leave to relate it, running the risk of offending the person most immediately concerned, trusting his good sense will excuse us for doing, by a trifling exposure, an act of justice towards his acknowledged friend.

Mr. Monkhouse had with him, at Ragusa, a woman he called his wife—English, very agreeable, very ugly, and very giddy. This lady was always, when at Ragusa, paid particular attention to by Lord Byron; he divided his compliments betwixt her and the Marchioness, and the beauty of one appeared to command no more respect than the deformity of the other. There were those who attributed this *penchant* of his Lordship for ugliness, to a depraved taste, and desire to possess every thing to which he had no right; nevertheless, the Marchioness and this lady lived in great harmony, when, all of a sudden, she disappeared. Lord Byron was very much displeased with Mr. Monkhouse at the time, and did not speak to him for some days. Now this thing is accounted for in the easiest manner possible: at Otranto, his Lordship, in a merry mood, was

romping with this perfection of ugliness, on the hill side, when she fell and broke her leg—he was certainly the cause of it, and shewed great regret at the unhappy accident. Had she been fair as an Houri, he could not have been more attentive, nor more anxious for her recovery than he was; and he gave a holiday to all his domestics when she came forth in *upright* health.' Ever after this he paid her respects beyond what she was entitled to; and made her several handsome presents, by way of atonement for the ill he had unintentionally done her. She was not a lady famed for virtuous deeds, nor was she the wife of Mr. Monkhouse, though he introduced her to Lord Byron under that title. Seamen are not nice under such circumstances; and she had so long passed for his better half, that he actually thought that she was so. At Ragusa she flirted with one of the Grecian deputies; and Mr. Monkhouse had certain proof that he bore on his forehead the "blushing honours" of a "Love Cuckold:" Hymen, of course, had no share in his dishonour, which, though disagreeable, was not legal. He resolved to remove the cause of his disgrace, and, by help of the Ragusan police, hurried her on board a vessel, and sent her away, for what he cared,

"To Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where."

It was this secret deportation which gave offence

to Lord Byron; and he conceived he had still a debt to discharge on account of the fractured limb; he would have agreed to Mr. Monkhouse sending her from him as worthless, but not poor and destitute. When his Lordship arrived at Venice, after this transaction, he was apprised of the lady being there also, by an application she made to him; he saw her, and gave her fifty pounds, paying her passage home to London, in the cabin of a fruit-trader, the captain of which vessel was entrusted with twenty pounds more, and had directions to pay it her as soon as she joined her friends, who were decent trades-people in Redriffe parish. These orders were punctually performed; and it will be seen from this anecdote, that, in acts of justice, Lord Byron was not swayed by beauty, whim, or caprice; he fancied himself under obligations where none had been incurred; and the slightest injury done by him to any one, was generously paid, as if he were rendering penance for a crime. From the same source that we gathered this tale, we are told that his Lordship's refusal to attend his friend, Captain Leicester, in the duel, as his second, arose, not from any dislike to the Captain, or dread of the consequences, affecting himself, but from an abhorrence of the principle, which he called "deliberate murder;" and though he had been drawn into the practice once in his life, in vindication of

his honour, he never would encourage it in others. His aversion to being blooded in sickness was not greater than his horror at the idea of his shedding human blood in private.

He said it was a pity no law could be made for the prevention of duelling, with the common consent of all civilized governments; and he remarked, that in Turkey, where quarrels were frequent, and animosities lasting from generation to generation, duels were unknown, and assassinations resorted to only by the very lowest and worst of the people.

The health of Lord Byron, when he sailed from Leghorn, was in a very precarious state; he strove to conceal it, and assumed a lively nature, when he was inwardly smarting under severe pains. His cheeks were hollow, and his forehead pale; his eyes had lost a great share of their lustre, and he was reduced in person; whether the fall he received, as we have related, in the mine at Elba, had a serious effect, it is impossible to guess, for he never complained; but Lieutenant Poole, who had so many opportunities of seeing him, remarked a great change in him for the worse, and fully believes that the seeds of the disorder, which deprived the world of his services, were sown full two years before the occurrence of that fatal event.

The last time Mr. Poole saw his Lordship, was on the mole, at Leghorn, when he expressed an

opinion that he should be sea-sick, as his stomach was weak; he would, however, take bark in Port wine, and wished he had done so before. That he had no idea of any danger, either from his health, or the scenes in which he was going to mingle, was evident, from his directing Lieutenant Poole, when he had executed a commission in France, to travel over land to Venice, and there he would find letters with instructions in what part of Greece he was to be found—he shook Lieutenant Poole by both hands, and they parted never to meet again.

CHAPTER IV.

Gleanings.—Lord Byron, the female Georgian Slave, and Sir Henry Fletcher.—Malta.—Dr. and Mrs. Pedley and Niece.—Singular Meeting of the latter with a French Officer.—Lord Cochrane's affair at Malta.—Lord Byron assists him to get away.—Mrs. Pedley accompanies them to Minorca.—Adventures at Gibraltar, Lisbon, Oporto, and narrow escape of Lord Byron from being captured by the French.—Mrs. Pedley and Captain Hill.—Lord Byron's daily Habits of Life, while a Visitor on board of one of His Majesty's Ships of War.—The Grecian Isles, the haunts of Pirates.

The following *Gleanings* having been given with a positive assurance of their authenticity, (of which, indeed, they bear a very strong stamp, some of the parties residing, at this moment, in the vicinity of London), it would have been unpardonable to have withheld them from the reader; and they are given here altogether, rather than in their proper place, according to the train of events, as they would have broken the chain of Lord Byron's works, which it was a principal object to bring together in as connected and compact a view as possible.

Lord Byron was not such a traveller as Smellfungus, who, as Sterne characterizes him, could travel from Dan to Beersheba, without turning

either to his right hand, or to his left, and exclaim, —all—all is *barren!* No, like Don Quixote, adventures sprung up under his feet at every step, like mushrooms after a shower in autumn; and when the reader considers under what circumstances he travelled, he will not be surprised at its being so. His name and rank caused all gates to fly open to him, and his company to be courted in all circles; his acquaintance with many of the commanders in the navy, his attachment to the sea service, made him a frequent and welcome visitor on board the king's ships, and afforded him a facility of transporting himself every where *ad libitum;* his affluence (which, according to the mode of living abroad, was great) laid him under no restrictions; and when, added to these things, his own eccentric character, and his fondness for persons as eccentric as himself are considered, the only surprise will be that more of his adventures have not been brought to light; but the *seal of secrecy* has been affixed on the lips of his trusty and confidential attendant, Fletcher, by the surviving relatives of his Lordship. The public have an undoubted right, however, to what it can get; the ice once broken, the current will have free play, and every day will waft some fresh arrival into port with a freight of anecdote for the edification of the lovers of literary gossip. Every thing relating to Lord Byron is too good to be lost, and they are rather foes than friends to his name, who

would wish the circumstances of his life to be buried in the grave with him.

When Lord Byron arrived on the coast of Asia Minor, he happened to be present, at Alexandria, at a time of a public sale in the Bazaar, where a supply of female slaves had arrived from Georgia and Circassia. One of the girls wept bitterly, and seemed in agonies at her forlorn situation. The tenderness of his Lordship's heart was aroused, and he addressed her in the dialect of the country (a sort of *Lingua Franca*, or compound of all languages, in use all along the coasts of Asia Minor, Turkey, and Egypt), in which they could barely make themselves understood to each other; but sufficiently so for his Lordship to make out that she stated herself to be born of Christian parents at Tefflis, in Georgia, and that the "Curds," or mountaineers of Curdistan, had made a prisoner of her, while rambling after her father's sheep, who was an opulent land-owner, and proprietor of herds. She had been sold to various masters, and at last had got into the hands of her present one, Aba Ben Hassan, who brought her to Alexandria, as the market from whence Constantinople is supplied with *women*, like *beasts of the field*, from a *cattle* market. Her anxious wish was to be restored to her parents, who, she said, being an only child, would gladly part with half their wealth to have her once more brought back to their arms. Lord Byron almost instantly resolved, in his Quixote-

like manner, to release her, and settled the price of her with Hassan, at 800 piastres; she was delivered up to him, and he then began to reflect what he should do with his *pretty* purchase. For the present, he placed her in the house of the English Consul, an Armenian named Yuzuf, or Joseph, whose wife and daughters paid her every attention her wounded spirit demanded. Lord Byron, himself, had no intentions of going near Georgia; but, at that period, actually contemplated a visit to Persia and the East Indies. The distance from Alexandria to Tefflis was seven hundred leagues, and no regular caravan went that route oftener than once in three years, and the last had only set out about two months previously to his Lordship's having made his singular bargain. The girl was very pretty, and only thirteen years old; but in the East they are marriageable at twelve, and frequently become mothers before that age. Lord Byron, however, looked upon her as a mere child, and anxiously made every inquiry for some person going to Georgia to whom he might safely confide her. Some days passed away, and he, having occasion to go to Constantinople, met there with Sir Henry Fletcher, (whom he had previously seen and made acquaintance with on some part of his route), and was beyond measure delighted when he found he was on his way to Georgia, partly for pleasure, partly on a speculation in silks and shawls, in which he had

before dabbled with much success. This gentleman was of an Irish family, and one of the knights of the lord-lieutenant of that kingdom. He had been formerly a merchant at Londonderry, but of late years had been travelling in various parts of the Continent, and in Greece. He was young, dissipated, and possessed no larger share of honour than suited his pleasures or convenience. Lord Byron entrusted to him the secret of his young charge, and offered, if he would let her enter his suite and give her his protection, the expenses should be paid to any amount. Sir Henry was a man of moderate fortune, (about 500*l.* a year,—in that country equal to about as many thousands in England): so that, compared with Lord Byron, he was very poor. He cheerfully accepted the offered charge, and was most handsomely paid for the trouble he was about to undertake. He pledged his honour to deliver her safe and *unsullied* into the hands of her parents, and to bring back letters from them, acknowledging their having so received her. Lord Byron was acquainted with the intriguing and gallant propensities of Sir Henry, having once rescued him from imminent danger by his interference, he having been attacked by two brothers of a young lady (whom, it was said, he had seduced), and but for Lord Byron and a friend coming up at the time, and putting the assailants to flight, there would have been an end of the travels, adventures, amours and extra-

vagancies of Sir Henry Fletcher. Lord Byron was aware of all this, but, circumstanced as matters were, he could see no other resource. He took the precaution, however, to write by one of Fletcher's guards (unknown to Fletcher) to the East Indian agent at Tefflis, requesting him to send him an account of the girl's reception, and of the treatment she might receive upon the road. He did not suspect Sir Henry of being capable of any base act, and he hoped the girl would have virtue sufficient to resist the solicitations of a libertine, which, however, Sir Henry solemnly promised to refrain from putting in practice. She was sent for to Constantinople, dressed in boy's attire, in order to pass her off for the son of Sir Henry, who travelled as a Russian merchant. The delight of the poor girl at the prospect of being restored to all she held dear in this world, and that through the generous interposition of a Heaven-sent stranger, may be better imagined than described. His Lordship charged her to write to him from every place where she could find an opportunity, and he caused to be sewed up in different parts of her dress, some jewels (being more portable and easier concealed than cash), to supply her wants on any emergency that might occur, by the loss of her protector, or by any unforeseen separation on the route. Nay, he set her on her guard against Sir Henry himself, and strongly advised her, if he should betray any symptoms of behaving impro-

perly, to quit him altogether, and pursue her way (trusting to Providence) on horseback alone, which she might well do, in her male disguise, particularly as in Georgia the women are accustomed to ride in the same position as the other sex.

His Lordship never heard from the girl on the road, which surprised him very much; and he was, at length, still more astonished to find, by means of the East-Indian agent, that Sir Henry Fletcher had arrived without her at Tefflis, and, when questioned about her by the agent, said, "his Lordship had altered his mind, and kept the girl himself." He was now convinced that some treachery had been practised, and resolved to sift it to the bottom. He again dispatched letters to Tefflis (by an opportunity which fortunately happened of a Turkish courier setting out at the time), in which he desired the agent to watch the movements of Sir Henry, find out if he had any female companion, and let him know which route Sir Henry meant to take on his return to Venice, whither Lord Byron knew that his affairs obliged him to go. He received for answer, that Sir Henry had a female whom he kept in secret in the country and that he had set out on his return, with her in company, intending to embark at Latichea for Europe.

The Pacha of the coast was residing at Latichea, and to him Lord Byron obtained letters from the

Reis Effendi, or Secretary of State to the Ottoman Empire. He hastened away, and was well received by the Pacha, not only on account of the *firman* of which he was the bearer, and to which all Mussulmans pay implicit obedience; but the Pacha was really a good-hearted man, and felt interest in the Georgian girl's fate, from the moment Lord Byron told her hapless tale, which, undoubtedly, he did with all that silver-tongued eloquence for which he was famed, when his feelings were interested. Having settled with the Pacha, that Sir Henry was to be stopped the moment he should arrive at Latichea, his Lordship pursued his travels, and was at Marmorica, on the eastern side of the Black Sea, when he received notice from the Pacha of the coast of Asia Minor, that he had arrested the Christian, and had got possession also of his Lordship's slave. Lord Byron crossed over to Constantinople, and, after a journey of five weeks, arrived at Latichea, where he found Fletcher still in prison. He was shocked, in spite of Fletcher's baseness, to find that they had immured him under ground, in a horrid place used for state-criminals; and the first thing he did, was to have him removed into a house within the walls, under custody of a Janizary; and all his luggage restored, which had been seized with his person, and sealed up. So obedient were the Turks to a *firman*, that, had Lord Byron requested

it, the Pacha would have ordered Sir Henry a squeeze of the bowstring, without ever troubling himself to inquire into the justice or injustice of the proceeding!

Lord Byron found the companion of Sir Henry, as he suspected, to be the unfortunate girl of whom he had taken so solemn a charge; and whom, notwithstanding, he had forcibly detained, and treated as a concubine, for fourteen months, that space having elapsed since his departure from Constantinople and return to Latichea. The girl was much altered for the worse; but had in some measure become reconciled to her fate, when the sight of her liberator and benefactor again renewed all her recollections of parents, country, and home; and, according to Captain Crawley's account, who was present at the interview, she hung round Lord Byron's neck, and cried, and kissed him, now laughing, now dancing, in a delirium of joy: she complained bitterly of her treatment, and said, that, on the third day after leaving Constantinople, they stopped at Alariche, where Sir Henry took liberties which she repelled with indignation; he then assured her that it was useless to resist, as she was *his* slave, he having purchased her. This she knew to be false, and she would have attempted to escape, but Sir Henry compelled her to resume women's clothes, and travel in a covered litter. She was ignorant of having been so near Tefflis, as she

was never permitted to go abroad; nor could she guess why she had been taken from the hands of Sir Henry, at Latichea, or where she was at that time. Learning that she was no more to be returned to Sir Henry, she was delighted; and when his Lordship assured her she should yet be sent to Tefflis, her tears evinced her gratitude.

There is something like law and justice in Turkey, and Sir Henry was brought up before the Cadi, where Lord Byron claimed his slave: he said nothing in his defence, nor did his Lordship deign to address a single syllable to him, but desired he might now be set at liberty. This was no easy matter, as it is a high crime in Turkey to steal a slave, and the Pacha fined Sir Henry in five hundred piastres: he paid the sum, and although it was a perquisite of office, the Pacha generously gave it to the girl; a proof that a Turk may possess a feeling heart, and do a liberal action!

Sir Henry, now set at liberty, sent Lord Byron a challenge: to which he returned no written answer, but sent Captain Crawley to say, "he never could descend to meet a villain on equal terms; and if he did not quit the city of Latichea in twelve hours, by virtue of the firman in the hands of the Pacha, he would have him again taken up and tried for robbery," he having deprived the girl of the jewels which his Lordship

gave her on setting out on this unfortunate journey. Captain Crawley, not used to stand upon much ceremony with scoundrels, had some words with Sir Henry, which ended in giving him a sound caning; and, by order of the Pacha, he was, with all his baggage, conducted on board a vessel bound to Cyprus.

This man, who disgraces his title, is now resident in one of the Spanish sea-ports, his debts for ever precluding him from returning to his native land.

His Lordship took the girl with him to Constantinople, and placed her under the roof of the Swedish ambassador, where she remained in ease and security. He determined to trust no more to the honour of travellers, but to let her wait until the caravan set out, in about nine months from that time; but whether it was owing to the fatigues which her delicate frame had undergone, during the two years she had been in captivity, or her anxiety of mind on other accounts, is not known, but she became ill, and soon sunk into a deep decline.

His Lordship was absent from Constantinople at the time; but Captain Crawley was there, and his vessel anchored outside the straits of the Dardanelles. He well knew that his friend would begrudge no expense to save her, if possible, and received her on board to try if the sea-air, amongst the Greek islands, would have any beneficial

effects on her constitution. After a cruize of some weeks, she was landed at Candia, and placed by Captain Crawley under the care of a respectable Greek clergyman, who lived in the country. There she lingered for six months, and then died, lamenting with her latest breath that she was prevented from taking leave of Lord Byron, whom she appeared to regret even more than her parents and her native land. His generosity had endeared him to her; and it was thought by Captain Crawley that she felt for his Lordship an attachment of the tenderest nature; but, if so,

> "She never told her love,
> And let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek."

His Lordship deeply deplored that all his efforts to restore this poor girl to her parents should have been so fruitless. He paid the Greek clergyman well for his attention, and ordered a monument of stone to be placed over her remains, with an inscription describing her name and sufferings; where it may be seen now in the Eastern Greek burying-ground, about a mile from the city of Candia.—This little history alone would immortalize Lord Byron's humanity, tenderness, and generosity!

On his return homeward from his first tour, Lord Byron happened to touch at Malta, at the time when that place, or, at least, the civilians of that place, employed in the Admiralty Court,

were thrown into the greatest consternation by Lord Cochrane (another almost as eccentric character as Lord Byron), who contrived to take away from the archives of the office the *board* of *fees*, and several other important documents, in order to enable him to lay before the British Parliament proofs of fraud and peculation to an enormous amount, practised by all those who were concerned in the condemnation and sale of prize vessels. The affair made a very considerable noise at the time; and, coupled with the well-known other business usually designated as the *Stock-Exchange Hoax*, contributed to render Lord Cochrane the subject of general conversation.

Lord Byron occupied a small house facing the Quarantine Harbour, and mingled more in society than he had been accustomed to do in his former visit. He was very intimate with the family of a Doctor Pedley, an old civilian, with a young, handsome English wife and an agreeable young niece, the latter of whom was married, through the intervention of his Lordship, in rather a singular manner. A large party, formed by him, sailed in a small vessel to the bay of St. Peter and St. Paul, to see the wreck of his Majesty's ship Lively, lately stranded there, and to pass the day under the shade of orange and citron groves. An excellent dinner and a band of music were provided by his Lordship, who was

very partial to "sweet sounds;" indeed music is an accompaniment to every party at Malta, and he who neglected to provide this food for the ear, would have very few attend for the gratification of the stomach. Whilst they were enjoying themselves, and Mrs. Pedley was doing the honours of the *fête champêtre*, a sloop of war anchored in the bay, being unable to reach La Valette for want of a breeze of wind. The officers were invited on shore to partake of the festivities; and with them came several French officers whom they had taken on board a prize, captured a few days before, bound from Naples to Toulon. No sooner were these officers introduced than Dr. Pedley's niece gave a piercing cry, and was carried from table in a swoon. They were all under a tent, and she was carried out into the open air, where Lord Byron anxiously attended her. In her ravings she had mentioned the name of "Dacon," and, upon inquiry, that was found to be the name of one of the French prisoners just introduced. The mystery was soon cleared up: Miss Pedley had become acquainted with him at Naples, and they were to have been married, had not circumstances driven her from thence to take shelter at Malta. Lord Byron made the officer (a captain in the French army) acquainted with his good fortune; a tender meeting of course took place, and a good understanding was renewed between the two lovers, who joined the

company hand in hand. Lord Byron was all life and animation upon this happy meeting; and it was not until a very late hour that they thought of returning to La Vallette, "hot with the Tuscan grape." Next day the French officers landed on their parole, and his Lordship took Captain Dacon into his house. Dr. Pedley strongly objected to a marriage, which Lord Byron, with his usual warmth of disposition, proposed to take place between the restored lovers immediately. The lady had a good fortune, and the Doctor was her guardian; however, as he was indebted to his Lordship's recommendation for a great deal of practice, and had, on one occasion, made £3,000 by a cause in the Prize Court, which he litigated for a naval captain, a friend of Lord Byron, he at last consented. His Lordship defrayed all the expenses of the wedding; and the Captain, relinquishing his country for his love, went soon after to England with his bride.

Just at this time, Lord Cochrane's feat of despoiling the archives of the admiralty, and his consequent imprisonment, was the whole talk of the place; and one evening, when Lord Byron returned home, he heard, for the first time, of Lord Cochrane's having made his escape from prison, and he was surprised to find that his Lordship had taken shelter under his roof. Lord Byron was unacquainted with Lord Cochrane before that moment, and the latter found no

cause to repent the liberty he had taken of confiding to his honour for protection. There was little search made for Lord Cochrane in the city, it being generally believed that he had effected his escape from the island; and no one ever dreamed of searching the house of Lord Byron, where the fugitive remained perfectly at ease, and saw, from the window, boats on the alert, boarding every vessel in the offing, in chase of his person. Having concerted a plan for leaving the island together, Lord Byron sallied out, and repairing to the citadel, met the commander of an English brig; and his Lordship agreed to sail with him for the island of Minorca, the instant she could put out to sea. But another no less romantic adventure was preparing for Lord Byron: on his return home one day, he was no less astonished to find that another fugitive had taken shelter beneath his hospitable roof, it being well known that, to the sons and daughters of misfortune, his doors and his purse were ever open. This was no other than the beautiful Mrs. Pedley, whom the old Doctor, upon some quarrel, or on some jealous freak, had literally turned out of doors. Lord Byron remonstrated with her on the impropriety of her conduct, and offered to endeavour to reconcile matters; but Mrs. Pedley declared his efforts would be unavailing, as the Doctor would never receive her again; and, even if he were so inclined, she was determined never to subject

herself to his ill-treatment again, but would return to her friends in England. It should be observed, that she was born near to the spot where his Lordship went to school, and that they had been acquainted from early years. Lord Byron sent to acquaint the Doctor that the fugitive had taken shelter with him, and to request to know how he was to act. The only answer his Lordship received was the sending Mrs. Pedley's things after her, and the Doctor's wishing them *un buon viaggio*. Thus circumstanced, it was impossible for his Lordship to turn a beautiful woman, who had fled to him for protection, from his door; and he was, in a manner as unwelcome as unexpected, saddled with a new travelling companion, whom, however, he acquainted with the necessity of their separation immediately on their reaching the English shores. To the last, however, he persisted in endeavouring to reconcile matters, but in vain, and he was obliged to desist.

Every thing being ready to sail, they sallied forth to embark, Lord Cochrane walking behind them, dressed in livery, as a servant, and carrying some band-boxes that covered his person; and, thus disguised, he passed through the *Strada de Merchante*, where he met several of the doctors, his most bitter enemies, without the least suspicion. This is the only true account ever given of the manner in which Lord Cochrane made his

escape; although many have been the surmises on the subject; and it may not be amiss to relate here, that he, by throwing a note out of his prison-window, had a ladder raised to it at midnight, by some sailors, who with a crow-bar demolished the iron gratings, and he descended in safety, making his way to Lord Byron's residence, and the sailors returning on ship-board.

Lord Byron landed at Citadella, in Minorca, with his fair companion, who was very ill, from the fatigues of the voyage in a confined vessel. Lord Cochrane, having paid his acknowledgments to Lord Byron for his politeness and friendly aid, went overland to Port Mahon, intending to embark there for England. Mrs. Pedley soon after got perfectly recovered, and in the same brig they sailed for Gibraltar, his Lordship having particular business at Lisbon. This little brig was a Yarmouth vessel, trading in the Mediterranean; the captain, named Hill, was a lieutenant in the royal navy, and the brig was his own property. He was a very young man, of handsome exterior, and singularly prepossessing countenance; his manners were mild and gentle, and, being well educated, Lord Byron made him a daily companion, always having him at his table. Lord Byron paid monthly for the use of the brig a large sum; and the lieutenant appeared grateful and satisfied for the kindness of his noble passenger.

At Gibraltar, some necessary repairs detained

them a few days, and the quarantine laws being in force, they were confined on board, to their very great inconvenience. His Lordship here played one of his numerous *aquatic pranks*, accompanied by Mr. Hill. They placed a jacket and trowsers and shoes in their hats, which fastening to their heads, they swam on shore before daylight, and, dressing on the beach, walked into the *town*,* where they remained all day, visiting several acquaintances, and, after dusk, undressed again on the beach, and got safe on board. This transaction was attended with considerable danger, for next morning the vessel was surrounded by shoals of sharks, and their escape may be considered almost miraculous. His Lordship said, "it being night, he supposed they had all gone to sleep; but he would not again intrude upon their place of repose."

They arrived at Lisbon, when his Lordship took a handsome cottage betwixt Fort Julian and Belem-Castle; the brig was retained in his service, and Mr. Hill daily visited him. Here his Lordship became acquainted with the Honourable Mr. Grenville, whom he described as "a shallow-pated, good-humoured fellow;" he came from

* In note 13, on canto 3 of "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*," Lord Byron takes notice of this visit. Speaking of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, he says: "After having *seen* the fortifications of Gibraltar and Malta, it did not much strike by comparison, but the situation is commanding."

England to write an epic poem, and, without having ever been in the country before, or knowing any thing of its laws, government, society, or manners of the people, he spent a few days in Lisbon, and then shut himself up in a monastery on the Rock of Cintra, 2000 feet above the level of the sea. There he remained six months, and descended from his eagle's nest laden with a heavy quarto, called "*Portugal, a Poem.*" Lord Byron said that all the information it contained was—"that the city of Old Lisbon, destroyed by the earthquake, was situated on the opposite side of the water from the New City; and that the remains of Almeida Castle, on a hill of that name, were the scene of the first exploits of Richard Cœur de Lion, when entering on his crusade against the Saracens." This Mr. Grenville, being a man of family and title, imagined that he was as well qualified to write a poem as the author of "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,*" and he acquitted himself, no doubt, to *his own* satisfaction.

Mrs. Pedley was not in very good health, and what added to her chagrin was, that she enjoyed very little of Lord Byron's company. His affairs called him to Oporto, and also to the head-quarters of the British army, commanded by Wellesley, which then occupied the lines of Villa Fiore, and kept the French at bay. His Lordship, accompanied by Captain Carrier of the navy, approached so near to the French outposts occupying some

windmills, that several shot were fired at them, and the horse on which his Lordship rode, unused to the din of artillery, plunged and threw his rider; he then galloped into the enemy's lines, and was secured by them. His Lordship was not much hurt; but jumped up behind Captain Carrier, when the French were close upon them, and got clear off with difficulty. His Lordship at this time went under the name of Captain Purdon, and under that name the story was repeated in various dresses at Lisbon, where he himself often listened to the tale, some praising his courage, others blaming his temerity; though, in fact, the thing happened as above related, and had nothing particular to characterize it.

His Lordship remained at Villa Fiore five weeks, and, on his return, found an empty house at Belem, Mrs. Pedley having sailed with Lieutenant Hill for England, leaving behind a letter of explanation. The lieutenant had solemnly bound himself to marry her, so soon as Dr. Pedley had divorced her, and it was to make herself an *honest woman* again she had left her best friend. His Lordship was delighted at the circumstance, and said she had done right, and as he himself should have advised her, if she had consulted him. About a year afterwards Lord Byron told Captain Crawley, that the lady was really lucky, for the doctor soon after died of the fever, without having had time to alter a will which left her all his pro-

perty. "I saw Hill," said his Lordship, "after he had married the lady, and I assisted him in securing the doctor's effects. He was not ungrateful, and he could not help acting as he did do."

Lord Byron's habits of life were very singular, whether on land or at sea. While on ship-board, he rose in the morning about seven o'clock. If the weather happened to be fine, he jumped overboard the moment he rose from bed, and amused himself by swimming round the vessel until he was weary. He then dressed in his morning-gown and slippers, and walked on the deck for half an hour, drinking his coffee, and eating confectionary, which were prepared for him, and placed under the poop-awning in a small recess. This done, he ascended the poop, sat down on a heap of colours, and read while he smoked several large pipes. His favourite pipe was set in gold, with an amber mouth, having a black morocco tube, which, when untwisted, was three yards in length; this was a present from Dghezzar, son to the famous Pacha of Acre, the companion-in-arms of Sir Sidney Smith. Lord Byron was a devoted smoker, and he considered it as essential to health as air or pure water. Having smoked his pipe, he walked the quarter-deck, talking with any of the officers

to whom he was partial, and asking numberless questions about making and shortening sail, or whatever part of the ship's duty happened to be going forward. At half-past-eleven, when the officers all assembled with their quadrants to take the sun's altitude, his servant brought up his sextant in a case, of which the key hung at his watch-chain, with that of his writing-desk. He took an observation, and worked his "day's work," as it is termed by mariners, depositing it in a corner of his sextant case. He wiped the glasses with a silk handkerchief, and delivered the case, after locking it, to the servant, always with the expression—"take care!" He appeared highly to value this instrument, which was a present from his friend, Sir Hyde Parker, captain of the Royal Navy. It is customary, after this operation, for the officers to go into the gun-room and take a luncheon. The captain and his Lordship generally honoured them with their company; but latterly his Lordship used to go to his own cabin, and send for the midshipmen to lunch with him. He had an ample stock of every thing; and on these occasions Bologna sausages were produced, and spiced gingerbread (the latter for the young gentlemen); and cold rum and water, without any sugar, his Lordship drank like a true sailor. Before dinner he often sat in the midshipmen's birth, conversing with them; and not unfrequently dined upon their salt-junk

and dough-boys (hard plum-puddings, mixed with half salt and half fresh water, and neither eggs nor butter in them). On these occasions he would send for a few bottles of his best wine (a high treat for the *Mids!*), and, having smoked his pipe, would stretch himself beside the main hatchway, lean on his hand, and talk or sleep till he went to take coffee with the captain. At sun-set he often proposed a dance to the sailors, and assisted in making punch for them in a large tub; thus he promoted cheerfulness throughout the crew. At supper, he ate sparingly of bread and cheese, and drank rum-grog, smoking till eleven o'clock. If the weather was fine and dry over head, he would seat himself on the forecastle, listening to the dashing spray as the stem cut through the billows, asking questions of the men, making them form a ring, and each in his turn tell a tale or sing a song; the best singer, in the boatswain's judgment, whom he made referee, to have his box filled with tobacco, and to all the performers he gave grog: the more unmusical the singer's voice, or ridiculous the song, the more he laughed and enjoyed it. At one o'clock he retired to rest, sleeping, with the window of his cabin open, on a hair mattress, without any covering but a large linen gown; this he practised in the coldest weather. If a gale came on at night, he rose, and, dressed in a jacket and trowsers, came on deck, and striding

fore and aft, appeared to enjoy the elemental war, and, amid the howlings of the tempest, seemed to apostrophize the spirit of the storm.

The sailors rejoiced to see him come on deck, for, if it rained or their work was arduous, he always "*spliced the main-brace*," *i. e.* ordered them a dram each from his grog-case, advising them to be attentive to their duty on all occasions. When the nights were calm he often rose and amused himself in conversation with the officer of the watch. On these occasions, he smoked and drank chocolate, which a black servant prepared for him and left cold; if, at any time, he had forgot to do so, he would order him out of bed, and make him sit an hour at the main mast-head for punishment, or astride the spanker-boom.

When in his gloomy moods, he would lie in bed all day, smoking, and looking out at his door, which he kept ajar; he then drank quantities of lemonade, but tasted neither wine nor spirits, and ate only bread and cheese. In the evening he would rise, and, wrapped in his dressing-gown, sit down at the main hatchway, turning his back on the officer's cabin: and there, smoking his pipe, he looked upon the deck like—

"*Grim-visag'd*, comfortless Despair."

By the captain's orders, on those occasions, no one ever spoke to him unless they were first spoken to, and he seldom addressed any one but his own

servants. If a sailor happened to touch him in passing, he would kick him, or hit him a slight blow, provided he had not to take the pains to rise from his seat for that purpose. On one occasion, a sailor happened to drag a rope across his shins (enough to irritate a man in the happiest humour); he instantly dashed a glass of lemonade in his face, and then hurled the glass after him. This fit of anger procured the fellow a bottle of rum afterwards; and, no doubt, the sailors purposely threw themselves in his way during those sullen fits, well assured of being rewarded for a harsh word or a blow, sevenfold. At one period he had been in the horrors for several days, and the vessel was obliged to anchor, in a gale of wind, on a lee-shore. His Lordship sat near the hatchway, and was in the way of the cable, which could not run out without endangering his safety. The captain, in gentle terms, requested him to move, saying, "the safety of the ship required him to anchor." He peevishly replied, "Don't plague me about the safety of the ship; what business is it of mine?" In stepping over the hatchway, to give room for the sailors to work, the captain, from the opposite side, offered him his hand, saying, "Can I be of any assistance to your Lordship?" He frowned, and sternly replied, "The greatest assistance that you can give me is to go to the devil, or any where out of my

way."* For this rudeness he apologized, when good humour resumed her empire over his eccentric mind. He was at these times dreaded by the poor sailors: his kindness to them was so great, that they loved him with enthusiasm, and would not even walk on the deck, under which he was resting, for fear of disturbing him. Often he shut himself up in his cabin for three days together, and from his cot received his bread and cheese and lemonade through the window; nor would he have a light, though the evenings were ever so long. A sailor, who was asked how he liked Lord Byron, replied, "Very much;—he has only *two points* to steer by—either *stormy* north, or *calm* south; so we always *knows* how to humour him, *fair or foul.*" This was the general opinion of all the sailors, who were so well acquainted with his Lordship's humour, that whenever he expressed a wish for any thing to be done they vied with each other who should first hasten to oblige him. An instance of this strong attachment is worthy of relation. At *Ellora*, a sea-port very little known to Europeans, situate on the coast of Barbary, Lord Byron was leaning over the gangway, looking at the sea-serpents playing alongside, and enjoying the evening rays of the sun; these animals are, to all appear-

* One of the *tars*, surprised at this unusual irreverence to the commander, said to a comrade, "Blow me tight, how short his Lordship answers the captain!" "Why," said the other, "he is only a *landsman*; what should he know of *sea-manners*?"

ance, from six to twice that number of feet long, and proportionably large in circumference. His Lordship's watch dropped from his jacket-pocket and sank to the bottom, where the gold was plainly to be seen though in nearly four fathoms water; a hook was let down and dragged along, but, in place of catching hold of it, the mud it raised completely hid it from view. His Lordship said he would not have lost it for ten times its value. A sailor in the main-chains immediately undressed, and, diving down, succeeded in bringing it up in safety, though sharks at the time were numerous in the water, and so very ravenous that several of them were caught with bait. Lord Byron was not acquainted with the sailor's intention, or he never would have allowed him to run such a risk; he offered the man thirty dollars, and a gallon of rum; the sailor said, "He would take the rum to drink his Lordship's health, but he'd be d—d if ever he took money for going overboard in a *calm* after a man's watch, who would jump overboard in a *gale of wind* to save a poor fellow's life!" This leads to another tale, creditable to his Lordship's humanity, and to which the sailor alluded in the above reply. The ship had encountered a severe gale of wind off Cape Bon, that carried away her main-topmast, in a heavy, deep, high-rolling sea. One man, stationed at the mast-head, fell with the mast, and, holding by one of the ropes, floated about twenty fathoms from the ship's stern. He

was hailed to hold fast, and the boat would be sent to him; the vessel, however, was nearly unmanageable, and the boat difficult to hoist out, being covered with part of the wreck of the topmast. The man got weaker, and at last called out that he could hold on no longer, but must let go and submit. Every exertion to get out the boat seemed fruitless, when Lord Byron stripped, and taking a small rope in his hand, dashed into the waves, then running very high. Just as the poor fellow was sinking, he caught him by the hair, and fastened the small rope round his arms; he was then hauled on board, and his life saved. His Lordship, being an excellent swimmer, by help of the rope which the rescued man had hold of, made shift to get alongside, and was taken on board in an exhausted state. The exertion threw him into a high fever, and he was confined to his bed for a week, in a very doubtful state. The poor fellow, whose life he had saved, stood sentinel at his cabin door, wishing he had been drowned rather than any thing should have happened to his preserver; and the vessel exhibited the extraordinary spectacle of a dejected British crew. Not a word was heard but in whispers; and every one offered up prayers for Lord Byron's recovery. When he became so well as to re-appear upon deck, they hailed it as a day of jubilee, and expressed their joy by three hearty cheers. The captain ordered them grog to drink to his Lordship's continued health; and

never did the can go merrier round. Every heart was filled with joy; and, at the evening's dance, the preserved mariner presided, as master of the ceremonies. with grateful delight sparkling in his eyes.

THE GRECIAN ISLES, OR ARCHIPELAGO.

Our noble bard wandered with delight over those famous scenes which furnished him with some of the most beautiful images and descriptions, that are dispersed throughout his works, and which have exercised the talents of men of genius from the earliest ages.

Long had the muse been doomed to a mournful silence throughout those once happy regions which had been her favoured seat, and Saracenic despotism had overshadowed them with the darkest clouds of ignorance and barbarity, until, awakened by an English bard, and bursting out into a full blaze of light, she promises to open a new æra of modern glory. Those scenes, which the genius of antiquity has endeared to every classic mind, may again boast of being the peculiar residence of the muses, the emporium of the arts and sciences; and the now solitary shores may again resound with the busy hum of men, and anarchy, rapine, and bloodshed be succeeded by social order, and a fair and amicable intercourse with the civilized part of mankind. Who can contemplate so happy a change without emotions of delight and pleasure? Who

that has visited, or read the accounts of travellers to these once glorious scenes, would not wish to see them revive in all their ancient splendour? Who would not wish to visit their venerable remains, unawed by the despotism and unannoyed by the insults of Musselman stupidity? Those shores have too long been the haunts of screaming sea-fowls, or of swarms of banditti, who live by rapine and bloodshed, plundering by sea and by land, and ultimately flying to either to elude pursuit. The sea reflects only stupendous ruins, the melancholy relics of ancient grandeur, which fill the mind with mingled sentiments of admiration and sorrow, and present a lugubrious picture of the history of empires and of the instability of all human affairs. Those shores—those islands—once the abodes of a numerous, active, hardy, polished race, have been devastated by barbarism, and are now tenanted only by wild beasts, or by men still more savage and brutal; the temples and palaces are mouldering ruins, and the magnificence which they once displayed now serves only to show the folly of ambition, which builds up with one hand, and pulls down with the other.

The Archipelago, in its numerous islands and channels, has been long the seat of piratical depredations, which have derived impunity from the impotence of the Turkish government, and the peculiar inertness of its navy. The group of isles, at the entrance of the gulph of Salonica, has been

a principal resort of the pirates, partly from the number of vessels passing on that route—partly from the facility with which they can receive assistance and recruit their numbers from the Albanians, who come down upon the coast. Their stations, however, are shifted, as may best suit the purposes of self-security or plunder; and this uncertainty increases the terror they inspire throughout those seas. "Some months before we visited Salonica," says a late traveller, "they had been very numerous and active upon the shores near Katrina, and we heard various anecdotes, evincing their boldness, rapacity, and ferocious disposition. Some of these pirates had been taken, and the remainder dislodged from their station; but the passage down the gulph was still considered dangerous for small vessels; and we were dissuaded at Salonica from venturing to sea in a coasting sloop, in which it had once been our design to embark for *Volo*."

In this predatory vocation large row-boats are chiefly employed; they are crowded with men armed with pistols and cutlasses, who usually attempt to board the vessels on which the attack is made: on this coast the greater number of the pirates are said to be native Albanians, either allured to that occupation by its congeniality with their habits, or driven to it as a resource in escaping from the power of Ali Pacha. It must be remarked that, on this side the Grecian continent,

every desperado is called an Albanian; and the reputation of this people for ferocity is such, that the name is made use of to excite feelings of terror; an opinion which, it must be owned, is not without some foundation in their actual character and habits. Of whatever people the pirate communities are composed, and with every allowance for exaggeration, it is certain that they form a serious impediment to the commerce of those seas, and frequently commit acts of the most audacious kind. It has occasionally happened, that, having captured merchants or other persons of respectable rank in life, after stripping them of all that pertained to their persons, they have availed themselves of the influence of terror in obtaining bonds for large sums of money, and detaining them captives till they have actually received the price of redemption. The regard to life is small among men who are desperate in their fortunes; and this indifference is of course the same to the life of those who may fall into their power. A government like that of Turkey would scarcely suppress this system of piracy in any sea in the Archipelago. The pirates derive peculiar advantages from the isles which crowd its surface; some of them uninhabited, others having a population easily made subservient to schemes of illegal plunder for self-interest. Occasional efforts are directed against them by the Turkish ships of war; but their attempts, in general, serve but to provoke a greater

boldness of enterprize. Not long ago a vessel of the Grand Signor's navy anchored in one of the ports of the Archipelago. The crew landed, and were attacked by a body of pirates who happened to have taken shelter on the island from a storm. Eleven men were killed, and the remainder with difficulty effected their escape.

Such, through the *blessings* of Turkish dominion, has been, for a long time past, the state of the Archipelago, a state which it is the duty and interest of every civilized and commercial nation in Europe to put as speedy an end to as possible. This statement, too, will account for the enmity of all the consuls in the Mediterranean to the Greek cause. The pirates are all supposed to be Greeks, although nine-tenths of them are Mussulman Albanians, who have ever been the enemies of the Greeks, and the latter are unjustly stigmatized. Happily for the prospect of returning order, the possession of the Ionian Islands by the British and the system adopted by them, has alleviated most of those disorders, and will, undoubtedly, in time, wholly eradicate the causes of them. The late Governor-General was unjustly charged with having exercised excessive rigour; but the occasion fully required it, and the good he has effected sufficiently evinces the wisdom of his measures.

It was reserved for an *Englishman*—for our noble bard, to be the first to make the lyre of Orpheus again resound on those classic shores,

and to arouse that glorious though long dormant flame, which ennobled the Greeks of former days. The spirit which he imbibed from the literature of the ancient Greeks he endeavoured to instil into their descendants, and what he borrowed he repaid with interest. He could not, without grief, witness the barbarity of that country, to which his own was indebted for its refinement. He struck the chord, and every Grecian heart vibrated in unison; the favourite English air, "*O, give me Death or Liberty!*" was parodied in a hundred different ways, and chaunted by myriads of Grecian voices. A new scene dawned worthy of the age, a glorious opening of the nineteenth century.

It was amidst the scenery of the Grecian Isles, that the noble bard imbibed the idea of his "*Corsair;*" and sketched out another prominent character in "*Don Juan,*" *Lambro*, the Greek Pirate. To the untravelled reader *only*, Lord Byron's choice of subjects will seem extraordinary; to the travelled one, it will appear quite natural. His subjects were taken from scenes passing under his eyes, and incidents which fell under his observation. The loss of his sketch-book or journal will ever be deplored, as it would have afforded a curious display of his studies, his observations on men, manners, and passing occurrences; but it is gone, and he himself is gone too! Let us prize the more what he has left behind him. It will be long before we have *another* Byron!

CHAPTER V.

A brief Sketch of Affairs in Greece, previously to the breaking out of the Insurrection, and a comprehensive Detail of the War, to the end of the Second Campaign.

Lord Byron now began to turn his whole attention towards those glorious scenes which were transacting in Greece, where the brave descendants of the heroes of Homer were waging a destructive and successful warfare against their savage oppressors, and the barbarian enemies of the human race. Of these events it will be necessary to take a brief retrospective view, and every friend of freedom and humanity must feel a pleasure in the recapitulation of the series of the most arduous struggles that ever were made by a brave and indignant people, combating for every thing that is dear to man; for their own honour, for that of their families, for their very existence.

The character of the Albanian chief, Ali Pacha, has been already sketched. Bent on attaining a sovereign and independent power, he intrigued with the Porte, with Russia, with France, and deceived and deserted all by turns. The Turkish Divan at length began to suspect his designs of rendering himself independent, and tried every

scheme to get him into their power; but Ali Pacha, trained from his youth to a life of robbery and dissimulation, was too wary to suffer himself to be easily entrapped, and too powerful to be subdued in his own government.

When Ali Pacha had become odious in the eyes of the Sultan Mahmot, and that the latter had begun to take measures for his destruction, the greatest part of the Suliotes, with the inhabitants of the other towns in the neighbourhood of Suli, were living in the Island of Corfu, gaining their subsistence by their labour. They dared not enter into the service, or submit to the protection of the Pacha, because he had declared, with an oath, that he should never die contented till he had succeeded in reducing the Suliotes to the same state as the people of Gardica, whom he had destroyed in revenge, for some insult offered forty years before to his mother. When the operations against the Pacha were commenced by the Sultan, the latter issued firmans, inviting all those Turks and Greeks who had incurred the displeasure of the former, and were expatriated on that account, to join him, in order to effect the ruin of the Pacha, and to reinstate themselves in the bosom of their country, and in the absolute possession of their property.

The Suliotes, hearing of such an order from their sovereign, and wishing to obtain precise information concerning it, sent four emissaries to the Ot-

toman Vice-Admiral, who were favourably received, and obtained from him a confirmation of the Sultan's proclamation, and a renewed invitation to the same purpose; in consequence of which about 200 men left Corfu, enrolling themselves under the orders of Ismail Pacha, surnamed Bassaboy, to whom they were well known, he being a native of Janina and having been for above twenty years in the service of Ali Pacha.

These 200 Suliotes, continuing in the royal service, and behaving with activity and submission, entertained the firm hope of being able to return to their native home, according to the promise of the Pacha and the proclamation of the Sultan. Nevertheless, they were deceived in this hope, for the bravest and most faithful Beys and Agas, those who were always nearest to Ismail Pacha, being all Albanians and feeling envious of the Suliotes, were constantly exciting him not to allow that people to return to their native land, according to the royal order; saying, that as soon as the Suliotes should take possession of their native country, they would be always against him, as had been found in times past.

The Pacha, both from his own inclination, and from the instigations of the Beys, not only refused to the Suliotes permission to recover their country, but formed also the project of putting them to death when an opportunity afforded, without the risk of shedding the blood of his own troops.

He thought the easiest way of effecting his purpose would be to send them back to Corfu, and thus on the shores to put his Ottoman project in execution. In consequence, he gave orders to intercept their passage from the heights, and to massacre the whole, dispersed as they would be here and there.

The Suliotes soon discovered the insidious projects both of the Pacha and of the Albanian Turks. The peril in which they found themselves, and their anxiety to return to their native soil, induced them to form an alliance with their first and implacable enemy Ali Pacha, in which, with no small difficulty, they succeeded.

Having then given five hostages into the hands of Ali Pacha, and taken his grandson Hussein Pacha in exchange, they departed in the night for Suli. The Turco-Albanians, called Ziulachiote, who then inhabited Suli, evacuated the fortress two days after the arrival of the Greek Suliotes; the commander of the castle of Kiafa opened the gates, and the Suliotes entered, according to the orders of Ali Pacha. They were afterwards joined by three of Ali Pacha's commanders, the Selictar (sword-bearer), Tahir Ambasi, and Aga Muhurdar, having with them a body of nearly 700 Albanian Turks. As soon as they had joined the Suliotes, they attacked the enemy in divers parts, driving them from many strong places. After a month, however, the Selictar, the first of

the above-mentioned commanders, deserted, taking with him about 300 Albanian Turks; the other two officers remained with the Suliotes.

In the month of July 1821, at the time when the town of Arta was besieged, Tahir Ambasi was sent to Messalongio and to the Morea, to procure warlike instruments. Being arrived there, and having witnessed the calamities inflicted by the Greeks upon the Turks, he changed his opinion; and, immediately returning to the camp, recounted all those events to his countrymen, exciting them at the same time if they were true Musselmans, to unite themselves to the royal troops, and to leave the Suliotes; "for," said he, "these also fight for their religion and their liberty, like their countrymen of the Morea and of Romelia."

The words of Tahir Ambasi had the most successful effect on the hearts of the Albanian Turks, who had joined the Suliotes; and with one will and common consent they marched to Janina, where, deceiving Ali Pacha, they delivered him alive into the hands of the enemy, who put him to death. The Greek Suliotes being thus left alone in the camp, returned to defend their country.

After the death of Ali Pacha, the general in chief of the Sultan's army, Hursit, or Chourchid Pacha, began to recruit fresh troops, in order to march against the Peloponnesus. All the Albanian Beys and Agas dissuaded him from such a

project, telling him that none of them would march against the Peloponnesus, so long as the Suliotes remained alive in their own country; adducing for a reason, that before they could reach the Peloponnesus the Suliotes would have reduced their wives and families to slavery. These words of the Albanian Turks had such an effect upon the intentions of Chourchid Pacha, that without the least delay he moved with twenty thousand men against the Suliotes.

The Greek patriotic society of the *Hetæria* had fixed on the year 1825 for the breaking out of the insurrection, but the Turkish forces being thus engaged in besieging Ali Pacha and reducing the Suliotes in 1820, the Prince Alexander Ipsilanti was chosen generalissimo; Prince Cantacuzene volunteered to serve under him, and Michael Suzzo, Hospodar of Moldavia, engaged to join them on their arrival at Yassy. Ipsilanti arrived at Bucharest with about 500 men, and some pieces of iron cannon on ship-carriages; and the Moldavians were inclined to favour the cause, when the Emperor of Russia issued a manifesto in which the leader was treated as a rebel and incendiary. This declaration (as the Greeks said) assassinated their cause, and Michael Suzzo was compelled to resign his government, and retire beyond the Pruth. The Turks opened the campaign in April, and committed the most barbarous atrocities. On the 17th of June the two armies

came in sight of each other, and on the 19th an engagement took place, in which Ipsilanti, being betrayed by all the chiefs except the brave Giorgaki, was defeated, and the *Sacred Band* of about 400 Greek youth, the flower and hope of the country, was cut off, after covering the field with the dead bodies of their enemies, and affording an example of patriotism scarcely to be excelled in history. Proceeding to Trieste to join his countrymen in the Morea, Ipsilanti was seized by order of the Austrian government, and thrown into the castle of Mongatz, where he still remains.

No sooner had the news of this rising reached Constantinople, than the Turks commenced their massacres at Salonica, Adrianople, Smyrna, Aivali, Rhodes, Cyprus, Candia, and throughout their dominions. The number of Greeks sacrificed during the first three months is estimated at 30,000. The Greek Patriarch and three Archbishops were seized on Easter Sunday, and hung at the door of the church, under the eyes of several Christian ambassadors!!

The first people who appeared in the field were the inhabitants of Sudena, in Arcadia; and, at Patras, the people, headed by Archbishop Germanos, drove the Turks into the citadel. The rising soon became general and simultaneous, and the people of Hydra, Spezzia, Ipsara, and Samos, displayed the standard of independence, and sent their vessels to cruize against the Turkish

commerce, which soon disappeared from the Mediterranean. Lesbos, Rhodes, and Scio were kept in subjection by Turkish garrisons, and in Cyprus the Asiatic troops, transported thither, massacred about 10,000 Christians. A great deal of skirmishing took place, in which the Greeks, having once got rid of their awe and dread of their tyrants, soon began to get the upper hand; and before the middle of May, the whole Peloponnesus was in possession of the Greeks, except a few fortified points, and these furnished in general with a very scanty supply of ammunition and provisions.

The new government, composed of Archons and Bishops, was first established at Calamata, but afterwards transferred to the centre of the province, and Tripolizza was invested. The brave Nicetas, or, as the Greeks call him, Nikitas, now first signalized himself in several skirmishes; and the Greek leaders, Colocotroni, Anagnostoras, and the Bey of Maina, being attacked by the Turkish Kiayah in person, gave him a defeat. The insurrection now gained ground in the northern parts; in Acarnania and Etolia the revolution was effected without difficulty. In Phocis, Bœotia and Attica, the peasants assembled in arms upon the mountains; but the Athenians and Bœotians were regarded as the worst troops in Greece.

At sea, the Greeks carried every thing before them, blockading all the Turkish ports and islands.

Two Turkish line of battle-ships, and several smaller vessels, sailed from the Hellespont to clear the sea; but the Greeks fell in with one of the line of battle-ships, which anchored off the gulph of Adrametum, and by means of fire-ships totally destroyed her; and of a complement of 800 men, scarcely an individual escaped. The rest of the squadron fled to the Dardanelles.

Demetrius Ipsilanti, the brother of Alexander, arrived in Hydra, having traversed the Austrian dominions, and sailed from Trieste in disguise. He was accompanied by a younger brother of prince Cantacuzene, and some other Greeks from the north of Europe. He made some changes in the local government, and then proceeded to the Morea to take the command of the army before Tripolizza. Unfortunately, a dissension soon sprang up between Demetrius and the Greek Ephors. The latter, who were the Primates of Greece, were jealous of the former, who, coming from the more civilized parts of Europe, wished to introduce strict discipline, and foreign manners; but both parties were equally unaccustomed to public business, and little adapted for the government of a turbulent people, just emerging from slavery. Demetrius had a difficult task to encounter, surrounded by jarring interests and passions, an object of jealousy to the Primates, and opposed in his attempts to correct prevailing abuses. Prince

Cantacuzene, his colleague, after the capture of Malvasia, quitted Greece and repaired to Italy, where he has since remained.

Early in August, Prince Mavrocordato and Caradja, the first a Finariot and the second a son of the fugitive Hospodar, arrived from Marseilles in a Greek vessel laden with military stores, which Mavrocordato had purchased there, and which he debarked at Missolonghi. His talents and noble character soon procured him the esteem and love of all parties.

Ipsilanti had two important designs in view; one was to establish a central government for all Greece, and the other to put the army upon the footing of regular European troops. In both these attempts he met with great opposition, and another affair which, though it advanced the Greek cause, was much to be deprecated, served to exasperate him still more.

The strong fortress of Malvasia and Navarin, fell into the hands of the Greek patriots; and it happened that while the sieges of these places were carrying on, the news arrived of the massacre of the Greek patriarch and clergy at Adrianople, together with the profanation of all their churches. The fury of the troops, inflamed to madness, was vented on the garrisons, of whom numbers were sacrificed. These disorders, and the opposition he met with in other respects, roused the indignation of Ipsilanti, who, giving

up his command, proceeded to Leondari. The Primates, being alarmed at this step, sent a deputation, which persuaded him to resume his functions of generalissimo.

After the surrender of Malvasia and Navarin, the victorious forces were set down before Tripolizza, the capital of the Morea, a strong place considering the kind of warfare against which it was intended for defence, with a population of 15,000 inhabitants, and a garrison, assembled from all quarters, of Turks, Albanians, Bardouniots (a wild race of Musselmen residing near and resembling the Mainiotes in their warlike dispositions and predatory habits), amounting to about 8,000 men, who allowed themselves to be blockaded by 5,000 raw and ill-armed Greeks, encamped without artillery or cavalry on the summits of Tricopha.

Whilst the Turkish cavalry were fresh, the Greeks did not dare to venture on the plains; but when they were ruined for want of forage, which in autumn consisted only of vine-leaves, they posted themselves in the hamlets and villages round the place. Frequent skirmishes ensued between the besiegers and the foraging parties of the besieged, who were soon distressed for provisions, and the Greeks having cut off the water-pipes, the want of water added to their privations.

Prince Mavrocordato arrived in the camp before Tripolizza towards the end of August, bring-

ing with him some French and Italian officers; as also Mr. Gordon of Caithness, whose humanity sympathizing with the struggling Greeks induced him to hasten to Marseilles with a vessel laden with cannon, arms, and ammunition, and a few chosen followers. Thus reinforced, Prince Ipsilanti made another attempt to organize the forces. A brave French officer, named Balisto, was employed at Calamata in training a battalion, clothed in black, and armed with musquets and bayonets. Mr. Gordon made a similar attempt, and recruits readily offered themselves; but the jealousy of the Ephors defeated all these measures by refusing to furnish provisions, and thereby inducing desertion. There were about 2,000 men belonging to regiments formed by General Church in the Ionian islands; but they would not assist in the establishment of regular troops, preferring their own irregular warfare. The Greeks, who had served in Russia and France, were zealous enough for the introduction of discipline, but they were few, and almost disregarded as foreigners.

The progress of the siege was much retarded. The wretched artillery was ill provided with necessaries; not a gabion or fascine could be got, although there were plenty of materials at hand, and some hundreds of idlers in the camp. They would remain for hours behind a wall or rock to get a shot at a Turkish centinel, but would not take a shovel or pick-axe.

Amidst such difficulties much progress could not be expected, and the Greeks taxed the foreign officers with want of skill, although never perhaps was a siege carried on with such a train before. But the defence was on a par with the attack. Two hours brisk cannonade might have destroyed the Greek batteries, but the Turks* only fired a few guns which had been loaded over night, being deterred by the Greek marksmen from loading them by day.

It was proposed to assault the place; but this plan the Primates opposed, anxious to save the treasures it was supposed to contain from pillage. Mining was then attempted, but baffled by the

* The state of the Turkish army is delineated by a Turkish writer, Resmi Achmed Effendi, who gives a whimsical illustration of the system of fraud and peculation prevailing in Turkey, which even in that uncivilized country is managed with an address scarcely equalled in any other war-office. "A *Bing Baschi* (says the writer) is inscribed on the roll as commander of a thousand men, and he receives their allowances from month to month out of the treasury. But, in truth, he only joins the army with five hundred men. *His word is a thousand, and his deed is five hundred.* And, in the course of a fortnight, four hundred out of the five hundred have left the ranks, under the pretence of foraging: so that he has only *one hundred* men remaining under his command; and yet the fellow continues to receive his full allowances for a *thousand men.* The Vizier is helpless and spiritless; the Defferdar Effendi is sighing and weakly, and the Aga of the Janizaries swears that the muster-rolls of the Bash Jazitchi are accurate and well kept;—There is no might or strength but in the Lord."

impediments of the soil. The garrison was, however, reduced to the most extreme distress; the chiefs disagreed, the garrison was dispirited, and the Albanians mutinous. In this crisis, indirect offers were made for a capitulation, and a negociation was set on foot, without however putting a stop to hostilities. Some unpleasant tidings from Patras having called away Ipsilanti to the northward, and Mavrocordato and Cantacuzene having gone to Missolonghi to assume the command of western Greece, the command of the siege devolved on the Bey of Maina. The Turks, the Bardouniots and the Albanians were each holding separate conferences with the besiegers, and the Bardouniots at length came out and surrendered to the Mainiotes. The Turks now began seriously to think of capitulation, when chance brought about a horrible catastrophe. Some Greek soldiers having entered into conversation with the Turkish sentinels, and offering fruit in barter, the latter imprudently assisted them to mount the wall; but they were no sooner up, than they hurled down the Mahometans, opened the gate, and displayed the standard of the cross. The Greek army rushed on to the assault, and, after a furious conflict, all opposition was quenched in the blood of the Moslems. The citadel on the following evening surrendered at discretion.

With the blood shed on this occasion the Greeks have been bitterly, though unjustly, reproached. Tripolizza had been the seat of Ottoman government in the Morea, and the scene of innumerable atrocities, and was obnoxious to all the country round; and just before the assault, news had arrived that the Capitan Pacha's fleet, entering the Gulph of Lepanto, had landed troops at Vostizza, Galaxidi, and other points, setting fire to and massacring all that came in their way. Before we censure the Greeks, we should call to mind whether the American and the French revolutions, the partition of Poland, and many instances in our own history, do not furnish much greater proofs of the appalling crimes which men are apt to commit, when the social compact is once broken, and all notions of moderation and humanity are extinguished by a sense of danger and calamity.

Early in December, the congress was removed from Agros (owing to its vicinity to Napoli di Romania, which the Greeks were then besieging) to Epidaurus, and the anxiety of all classes to witness the formation of a government was evidenced by the eagerness with which the deputies were elected throughout the country. Besides Prince Mavrocordato and the military chiefs, the number of representatives who had reached Epidaurus by the middle of December, exceeded

sixty, consisting of ecclesiastics, landed proprietors, merchants and civilians, who had mostly received a liberal education in the west of Europe.

The *Declaration* of *Independence* was issued on the first day of January 1821, and the constitutional code, passed into a law, was promulgated on the 27th amidst the acclamations of the deputies, soldiery and people. Having decided on the civil and political rights of the nation, the next object of congress was to select five members to form an executive: the choice of President fell on Prince Mavrocordato, and Ipsilanti was invited to preside over the deliberations of the Legislative Assembly; but conceiving a jealousy of the superior favour shown to Mavrocordato, he declined the proffered honour. To give effect to the measures of the government, ministers were named to superintend the various departments of war, finance, public instruction, interior and police; a commission of three individuals from Hydra, Spezzia and Ipsara was also appointed to direct the naval affairs.

Whilst the national congress was thus pursuing their useful labours, the siege of Corinth became an object of solicitude, and a large force was assembled before the place. The arrival of Panouria, of Salona, a popular chief, originally a peasant of Mount Parnassus who had been driven to avenge the cruelty of a Turkish Aga, with a band of brave Annatolians gave a spur to the

besiegers. Impatience urged him to open a communication with the Albanian part of the garrison; his scheme succeeded; the Albanians to the number of 200 left the citadel, and were transported to the opposite shore of the gulph. Thus abandoned, the Turks were obliged to accept the terms offered by the besiegers; Corinth was yielded up by the Turks, and the Greeks established the seat of government there on the 27th of February, at a very momentous crisis. Destitute of every resource, anathematized by the *Holy Alliance*, and spurned by a *late* minister of England, the reduction of Yanina and the death of Ali Pacha had placed a large disposable force at the command of Chourchid Pacha, together with the immense wealth of the Albanian tyrant: an army had collected at Larissa to invade the Peloponnesus, and a formidable fleet was ready to leave the Dardanelles. Added to these causes of despondency, not the least evil was the jealousy and dissension of the Primates, and persons entrusted with local authority and influence, who were not fully sensible of the importance of union and obedience to the new government, as the interest of the nation required.

Ipsilanti did not conceal his chagrin at Mavrocordato's being nominated to the Presidency, an honour which he conceived to be due to himself, and he accompanied Nicetas to watch the motions of the enemy at Zetoni, having first renounced

the title of Generalissimo. On the arrival of the President from Hydra, whither he had gone to hasten the naval expeditions to the Dardanelles and Lepanto, he urged the necessity, menaced as they were by infinitely superior forces, and the most able of the Turkish chiefs, to organize the army. One corps, to be styled the first regiment of the line was formed, and from the superfluity of these, a second corps, which assumed the name of *Philhellenes*. The organization and command of the regular troops were intrusted to General Normann, a distinguished German officer, who had first arrived from Marseilles, with a number of volunteers.

The commencement of the *second campaign* for the emancipation of Greece was marked by the desolation of Scio, and the massacre of its wretched inhabitants. Scio had been noted as the asylum of modern Greek learning, and no less remarkable for the urbanity of the natives, and their peaceable, industrious habits, and quiet submission to the Porte. It was the garden of the Archipelago, and the emporium of commerce. Their happiness and prosperity excited the jealousy of the infidels.

In May 1821, the appearance of a small squadron of Ipsariots off the coasts, furnished the Aga with a pretence to commence the same system of violence as had already devastated Mytilene, Rhodes and Cyprus. Forty elders and bishops were confined as hostages, for the good conduct of the peo-

ple. Troops were brought from Asia Minor, who committed every excess, and the rich were plundered under pretence of raising imposts to pay them. One year did they bear up under these grievances before they thought of resistance, when Burnia and Logotheti, landed from Samos, on the 17th. and 18th. March, at different points and with few followers, called on the people to join them. The elders endeavoured to prevent the people from joining them; but they assembled, and it was then thought necessary that a local jnnta should be established, and twelve persons were chosen to make requisitions, and act according to circumstances. On the 23d April, the Pacha, with a fleet of fifty sail, including five of the line, anchored in the bay, and bombarded the town, while several thousand troops were landed under cover of the fire. Without arms, and deserted by the Samians, who sailed away when the Turkish fleet appeared, they were obliged to fly; the town was set on fire, and men, women, and children were massacred. Above 40,000 had perished or been selected as slaves, when the Pacha bethought himself of a scheme to secure those in the interior. He procured the English, French, and Austrian consuls to guarantee his promise of an amnesty; but no sooner did the deluded Greeks descend from the heights, and give up what arms they had, than they were butchered. About 7000 persons fell through this act of perfidy, during ten days

of carnage, and when it ceased on shore for want of victims, the monsters recommenced it on board the fleet, and in the citadel. Five hundred persons were hung up on board the ships, and this execution was a signal to the commandant of the citadel, who suspended the whole of the hostages to the number of seventy-six. Of the unfortunate wretches who were saved from Mussulman vengeance, many paid their ransom with their whole substance, before they could leave the island, and there were not wanting examples of *Christian* flags profiting by the misery of these unfortunate people!

That the whole of this terrific drama had been planned at Constantinople, is proved to a demonstration. When the news of the descent on Scio arrived, the Capitan Pacha was hurried off before his preparations were complete, and all the Sciot merchants in that city were imprisoned; and soon after the arrival of the Pacha in Scio, the whole of the merchants in Constantinople were impaled alive by a mandate from the Sultan himself.

Most unfortunately, from some cause or other, the Greek fleet did not arrive off Scio, till the last week in May, when the catastrophe was over. Tombasi, the Hydriot admiral, being joined by another division at Ipsara, decided on an attempt upon the enemy's fleet; but being baffled by light winds, the Turks had time to get to the open sea. An attempt was made with the fire-ships in the

straits of Scio, which the Turks escaped by flying in all directions. The Greek fleet under Tombasi having sailed for Candia, to oppose an Egyptian squadron from Alexandria, the second great naval triumph of the Greeks was planned by Miauli, the most celebrated admiral of Greece. By dint of stratagem, an Ipsariot fire-ship, commanded by the bold Canari, laid the Capitan Pacha's ship on fire; he totally destroyed her, together with the monster himself, and all his crew. The rest fled, panic struck, to the Dardanelles, and the junction with the Egyptian squadron, which might have proved most disastrous to the cause of Greece, was prevented. By a singular coincidence, the Acropolis of Athens surrendered to the troops under Colonel Voutier, on the same day that the Capitan Pacha was destroyed at Scio.

A Turkish fleet of six frigates, fifty transports, and smaller vessels having landed troops at Patras, Colocotroni was dispatched with 3000 men to oppose them. The Turks advanced to meet them, and the Greeks at first retreated, but turning back, the Turks become panic-struck in their turn and fled, pursued to the very walls of Patras, with the loss of above 500 men killed. Colocotroni then blockaded the place.

The fall of Yanina had placed such abundant resources both of men and money at the disposal of Chourchid Pacha, that he was enabled to concert a plan of operations, which, if it had been

carried into execution with ordinary skill, might have nearly ruined the Greek cause. To counteract these designs Mavrocordato planned a powerful diversion, by an expedition into Epirus, which should establish the new system of government in Western Greece, draw the attention of the Turks from the Morea, relieve the Suliotes, and carry the war into the very heart of Albania. This plan was applauded by the Executive, and 5,000 were put at the disposal of the President, who determined to lead the expedition in person. Mavrocordato landed at Missolonghi, while Kiriakouli and another party proceeded northwards, to be disembarked as near Kiappa as circumstances would permit.

Colocotroni suddenly and unaccountably raised the siege of Patras, and proceeded, with his whole force, to Tripolizza. This movement at first excited much astonishment; but when it came out that a Turkish army had passed the great *Dervenachi*, or defiles, and advanced to the walls of Corinth, Colocotroni's presence of mind and firmness entitled him to the gratitude of his country. The loss of Corinth was great at this time, as, had it been retained, in all probability Maihmout Pacha would not have passed the isthmus: but Providence, in this, as in all other occasions, seems to have taken the Greeks under special protection.

No situation could be more distressing than that

of Colocotroni and Ipsilanti, without money or provisions, and with scarcely 1,300 men, to oppose 30,000 Turks advancing against them. Ipsilanti courageously threw himself into the ruined citadel of Argos, to impede the progress of the enemy; while Colocotroni entrenched himself at Lerna, to await the arrival of reinforcements.

The Turks having entered Napoli di Romania, remained inactive, as if without having formed any plan of action; and Colocotroni having increased his force to about 8,000 men, was soon after joined by Ipsilanti, without the loss of a man. It was now discovered that the Turkish new comers, instead of having brought relief to the starving garrison of Napoli, were destitute themselves; and that, to render their case more hopeless, they had left no guard at the defiles by which they entered the Morea. The Pacha at length seemed to awake from his lethargy, and gave orders to return to Corinth. His army set off in disorder, and the Greeks had already sent detachments to the defiles. Colocotroni advanced with the main body, while a part of the troops before Napoli advanced on the right flank. On the second day the Greeks attacked and destroyed 5,000 in a very few hours. On arriving at the defiles, the Turks were met by the Mainotes under Nicetas, and about 1,200 Turks perished in the first onset. Numbers were killed in forcing

the passes, and a quantity of baggage and horses was lost. The 4th and 7th of August were days peculiarly fatal to the Turks.

Having collected the remnant of his army at Corinth, Machmout Pacha made a movement on the 18th, and some slight advantages were gained by the Greeks. Colocotroni now left his command to Coliopulo, with orders to watch the shattered remains of the enemy, and went to Tripolizza, to concert with the Senate about the prosecution of the campaign. Unfortunately an altercation took place, which prevented the executive from resuming their functions for some weeks; and to this circumstance may also be traced a great deal of the jealousy which has, on several occasions, retarded the interests of the confederation since the above period.

Unfortunately the Greeks had no means of following up their successes. Ipsilanti and Nicetas advanced to assist in the reduction of Napoli, which could now no longer hope for relief from the side of Corinth. Colocotroni had seized the passes of the Isthmus, determined not to abandon them before Napoli surrendered. The garrison was reduced to the extremity of want; nor was it till they had consumed all their stock of horses, that they suffered the Palamida or citadel to be surprised without the least resistance. The garrison then surrendered, on condition that they should

be transported to Asia Minor. The Greeks took possession on the 11th January 1822, and his Britannic Majesty's ship, Cambrian, Captain Hamilton, happening to anchor in the bay, and pitying the sad condition of the Turks, determined to receive them on board, and landed them at Scala Nova, having treated them with all possible humanity.

Another triumph awaited the Greeks, and another disaster the Turks. Want of provisions rendered a change of position necessary, and the Turks resolved to march to Patras, the blockade of which had been neglected by the Greeks. Setting out about the middle of January, about 8,000 Turks advanced near Vostizza, when Lunda, who was returning from Missolonghi with a small body of troops, appeared on the road and arrested their progress. They were soon surrounded, and obliged to surrender.

Such was the termination of the *second* campaign in the Morea, during which the loss of the Turks, by famine and sword, could not be less than 25,000 in the Peloponnesus alone; and their utter worthlessness to govern themselves, much less others, was never more strongly exemplified.

CHAPTER VI.

Affairs in Greece continued, and brought down to the end of the Third Campaign, and of the Year 1823.

The war in Epirus was interesting on account of its drawing off the enemy from the Morea. Mavrocordato found things in Acarnania and Etolia in the greatest confusion; but, collecting about 2,000 men, he passed the Acheron, or Aspropotamos, in the latter end of June, and proceeded through Loutraki to Macrinoros. The Turks, who were posted in much greater force at Cambotti, attacked their left, occupied by part of the first regiment, on the 2d July, but were forced to retreat. Marco Bozzaris, who had accompanied the prince, being eager to succour his countrymen at Kiappa, who were pressed by the Albanians, was allowed to set forward with 600 men, although the reinforcements were not yet arrived. The Turks, being apprized of this separation by the traitor Gogo, an old Anatolian chief, attacked Bozzaris at Placa, and forced him to retreat to the mountains. The other division at Peta was then exposed to a general attack, which now took place. It was commenced by a large body of the Albanians, who were received so warmly by the Phil-

hellenes, that great numbers fell, when Gogo abandoned the village with his followers, thereby enabling the Turks to turn the right flank of the Greeks. The Cephalonians, who acted nobly, were overpowered and driven back on the regiment of Tarilla; when the Philhellenes were also forced to give way. Mavrocordato was some leagues off from the scene of action, and when he was on his march he heard of the fatal result of the battle; upon which he was obliged to return, with the remains of the army collected at Langado. On mustering the army, the loss did not exceed 200 men, of whom nearly one fourth were officers. The only use the enemy made of the victory was to occupy Vonizza, which was the preparatory step to an expedition planned by Reschid Pacha, who had recently arrived with 4,000 Asiatic troops to put down the insurrection in Acarnania. He was, however, at variance with Omer Vrioni, and the Albanians were merely mercenaries, and not to be depended upon.

The Greeks were much disheartened by the defeat of their best troops, and the alarm was increased by the arrival of the Capitan Pacha, with a formidable fleet, at Patras. The Greek force did not exceed 1,000 men, while that of the enemy, which had seized Vonizza, was more than 4,000. The Greeks, however, took post at Catonna, to guard the passes into Acarnania.

The system of neutrality established by the

Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands was now manifested in a forcible manner. Those who took refuge in Calamos were almost exclusively old men, women, and children, and their taking possession of a barren rock, where no military post had been established, could hardly be deemed an infringement of neutrality. Yet they were forced to retrace their steps into Acarnania, which, being in the possession of the Turks, they considered as certain death. This severity had the effect of rousing the Acarnanians, and the peasantry, who had concealed themselves in the mountains, now flocked to Catouna, when the Greek force was soon doubled. Mavrocordato, who had established his head-quarters at Vracori, in order to keep up the communication with Missolonghi and the Peloponnesus, as well as to watch the motions of the Turkish fleet, gave the command to Varnachiotti, a man of wealth and influence, but who, like the infamous Gogo, was a traitor to his country.

It was at this period that the Capitan Pacha's fleet, consisting of seventy sail, of which five were of the line, appeared before Patras, and summoned the Greeks to lay down their arms; but being suddenly called away to co-operate with Machmout, and to relieve Napoli di Romania, did not wait to know the result. Of this fleet the celebrated Canari, who had been so fortunate at Scio, burned one, a seventy-four-gun ship, and the re-

mainder fled to the Dardanelles, with the Capitan Pacha leading the way, pursued by the Ipsariots. Thus ended the naval exploits of the Turks in 1822.

The failure of the expedition under Kiriakouli, who fell in the conflict which followed his disembarkation at Splanza, a small village north of Prevesa, and the disappointment of Marco Bozzaris, having deprived the brave Suliotes of all remaining hope, they were reduced to accept the terms proposed to them through the mediation of our consul at Prevesa, Mr. Meyer, who guaranteed their transportation to the Ionian Islands, with their baggage and arms.

The fall of Souli placed such a force at the disposal of Omer Vrioni, that he prepared to advance, and strong detachments actually arrived at the defiles early in October. Though pressed to attack the enemy before these reinforcements could arrive, Varnachiotti delayed on different pretexts, and about the middle of September the traitor deserted, and induced the districts of Valtos and Xeromeros to submit to the enemy. On this being known, the prince united all the force he could collect, and sent off expresses to all the chiefs in whom he could place confidence. Quitting the town himself, at ten o'clock on the 19th, he halted on the road, to rally some peasants who were flying in a panic, and, pursuing his route on the following days, reached Vracori on the 24th,

His presence restored confidence, reinforcements came in, and the divisions marched to Calavia, near Angelo Castro, the rendezvous appointed for reorganizing the troops and concerting future plans. Two thousand men having been collected, were posted so as to stop the advance of the enemy on the side of Haspi and Makada. A courier was despatched to the Morea, and messengers to the surrounding parts to bring in the patriots. Reduced to nearly one third by the defection of Varnachiotti, it was impossible to maintain their ground at Catouna; they therefore began their march to Anatolica, where Mavrocordato had established his head-quarters. Obliged to abandon the plains on the right bank of the Acheron, he resolved, if possible, to defend the passage of that river below Angelo Castro, where it was not fordable.

He had not been many days in this position, before Omer Vrioni, in person, advanced with 13,000 men, mostly Albanians, and passed the defiles of Xeromeros, guided by Vamachiotti. Mavrocordato was obliged to yield to the torrent, and proceeded along the borders of the Lake Soudi to Dervekista, where a junction was formed with Bozzaris. Mavrocordato was then compelled to withdraw in all haste to the defile of Kerasova, where he vainly essayed to make a second stand, as it was certain that the Turks were advancing

on all sides, and would soon be in the plain around Anatolica.

Xeromeros, Valtos, and Vracori, were soon overrun, and it was feared that others had followed the example of Varnachiotti. The foe was within five miles of Anatolica, whence he could descend on the plain to the very walls of Missolonghi, the loss of which would have put the whole of Western Greece into the hands of the Turks, who might then have poured any number of troops into the Morea.

The fate of Greece now hung on Mavrocordato, who behaved so as to deserve the confidence and esteem of the Greek people. He adopted the only plan which could afford a chance of saving the Morea.

He put the troops in motion for Anatolica, as if he intended to retreat towards Salona, but turning suddenly round, he returned by a flank march on Therasova, and entered Missolonghi on the 17th October, to experience still greater difficulties. The population had all fled to the Morea and the Ionian Islands on the approach of the enemy. The town was likewise destitute of every necessary for defence, artillery, ammunition, provisions. In a place thus defenceless and exposed, Mavrocordato and his followers formed the resolution of making a stand against an army of 14,000 men. Not a moment was to be lost in repairing the wall and

clearing the ditch; a work in which even the women assisted. When the President quitted Anatolica, Marco Bozzaris was left to occupy the passes betwixt that place and the sea. The temporary occupation of this point enabled the Greeks to drive some cattle into Missolonghi. It was yielded, however, in two days, and Bozzaris, with a few Suliotes, entered the town. The Turks appeared the day after, and commenced a cannonade, which continued until the next day, and was only suspended to propose a capitulation. Profiting by the stupidity of the Turks in not making an attack, which must have ended in the destruction of the Greeks, Mavrocordato, whose only chance depended on gaining time till succours could arrive, began to temporize. Matters were kept in a state of painful suspense until the morning of the 9th November, when the Turkish brig and schooner, which had been sent to blockade the place by Yussuf Pacha, were observed to steer towards Patras; but being unable to reach the roadstead, owing to a strong southerly wind, bore up and stood for Ithaca, chased by six vessels, on board of which the Greek flag was flying. The ships were followed by the eager eyes of the Prince and his brave followers until night closed in, and they were once more left to ruminate on the perils of their situation. The Infidels, fortunately, made no attack during the night; and the joy of the besieged may be easily conceived, on the return of

day-light, to perceive the whole of the Greek squadron anchored as near the town as it could be approached. Having chased the Turkish brig on the rocks of Ithaca, the Greek naval commander announced that a body of Peloponessians were ready for embarkation at Chiarenza and Kitakolo, destined for the relief of Missolonghi. A part of the ships were despatched next day for these reinforcements, which arrived on the 14th, consisting of 1,200 men, headed by Mavromichalis, accompanied by Andreas Lunda, of Vortizza, and Deligianapulo, both distinguished Mainote chiefs. These troops, having formed part of the army which had gained the victories on the plains of Argos and before Napoli di Romania, were flushed with their recent successes, and could not brook to be shut up within the walls. A sortie was made on the 27th November, in which 110 Turks were killed, and only about twenty Greeks killed and wounded.

Inflamed by the cruelty and excesses of the Turks in their march through Acarnania, the peasantry cut off their communications and supplies. To second the efforts of these people, a body of troops was embarked, to land at Dragomeste, cooperate with the inhabitants of Valtos and Xeromeros to re-occupy the defiles, and cut off the enemies' communication with Arta and Vonizza. Mavromichalis sailed with this expedition on the 24th December, and the garrison being so much reduced by this division, Omer Vrioni determined

on an assault. Knowing that Christmas-day was passed by the Greeks in the performance of religious rites, he resolved on that day to make the attempt. But Mavrocordato, suspecting, from the movements in the Turkish camp, that some plan was in agitation, took every precaution to prevent a surprise, and to repel an attack. The signal was made at five in the morning of the 25th by firing a gun. A tremendous cannonade began along the whole line of the Turks, and was answered by the Greeks. The escalading party approached within a few yards of the wall unperceived, and had even fixed some ladders, which enabled a few Turks to pass the parapet; but these were soon cut down, as the Greeks felt that their existence depended on this struggle, and vied with each other in acts of valour. When day-light broke, the whole of the glacis was seen covered with the dead. The Turks lost above 1,200 men and nine standards in this affair, while, incredible as it may appear, the greatest loss of the Greeks was only six killed and about thirty wounded. Such was the result of an attack, upon the success of which the Turkish chief calculated so fully, that he boasted of his intention to dine in Missolonghi on the Christian anniversary. The immediate effects of this signal defeat were a general rising throughout the country, and bands were formed to cut off the retreat when the enemy should attempt to recross the mountains. The only fear

of Mavrocordato was, lest the enemy should retreat before the peasantry were ready for them; and it required all the influence of the chiefs to restrain the garrison from sallying forth at once, and trying their strength with the foe on the plain.

Omer Vrioni, having sent Varnachiotti to Xeromeros to procure provisions, received a letter on the 31st from the traitor, informing him that *Rongo*, whom Omer had sent into Valtos for the same purpose, had abandoned his cause, and was marching with 3,000 men to cut off Omer's retreat by Langoda; that the people of Xeromeros had flown to arms, and that the Prince of Maina had just driven the Turks from Dragomeste, and was advancing to occupy the defiles, by which the Pacha could alone retreat to Vonizza. Within two hours the retreat commenced in the greatest confusion, leaving the whole of their artillery, ammunition, camp equipage, and baggage. To increase their panic, 500 men sallied out, and overtaking the rear-guard at Kersona, killed a great number. On reaching the Acheron, the waters were so swollen by the rains, that they could not pass, so that they were enclosed on every side. It was whilst they were in this state that a division of Greeks, under Marco Bozzaris, appeared marching against them. Such was now their panic, that they resolved to run any risk rather than fight. They accordingly plunged into the stream,

and several hundreds were drowned, and those who did not risk the attempt were obliged to surrender to the Suliote chief.

After gaining the right bank of the Acheron, the Turks had fresh enemies to contend with at every step, in the armed peasantry; so that of the large force brought into Acarnania only three months before, not more than one-half escaped; nor did the fugitives stop before they reached Arta and Anacori, beyond the passes of Macronoros.

Mavrocordato, whose firmness was beyond all praise, was now enabled to realize his plan of civil organization. A local junta being formed at Missolonghi, measures were adopted for carrying the law of Epidaurus into effect throughout Acarnania and Etolia. The importance of Missolonghi being now more apparent than ever, immediate steps were taken to put it into a proper state of defence, and were proceeded in with such alacrity, that, in less than three months, it was rendered secure from all future attacks. The President re-embarked with the troops not required for the defence of the town, and crossed over to the Peloponnessus, where he arrived early in April, after an absence of ten months.

The elections for the second period, according to the law of Epidaurus, having been delayed, owing tothe proximity of the seat of war and the length of the campaign, a circular was issued,

directing that the new elections should commence forthwith; and the members were invited to join the executive at Astros, which afforded an easy communication with the islands, as well as the Morea, and other points of the confederation. They began to assemble early in March, but more than a month elapsed before the whole of the deputies and military chiefs had arrived. A numerous concourse assembled, so great was the interest in the proceedings. The meetings commenced on the 10th April, and were held in a garden, under the shade of orange trees. The following oath was administered to each person:—"I swear, in the name of God and my country, to act with a pure and unshaken patriotism; to promote a sincere union, and abjure every thought of personal interest in all the discussions which shall take place in this second national congress." The congress then proceeded to nominate a President for the second period, in the person of Mavromichalis, and went through the other necessary business. The labours of congress closed on the 30th April, and it then stated the result of its proceedings in the address to the people, concluding with—"In thus closing its labours, the national congress implores the OMNIPOTENT FATHER of all to extend his almighty protection to the people of Greece, and crown their efforts with success!"

When it is considered that this was only the second general ssembly of the Greeks since the

Achaian league, and held amidst so many chiefs and amidst such scenes of internal warfare, greater unanimity could not have been conceived; there being only one misunderstanding between the generals and legislative body, relative to the propriety of alienating national domains at once, or waiting till the conclusion of the war.

The promulgation of the address was followed by the immediate transfer of the congress to Tripolizza, to take steps for opening the third campaign. The enemy, however, had been so effectually crippled, that some weeks elapsed before any movement was made by the Turks; the provisional government had time to prepare their ways and means. The national property, and forthcoming crops, estimated at twelve millions of Turkish piastres, were farmed out for about a third of that sum; and this, together with a few millions furnished by patriotic individuals, was all Greece had to enter the field a third time against the whole naval and military power of the Ottoman empire. The Turks at length sent a fleet of seventeen frigates, and about sixty smaller vessels, filled with troops, ammunition and provision, to supply the fortresses still held in Negropont, Candia, and the Morea. This was effected without opposition at Carystus, Canea, Coron, Modon, and Patras, where the Capitan Pacha arrived about the middle of June.

The Turkish military plan was better than that

of the preceding year. An army of 25,000 men was formed into two divisions, to act at separate points; one, under Yusuff, Pacha of Barcoffelli, marched towards Thermopylæ, while the other, led by Mustapha Pacha, proceeded to the pass of Neopatra, near Zetouni. The Greeks were obliged to give way; so that the enemy advanced into Livadia unopposed, and encamped at Necropolis on the 20th June. The Greeks occupied the passes through which they entered the province.

Yusuff laid waste the country round Parnassus and Livadia, and set fire to Rachoria and Delphi. Odysseus set out on the 28th June, leaving orders that all the forces collected in Attica and Bœotia should follow, and proceeded to Megara with 500 men, and embarking there, sailed up the gulf and joined Nicetas at Dobrena. The two chiefs advanced towards the enemy, and soon reached the heights in sight of Yusuff's camp. A system of guerilla warfare ensued, in which the Turks were so harassed, that they were obliged to retreat, with the loss of numbers and a quantity of baggage.

The second division, under Mustapha, waited on the plain of Thebes, for the result of Yusuff's operations, in order to advance towards the gulf of Lepanto; but the retreat of his coadjutor having enabled the Greek chiefs to alter their plan, Odysseus attacked this division, which he forced to take refuge in Negropont, with the loss of baggage and military stores, and blockaded it in

Carystus. All apprehension of attack on the side of Corinth being thus removed, Nicetas proceeded to Salona to co-operate in the defence of that place.

The management of the war in Acarnania being confided to Mustapha, Pacha of Scutari, Yusuff had taken up a position at Pondar, near the ancient Actium, to await his arrival, with his own troops and a large contingent furnished by the Pacha of Thessaly. Marco Bozzaris was at Katochi, between Missolonghi and Vonizza, with Joncas of Agrapha. Their whole force did not exceed 1,200 men. However, while Mustapha's army was on the march from Agrapha to Vracori, expecting to be joined there by the troops at Prevesa; the Albanians, the flower of Yusuff's army, no sooner received the customary allowances, than they mutinied, and withdrew to their homes. Yusuff escaped only by flying to Patras with a few attendants. The cause of this mutiny and desertion was traced to Omer Vrioni, who, jealous of Yusuff's military fame, determined to prevent him from co-operating with Mustapha in the present campaign. He persuaded the Albanians to join him, and took post at Lepanon, to the right of Acheron, with 4,000 men. On reaching Patras, Yusuff sent a body of troops to Criönero, not far from the position of Bozzaris, with orders to attack the Greeks in flank; but the Suliote chief fell on them, and having killed or taken prisoners more

than two thirds of the whole number, the rest were glad to escape to their boats.

Hearing that a division of 2,000 men was advancing on the side of the Valtos, Bozzaris sent a detachment to prevent their approach, while he determined to prevent the entrance of Mustapha Pacha into Acarnania. To effect this, he must make one of those forced marches which had so often secured victory to the Greeks in the present contest. He reached Carparisa just as the enemy encamped on an extensive plain near that place, on the 19th of August, in number 14,000 men, while the Greeks could barely muster 2,000. A council was held, in which Bozzaris held out the impossibility of a regular attack, while his country would be lost if they did not take advantage of the night, and prevent the Turks from entering the plains round Missolonghi. This opinion being acquiesced in, and the glory of the attempt pointed out, the hero called upon those who were willing to stand forward and save their country. The call was answered by 400 men, chiefly Suliotes, who, according to their custom, when they are determined to conquer or die, threw away their scabbards and embraced each other. Having selected 300 to be near him, he directed that the remainder of the troops should be formed in three divisions, to assail the enemy at different points, while he penetrated to the centre with his chosen band.

At midnight, on the 19th, the last words of Bozzaris, on assigning to each chief and soldier the part he had to perform, were—"*If you lose sight of me during the combat, come and seek me in the Pacha's tent.*" He then set forward with his sacred band, while three Stratarchs, or minor chiefs, destined to make their attacks at different points, also proceeded to their stations. Not a shot was to be fired, nor a sword drawn, until the bugle sounded. Bozzaris was enabled to advance by addressing the sentinels in the Albanian language, and telling them he brought reinforcements from Omer Vrioni. On reaching the centre, he sounded the bugle, and the attack commenced. The enemy, unprepared and panic-struck, fled in all directions. While dealing death around, and calling to his companions to seize the chief Pacha, a ball struck Bozzaris on the loins; he concealed his wound, and continued to encourage his men until, wounded a second time in the head, he fell, and was borne off the field by his followers. Notwithstanding this disaster, the struggle continued till day-light, when the Greeks were undisputed masters of the field, the Turks leaving their camp covered with dead, eighteen standards, a quantity of baggage and ammunition, a number of horses, and several thousand head of cattle. While the loss of the Turks could not be less than 3,000 killed, the Christians had only thirty killed and seventy wounded. Brilliant as was this victory,

it was dearly bought by Greece, who lost a hero who might have vied with *Codrus*, *Timoleon*, or *Leonidas*, or any of the heroes of Plutarch. The actions and the last words of Marco Bozzaris must rank him with those heroes of old whom Greece has immortalized.

After the arrival of the Capitan Pacha with his fleet at Patras, he declared Missolonghi, and every other port possessed by the Greeks, in a state of blockade, though he had neither the courage nor the means to enforce it. An insult was offered to the British flag by these barbarians, who boarded a vessel from Corfu; and though her papers were perfectly regular, she was taken into Prevesa, when six passengers were brought before Yusuff Pacha, and, after a short examination, hung up within a short distance of the English consul's door, without any steps being taken to resent or prevent it.

Early in June, Emmanuel Tombasi, the Hydriot Admiral, or Harmostis of Crete, sailed with a little squadron, and a small body of 1,500 men, to Candia. Landing near Kisamos on the 6th, he ordered the ships to blockade the port, while he attacked the town by land. A proposal was made to the Turks to capitulate, which they at first agreed to accept, but hearing that the Capitan Pacha was at sea, they retracted. Being attacked from two batteries mounted under the direction of Mr. Hastings, they were glad to renew the negotiation,

and were embarked in their own ships for Canea. Four Beys were, however, retained as hostages for the fulfilment of the terms, which provided that all Greeks retained in slavery, throughout the island, should be given up. The governor of Canea peremptorily refused to ratify the condition, telling the Greeks they were at liberty to do as they pleased with men who did not know how to defend their post.

Tombasi then marched on to the chief town, in which the Turks had shut themselves up, after being repulsed on all sides by the armed peasantry. Terms similar to those granted at Kisamos having been proposed and rejected, the batteries opened on the place, and the Turks fled towards Canea, pursued by the Greeks, who slew numbers of them. Once become master of those two points, Tombasi had it in his power to assist the Candiotes in driving the Turks into the fortresses, which they effected, after an unequal struggle of two years, and with the loss of above 20,000 persons of both sexes. The blockade of the Capitan Pacha was of no avail, as there was scarcely an instance of a Greek vessel having been intercepted; and, after a serious loss of the crews by an epidemic fever, the Turkish admiral sailed for the Archipelago. An attack was made on the fleet off Mytelene by the fire-ships, which failed; but in the gulf of Volos several of them were

taken or destroyed. The Capitan Pacha then hastened to the Dardanelles.

The campaign of 1823 was signalized by two most important events; the re-occupation of Corinth, and the defence of Anatolica. Though reduced to extremity, such was the importance attached to the possession of Corinth, that the Turks rejected every overture to surrender, until the latter end of October, when, all hope of assistance from the Capitan Pacha having vanished, a proposal was made to Staico of Argos, who had kept it blockaded. This brave man repaired to the seat of government, at Napoli, to communicate the proposal, and to know its pleasure; the result was that he was invested with full powers to treat. Colocotroni, and one or two other chiefs, hearing of the negotiation, hastened to the spot, it is said, with a view of participating in the spoils. The Turks, apprized of this circumstance, sent to inform Staico that they would open the gates only to himself and Giorgaki Kizzo. The latter was accordingly sent for, and the Turks, on his arrival, were shipped on board some Austrian vessels and conveyed to Asia Minor. Disappointed in their hopes, and mortified at the light in which they appeared, Colocotroni and his friends returned to Tripolizza, amidst the scoffs of the peopleand the ridicule of the soldiers.

Anatolica is a small town on a neck of land

about three leagues from Missolonghi, at the eastern extremity of the gulf which bears its name; having no defence but an old dilapidated wall, and a ditch filled up in several places. Of 1,500 inhabitants, not more than 200 men were armed, when the town was closely invested by the Pacha of Scutari early in October, having received large reinforcements, and been joined by Omer Vrioni. As the ulterior object of the enemy was to besiege Missolonghi, Constantino Bozzaris (who succeeded his brother's command), unable to cope with such a force, retreated to Missolonghi to prepare for the Pacha's reception. The defeat at Anatolica was, however, scarcely less complete than that at Missolonghi on the preceding year.

Having established their batteries of mortars and eighteen-pounders, the Turks continued to fire shells and shot into the place for above three weeks; during which they frequently summoned the inhabitants to surrender, but were invariably answered by a brisk cannonade from the few guns mounted in haste, and discharges of musketry. Warned by the assault on Missolonghi, the experiment was not repeated, and the stock of shot, shells and provisions being expended, the Turks retreated in their usual disorder on the 19th of November, having lost above 400 men, whilst the Greeks had only about fifty killed and wounded, although the number of shot and shells

thrown into the town was estimated at 2,000. Numbers were killed by the peasants, who harassed the rear, and an epidemic fever carried off above 1,200 of the Turks between the period of the affair at Carpensia and their retreat. Their object in attacking Anatolica was, that it would have enabled them to assail Missolonghi by sea. Three gun-boats had even been prepared by the Pacha, but, when completed, no one would embark in them, and they were burned by his own orders. Nothing could exceed the cool and determined bravery of the defenders of Anatolica, of whom 150 swore a solemn oath to each other, before the attack commenced, that they would bury themselves under the ruins rather than surrender.

Such was the end of the *third* campaign; and such the fate of the formidable armies collected by the Pachas of Scutari and Thessaly. Each of the four divisions which entered Epirus and Livadia was defeated and dispersed in little more than four months after it took the field, by a few detached corps; and unaided Greece was once more saved from the horrors to which she would have been exposed, had the enemy triumphed, it being well known that the Turkish leaders had orders to carry fire and sword before them; so that the Greeks were fully aware, in this, as in every former campaign, that there was only the alternative to *conquer* or *die!*

" They fell devoted, but undying;
The very gale their names seem'd sighing:
The waters murmur'd of their name,
The woods were peopled with their fame.
The silent pillar lone and grey,
Claimed kindred with their sacred clay!
Their spirits wrapt the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Roll'd, mingled with their fame for ever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
That land is glory's still, and their's:
'Tis still a watchword to the earth;
When man would do a deed of worth,
He points to *Greece*, and turns to tread,
So sanction'd, on the tyrant's head:
He looks to her, and rushes on
Where life is lost and freedom won."

Byron, on the Greeks who fell at Thermopylæ.

CHAPTER VII.

Remarks on the Affairs of Greece, and the Conduct pursued and to be pursued by Great Britain.—Lord Byron's generous aid to the Greek Cause, which he is solicited to support in person. —He acquiesces, and leaves Genoa for the Ionian Islands.

THE power of the Ex-Emperor of France, and of France herself, having been put an end to by the battle of Waterloo, the monarchs who, but a little while since, had fled before Napoleon like a flock of sheep before a ravenous wolf, and despaired of even their own safety, assembled in Congress at Verona to portion out Europe between them, and to devise plans of ruling it with despotic sway. Prussia was to be enlarged at the expense of offending Saxony; Austria, by the sway of Italy and such part of the Turkish provinces as lay nearest to her; Russia, by Greece and the remainder of Turkey, when circumstances would allow of her pouncing upon it. Great Britain, however, stood in the way of her aggrandizing herself more to the southward, which, by land, would endanger her *East Indian** possessions, and,

* A subscription for the Greeks has been opened at Calcutta, and, up to the 8th January 1824, 18,764 sicca rupees have been subscribed. It was expected that the other governments would follow the example.

by sea, her commerce on the Euxine and Mediterranean. Her possession of the Ionian Islands would enable her to protect Greece, and her fleets would soon succour Turkey, and scour the Euxine and Mediterranean seas of Russian cruizers. Britain, in fact, held herself bound to Turkey in a debt of gratitude for former amity, at a time when she had not another friend in the world. At the period of the continental system of prescription of British commerce, when there was not a power in Christendom that would allow an Englishman to show his face, or a British flag to fly, in their dominions or ports; when every article of British produce or manufacture was prohibited as contraband, and not a British consul was to be found any where but in the *Red Book* at home, the Moslems of Turkey, Persia and Barbary were the only powers with whom we maintained any kind of correspondence, and, with respect to us at least, they made good their assumed title of "*The Refuge of the World.*" In this desponding state of British commerce, she turned her eyes to quarters the most unpromising, which, at any other period, would never have been thought on, or, if brought to mind accidentally, would have been passed by as unworthy of notice. But Britain was then in the situation of a drowning man catching at straws.

The numerous gulfs, creeks, bays and harbours with which all the sea-coasts of continental Greece

and most of her islands are indented, afford both convenience and security for shipping. The circumstances under which Europe was placed were favourable to the commerce of Greece, and many of her sea-port towns arrived at a pitch of prosperity unknown since the conquest by the Ottomans. The town of Salonica, at the head of the gulf of the same name, became the deposit of English cargoes of sugar, coffee, indigo, cotton-twist, and various other articles, which were conveyed thence by land carriage to the very heart of the continent of Europe. A cavalcade of a thousand horses at a time started with merchandize from that city. From Livadia a very active commerce is carried on, chiefly by the gulf of Corinth, in grain of different kinds, pulse, cotton, wool, honey, &c. The merchants are wealthy Greeks, many of whom live in all the pomp of grandees, surrounded by dependents, and in large houses magnificently furnished. The disposition of the modern Greeks for active and enterprizing exertion, gives them a strong bias towards commercial pursuits. This propensity was particularly evinced by the rapid progress of a little colony planted on the barren rock of Hydra, of which Dr. Holland gives the following account:—"In the distance, and near the mouth of the gulf of Argolis, is seen the small isle of Hydra; a spot which, of late, has become very interesting, from the extent and importance of its commerce. Only

a few miles in circumference, with a surface so rocky as scarcely to yield the common vegetables, and even without any other water than that collected in cisterns, this little islet has an active and wealthy population of more than 25,000 souls; and a property in shipping, amounting, it is said, to about 300 trading vessels, many of them of large tonnage, and well armed. I have heard, and have some reason to believe the statement, that there is a merchant in Hydra whose acquired property amounts to about a million of dollars, and many others with a trading capital bearing a proportion to this sum."

A very considerable and increasing commerce is carried on in the Ionian Islands. Their exports chiefly consist of oil, wine, and currants. Of the last article, Zante alone exports, chiefly to England, 7,000,000 lbs.; of oil 60,000 barrels; and 4,000 casks of wine. Cephalonia exports nearly the same quantities. The mixed inhabitants of these islands are said to be generally "quick and ingenious in their conceptions; cunning as well as active in their affairs; in their manner bustling, loquacious, and verbose; and with a temper disposed to litigation and intrigue." Deeply tainted with the lax manners and vices of the Venetians, who traded in crime and sold impunity to the highest bidder, the state of morality and religion among them was deplorable. Murders were frequent; and the whole frame of society, from the

highest to the lowest, was depraved and corrupt. The late change in the government (being made a temporary dependency on Great Britain) has already somewhat improved their condition; the factions are suppressed, if not extinguished; the laws are faithfully and rigidly executed, and assassinations have become rare.

This adventitious and wholly unexpected situation of the affairs of Europe, brought the humble and forgotten Greeks into connection with the most powerful maritime and commercial country in the world; and their love of gain increasing with their means of obtaining it, the islands soon raised a swarm of vessels adapted to the coasting trade of bays, shoals, &c.; and they became insensibly a little maritime power, to which, in a great measure, they owe all their successes against the Turks, having always maintained the superiority at sea through the terror inspired by their dexterous use of fire-ships.

Great Britain, at the end of the last war, found herself placed in the most novel and delicate situation. She was willing to acknowledge the friendship shown by the Turks in the time of her greatest need, and it was, moreover, her interest to support Turkey against any encroachment on the part of Russia. On the other hand, she pitied the Greeks, and wished them to become happy and independent; but would not take an active part against Turkey. She resolved, therefore, to steer

a middle course, and preserve a strict neutrality. But this was a most difficult situation to be maintained without giving offence to Greece or Turkey, or both. The Greeks, when worsted on the Peninsula, would fly to the Islands, where they were safe under the protection of the British flag; the Turks thought the British favoured them. The Greek vessels often committed piratical depredations on vessels of other nations, under pretence of their carrying Turkish property; and when they were stopped in their career by the British ships of war, the Greeks complained of British prejudice. The British Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles had, of course, a most ticklish post to sustain, and, during the Marquis of Londonderry's administration, it is certain that he entered so far into the views of the Congress at Verona, as to scowl defiance against any opposition to *legitimate* power. Fortunately for Greece and for Britain—perhaps for the world—he left the stage, and men of more exalted minds, of more enlarged views, and of more liberal principles, succeeded at the helm. A Robinson, a Huskisson, a Canning, opened a new prospect, and Britain began to have a glimpse of brighter days. Lord Byron, in his "*Age of Bronze*," hails this happy augury:

"Yet something may remain perhaps to chime
With reason, and, what's stranger still, with rhyme;

E'en this thy genius, *Canning*, may permit,
Who, bred a statesman, still was born a wit,
And never e'en in that dull house couldst tame
To unleaven'd prose thine own poetic flame: ...
Our last, our best, our only orator,
E'en I can praise thee,—Tories do no more,
Nay, not so much; they hate thee, man, because
Thy spirit less upholds them than it awes."

Lord Byron was aware that the cruelties committed by the Greeks, as retaliatory on the Turks, at Tripolizza, &c., and their too well known dissensions of primates and chiefs, weakened the interest which Christendom would have otherwise felt in their success; and many persons asserted that it was merely a struggle between barbarians, and a matter of perfect indifference which party should get the upper hand. Such was the language of the venal journalists in Lord Londonderry's time; but the tone was soon lowered after his decease. Lord Byron counteracted this insidious attack by declaring that the Greeks were in a rapid state of progressive improvement, and Mr. Hobhouse, Mr. Galt, Lord Erskine, Mr. Bentham, and several other intelligent travellers and writers confirmed his Lordship's statement by their own observations. It is at length acknowledged on all hands that the Greeks are an intelligent, brave, and an oppressed people; that the Turks neither have nor ever had any legal claim of sovereignty. A horde of barbarians, issuing from the deserts of

Asia, overwhelming and overturning all civilized states, and treating the whole human race, who will not blindly submit to follow their religious tenets, as dogs; whose only argument is the sabre, and who war against all improvements in society,—is a swarm of locusts that ought to be swept back again into their primitive deserts, to war against wild beasts, or savages like themselves. They are evidently interlopers, who have no tie upon society, whose laws and regulations they spurn and trample under foot. If it be politic in Great Britain to oppose barbarian to barbarian, Turk to Russ; be it so:—but let the Greeks be free, happy, and independent, as they have a just claim to be, and let the Turks in future be made to respect Christians, at least to behave towards them as members of civilized communities behave towards each other.

If ever there was a country that deserved the applause and gratitude of the world, it is Great Britain; and if she should stand forward as the champion and deliverer of an oppressed and suffering people, who are bravely attempting to throw off the galling yoke, it will be a record in their history that will render her the example and the light of the world to the latest posterity. She has a brilliant character to support, and a brilliant part to act. She should attempt to conciliate the Turks and Greeks, by making the former acknow-

ledge the independence of the latter; that both together may be enabled to oppose an inseparable barrier to the overgrown and dangerous power of the northern Autocrat.

Turkey never had that right over Greece, which England, France and Spain had over the American provinces, which were mostly settled from those countries, and they held a kind of parental authority over them; yet, when these children grew up to an age to be capable of self-management, they claimed to be independent, and they are become so. Turkey never had any other right than that of conquest, and it would be insanity to argue, that what was gained, may not be lost, by the sword. Turkey, therefore, cannot reasonably refuse to make those concessions which the greatest powers in the world have been themselves compelled to submit to. It is notorious that Turkey has already expended more money, and sustained much greater losses of men and ships, by sea and land, in her three years' warfare with Greece, than ever she suffered in a war of longer duration with Russia; and she is now in a much worse situation with respect to Greece than when she began the contest. The Turks had then been so long masters, that their whips were sufficient to keep their vassals in slavish subjection, and one single Turkish turban was enough to put to flight a hundred Greeks: the case has been

since reversed, and a hundred Turks have fled before a single Suliot or Mainote, and a single Greek ship, bearing down upon a Turkish fleet, would scatter it like leaves in Autumn before a northern blast; so dreadfully have they suffered from fire-ships, that they imagine every bark to be one in disguise. The contest on the part of the Turks is, therefore, as ruinous as it is hopeless.

Serious apprehensions begin to gain ground, from one end of Great Britain to the other, that, whilst our government is paying undue deference to the other powers of Europe, who from envy, jealousy and rivality are worse than open foes, and raise up every engine in their power to ruin our commerce, we shall pay in the end for our false delicacy, in not shaking the hands which are held out to us for support and intimate friendship. The Southern Americans and the Greeks await their fate at our hands, and would rejoice to be raised into independence, and to be exalted into the list of our most intimate friends, which would be on both sides "a consummation devoutly to be wished." We neither spurn the proffered hand, nor do we grasp it; we wish to yield, yet affect a maiden coyness. We do not act a candid, open and manly part, befitting our high character and exalted station. Every eye can see,—Napoleon Buonaparte proved to a demonstration, that the old European governments are rotten to the very

core. Great Britain should look round upon the *new ones;* she should make them friends—fast friends, so as not to be shaken by every blast of wind that veers round the political compass; she should unite them to herself by a liberal policy,—by the strongest of all ties—the tie of interest!

To those who draw a comparison between the ancient and modern Greeks, we say, look at the three campaigns against the Turks, commenced without the least preparation,—carried on without any means but their own despair and courage. Battles have been fought, and instances of individual heroism have been displayed, that might vie with any in ancient history. If they talk about their inability to govern themselves, we reply, read their Declaration of Independence, their Oath of Allegiance, and their Constitutional Charter, drawn up in a style of energy, moderation, liberality, and with a knowledge of political science. Lord Byron, as well as many other intelligent observers, had doubts about their ability to form a government, although they never thought their moral regeneration an impracticable event. Their subsequent demeanor, their readiness to submit themselves to friendly advisers, their latter moderation towards their conquered enemies, have changed those sentiments, and made them be now regarded as fit to be ranked among civilized and polished people. So much had

they gained upon Lord Byron's good opinion, that by his dying words he recommended to them not only to be free, but to be independent; an unequivocal proof that he had found them worthy of being so!

If it be asked what sort of government should be adopted amongst men who have never been in the habit of thinking for themselves, but have ever been like children in leading-strings; we reply, the simpler the better. The old, heavy, cumbrous, complex system of European courts is fast hastening to the tomb, after its founders; court pomp and glare were invented solely to dazzle ignorance and to amuse idleness;—the present age is one of activity, industry, and invention; which requires something beyond show, on which it has no idle time to throw away. A federative government, on the plan of that of North America, is the simplest, cheapest, and of course the best; and Greece will be found to possess as great a share of enlightened men, as can be found among any equal number of men on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean. Such a government will best suit the temper and genius of the people,—and with such kind of governments, as most congenial with that of Britain, Britain should seek the strictest alliance. With the solitary exception of Britain, there is not another free government in Europe. We want another or two; in fact, as

many as possible. The world will be then *British*, and it cannot be much better.

During Lord Byron's residence in Italy, he was by no means inattentive to the interests of his old friends, the Greeks, with some of the leaders of whom, particularly Prince Mavrocordato, he kept up a correspondence; and it is well known that he encouraged and enabled many men of talent and ability to join them, whose services were most likely to prove of eminent utility. He likewise took care, from time to time, to furnish them with some supplies of which they stood in the greatest need. A considerable part of his income found its way to the Morea, and an approving conscience told him that he could not apply it to a nobler purpose. The Greeks felt, and greatly acknowledged the powerful support of such a man, and he was earnestly entreated to grace their cause with his presence, and to suffer them to hail him as one of their leading benefactors and liberators. Private letters also informed him that his presence might be of the utmost importance at the present crisis, to heal dissensions, and to restore order and unanimity. Lord Byron at length began to yield to these pressing solicitations, both public and private; he had been for some time anxiously watching the happy changes which had taken place in the British cabinet, from which he drew the most favourable omens for the Greek cause;

but before he would venture to return to the Greek peninsula, he determined to visit the Ionian Islands, from whence he might try what effect his admonitions would produce in healing the dissensions of the leaders, and particularly in recommending the dignified and humane conduct of civilized warriors, in lieu of the barbarities of ruffianly banditti and piratical freebooters. He might also (without being invested with any power from his own country) exert what influence he might possess, in procuring more friendly measures towards the Greeks from the Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. If the Greeks should prove reasonable, tractable, and worthy of his presence and exertions, he was determined to afford it to them, and to aid their cause to the utmost extent of his power and abilities.* With this view, having made all his preparations, he set out from Genoa about the middle of the year 1823.

* Lord Byron has subscribed for *ten thousand pounds* for the New Greek Loan; and we have authority for stating that a gentleman, closely connected with Mr. Canning, is also a subscriber to half that amount. *Edinburgh Observer.*

The Greek Committee at Cambridge have transmitted three hundred pounds to the Committee in London, in aid of the funds for assisting the Greeks in their present contest.—*The Widow's Mite ! ! !*

Having settled his mind to leave Italy for Greece, he wrote to one of his most intimate friends and constant companions, then tarrying at Rome, in these terms: "T——;* you must have heard I am going to Greece; why do you not come to me? I am at last determined,—Greece is the only place I ever was contented in,—I am serious, and did not write before, as I might have given you a journey for nothing.—They all say I can be of great use in Greece. I do not know how, nor do they; but at all events, let us try." He had, says this friend, who was acquainted with his sentiments, become ambitious of a name as distinguished for deeds as it was already by his writings. It was but a short time before his decease that he composed one of the most beautiful and touching of his songs, on his thirty-sixth birth-day, which remarkably proves the birth of this new passion. Being his very last production, it is well worthy of being given at length:

* Mr. Trelawney, an intimate friend and companion, the *fidus Achates* of our British *Æneas*. They were for years inseparable, as though joined by magnetic attraction; and never apart but when the urgency of their affairs compelled a separation, and never easy until they were re-united. Although there might be at times some little variation of the compass, yet, wherever the *needle* was, it surely pointed out the direction of the *Northern Star*.

LORD BYRON'S LATEST VERSES.

Missolonghi, Jan. 23, 1824.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it has ceased to move;
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone.

The fire that in my bosom preys,
Is like to some volcanic isle,
No torch is kindled at its blaze;—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
Th' exalted portion of the pain
And power of love I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not here—it is not here—
Such thoughts should shake my soul; nor now—
Where glory seals the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner and the field,
Glory and Greece around us see;
The Spartan borne upon his shield
Was not more free.

Awake!—not Greece—she is awake!
Awake, my spirit!—think through whom
My life-blood tastes its parent lake—
And then strike home!

I tread reviving passions down;
Unworthy Manhood—unto thee,
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of Beauty be.

If thou regret thy youth—why live?
The land of honourable death
Is here—up to the field and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lord Byron rejoins the Greeks.—Endeavours to heal their Dissensions.—Various instances of his Humanity, Courage, and Generosity.—His efforts in the Greek Cause.— He establishes an Arsenal and a Laboratory.—Unfortunate Fracas.—Lord Byron's Illness, exemplary Conduct, Resignation, and Death. —The Consternation and Grief of the Greeks at this Event. —Dissection of the Body, and Opinion of the Doctors thereon.—Lord Byron's Code of Religion.

THE Greeks having proved themselves, by their intrepid and persevering resistance to their barbarian oppressors, and by the wisdom and moderation of their councils, worthy of their illustrious ancestors and of the esteem of all civilized nations, Lord Byron, who had never suffered his attention to be diverted from them, now determined, with a generosity worthy of the genius which inspired it, to share with them the perils of their fate, to aid their cause with all his influence, to recommend unanimity in their councils, steadiness in time of action, a disinterested patriotism, and to make them the more substantial offer of money for their immediate wants. With this view Lord Byron once more turned his face towards Greece, and arrived at a crisis when his services could be of the utmost utility.

The Greek primates, educated in slavish obedience to their Turkish masters, the mercenary slaves of rapacious despots, and despots themselves, when elevated to a precarious power over their fellow slaves, were so much addicted to the indolent propensities and luxurious habits of their Turkish masters, as to unfit them to plan with resolution and to act with daring fortitude. Many of them would have preferred to rule under the Turks, though holding both life and power by a most precarious tenure, to the privations and dangers of a war, of which no one could pretend to foresee the issue. Fortunately for their country, the primates had no alternative but that of resistance or death; the stupid barbarity of the Turks make them disdain all conciliatory measures, or many of the chiefs would have followed the examples of Gogo and Varnachiotti, and sold themselves and their country for a life of indolence and infamy. The insolence and cruelty of the Turks compelled the primates to make a common cause with their humbler and braver brethren, over whom, however, they still wished to maintain their former superiority; but that superiority which the crisis of affairs imperiously demanded should be conferred only on superlative merit. The vanity and ambition of some of these chiefs considerably impaired, and even threatened the destruction of the Greek cause, if not put a stop to in time. Lord Byron would not go immediately to Greece, which

was afflicted with such internal divisions, that he was aware, to render his presence of effectual service, he must keep clear from the spirit of party.

Lord Byron embarked at Leghorn, with a small party of friends, on board the English ship the Hercules, Captain Scott, which he had hired for the purpose of attending his motions. It deviated a little from its regular course, to give his Lordship an opportunity of viewing the volcano in the island of Stromboli; and it must have been no small disappointment to so ardent an observer of nature, that the mountain was perfectly quiet (for the first time within the memory of man!) during the night which he passed in its neighbourhood. Had it been otherwise, death, which so soon afterwards extinguished his Lordship's own fire, would have prevented his genius from taking a poetical flight on the occasion. The ship came to an anchor off Cephalonia, where Lord Byron was well received by the English authorities, who seemed well disposed to favour his Lordship's views with respect to Greece; but his Lordship, anxious to avoid involving the government, still remained on board the vessel until farther information could be obtained for the guidance of his future conduct.

Greece was still in a very unsettled state, although little doubt of her ultimate success could be entertained. Odysseus and Nicetas had contrived to disperse the armies of Yusuff Pacha and

Mustapha Pacha, who had entered Eastern Greece by the passes of Thermopylæ. Corinth was reduced to extremity: Patras, Modon, and Coron, also still held out, but were very hard pushed; so that the Morea might be said to be wholly emancipated. But yet there was more to be dreaded from the dissensions of the chiefs, than from any efforts that could be made by the enemy. An unnatural conflict had taken place in the streets of Tripolizza, between the Spartiates and the Arcadians, the followers of rival leaders; and the military chiefs, at the head of whom was Colocotroni, a brave but avaricious man, was at variance with what was denominated the civil faction, or the primates, who were headed by Mavrocordato. Colocotroni had been obliged to fly, and Mavrocordato soon after thought it advisable to resign his post and retire to Hydra, where he was at the period when Lord Byron arrived off Cephalonia.

Western Greece was in a still more precarious situation, notwithstanding the efforts of the valiant Marco Bozzaris, a leader worthy of the best days of Greece; and the Turkish fleet had arrived in the gulf of Patras, and blockaded Missolonghi and all the other ports of Western Greece, and gave much interruption, though it did little harm.

The brave Marco Bozzaris no sooner heard of Lord Byron's arrival in Greece than he hailed it, with every symptom of sincere joy, as an omen of future success. He hastened to write from Cari-

penissi a letter, dated the 8th (20th) April, to a friend in Cephalonia, to whom he says,—

"I am delighted with your account of Lord Byron's disposition with respect to our country. The advice you have given his Lordship, to direct his attention to Western Greece, has caused us the greatest satisfaction; and I feel obliged by your continued exertions in the service of our country. I am not a little pleased at his Lordship's peculiar attention to my fellow-countrymen, the Suliotes, on whom he has conferred the honour of selecting them for his guards. Avail yourself of this kindness of his Lordship, and persuade him to come, as speedily as possible, to Missolonghi, where we will not fail to receive him with every mark of honour due to his person; and, as soon as I hear of his arrival, I will leave the army here, and proceed to join him with a few companions. All will soon be right; the disturbances in Roumelia are only temporary, and will be easily settled. I trust you are informed of all that has occurred here—that the Pacha of Scutari has advanced to Aspropotamos and Agrapha, and has penetrated to Carpenissi. We are going to meet him: we have possession of all the strong posts, and trust that the enemy will be properly resisted."

Bozzaris alludes to Lord Byron's first act in Greece, which was the equipping for the field forty Suliotes, whom he dispatched to assist in the defence of Missolonghi; and, after the battle, he

sent bandages and medicines, with which he had provided himself in Italy, as also money to be distributed among the wounded men.

In one of his letters there is mention made of a generous offer which he had made of pecuniary aid to the government. "I offered to advance a thousand dollars a month for the succour of Missolonghi, and the Suliotes under Bozzaris (since killed); but the government have answered me through —— —— of this island, that they wish to confer with me previously, which is, in fact, saying, they wish me to expend my money in some other direction. I will take care that it is for the public cause; otherwise I will not advance a para. The opposition say they want to cajole me, and the party in power say the others wish to seduce me; so, between the two, I have a difficult part to play: however, I will have nothing to do with the factions, unless to reconcile them, if possible."

With this determination Lord Byron resisted the flattering invitations of Count Metaxa, the Exarch of Missolonghi, and other persons, to repair to that place, lest he should be drawn into the vortex which he wished to avoid. He resolved to communicate only with the established government, and with that view dispatched Mr. Trelawney and Mr. Hamilton Browne, two of the friends who had accompanied him to Greece, to make the necessary communications, and to collect intelligence of the actual situation of affairs.

The extreme scarcity of money in Greece, and the rumour that his Lordship had brought with him considerable funds which he destined for the service of that country, caused his presence to be anxiously and impatiently looked for; but he remained, in a state of indecision, on board his vessel during six weeks, and then landed on the island; where, avoiding the capital, he retired to Metaxata, and there took up his abode during his stay on the island. The news of his arrival, and the knowledge of his purpose, had electrified all parties,—the Greeks with joy and expectation, and the Turks with fear and rage; and it is to be lamented that he was withdrawn from so glorious a sphere of action, before he could perform any of the great things which were expected from him, and which there was such great hopes of his fulfilling.

Whilst at Metaxata his Lordship resumed his usual occupations; still keeping a watchful eye over all the transactions in Greece, and carrying on a very active correspondence with every part of it. His humanity and benevolent activity in the service of his fellow-creatures here shone out as conspicuously as elsewhere. While at Metaxata, the fall of a large mass of earth happened to bury several persons beneath its superincumbent load. He heard of the accident whilst at his dinner, and, starting up from his seat, ran to the spot, accompanied by his physician, who took with him a

supply of medicines. The labourers, who were engaged in disinterring their companions, soon became alarmed for themselves, and refused to continue their labours, declaring that they believed they had dug out all the bodies which had been overwhelmed by the ruins. Lord Byron endeavoured, by promises and threats, to induce them to continue their exertions; but, finding both measures equally in vain, he seized a spade and began to dig most earnestly. At length the peasantry, ashamed and encouraged by his example, joined with him; and the result of his Lordship's activity, courage and perseverance was that two more persons were rescued from certain death!

Another adventure, of rather a ludicrous nature, is related as having taken place at Metaxata. A Dr. Kennedy, a methodistical physician, residing in Cephalonia, took it into his head to convert Lord Byron to his own evangelical way of thinking; a charitable act, to which he was prompted through having heard that his Lordship was not very religiously inclined. It was a bold attempt; but what will not a bigotted missionary attempt in what he deems the service of the cause of God! The Doctor, though a clever man in his own profession, was but a very bungling theologian; and as Lord Byron was remarkably well freighted with texts of Scripture, he plied the Doctor with them so appositely and unexpectedly, that he several times drove the physician out of the field, to go home and consult his books, before he would ven-

ture to give an answer to his Lordship's argument. This resembles what we remember once to have read of a contest between a toad and a snake. Every time the former was bitten, it was observed to crawl to a certain herb, with which having fortified itself it returned and renewed the attack: but the observer having removed the herb, the poor toad, on its next recourse to the wonted spot, finding its antidote gone, swelled till it burst. Lord Byron's friends were not a little amused by the reiterated attacks and defeats of the Doctor; who, however, had the vanity to imagine that his rhetoric must have been availing; and, in that supposition, some time afterwards, actually inquired of Lord Byron's suite whether a change had not been operated in their master's opinions, since the conferences they had maintained against each other in Cephalonia. This circumstance brings to mind a paragraph in Gold's London Magazine, N°. 2, where the writer says, "Notwithstanding the immorality which pervades many of Lord Byron's productions, he is sometimes touched with qualms of conscience, and recollections of purer and happier hours; and we know, from the authority of the late Dr. Strachey, Archdeacon of Suffolk, that he has occasionally consulted a clergyman on the subject of religion." Now, that Lord Byron might have discoursed on religious topics with various persons, there is no reason to disbelieve; but that he should engage in any such

with a view of receiving information or reaping benefit, no man will believe who ever knew him. His mind was made up: there was nothing like unsteadiness, doubt, or wavering. He died as he had lived (if we may believe his last words), perfectly resigned, and in full confidence of the mercy of his God.

Lord Byron's two friends proceeded to the main land, and crossed the country to Tripolizza, whence it appeared that the two assemblies had by that time removed to Salamis. Colocotroni, however, was there, and some of the confidential officers whom Mavrocordato had left behind him when he made his retreat. Colocotroni was in possession of unlimited power; his palace was filled with armed followers, like an old English baron's in feudal times, and the language which he held evinced that he was determined to carry matters with a high hand. He stated that he had told Mavrocordato, that, unless he desisted from his intrigues, he would mount him on an ass, and whip him out of the Morea; and that he had only been withheld from doing it by the representations of his friends that it would injure the cause. He declared his readiness to submit to a democratic government, if regularly constituted; but swore that himself and the other chiefs would shed the last drop of their blood rather than submit to the intrigues of a foreigner. He added, that he intended to proceed to the Congress at Salamis to settle the affairs of the country, and he invited

Lord Byron, and all the other British Philhellenes, to communicate with the general government, and to send succours to them alone. On the other hand, Mavrocordato's followers pressed Lord Byron and his friends to proceed to Hydra, instead of Salamis, and act, in the settlement of these differences, not with the coolness of a mediator, but with a *main de fer*, which would be the only effectual remedy.

The mission, however, proceeded to Salamis, where the Congress had assembled to deliberate on the two most vital questions,—the form of government, and the plan of the ensuing campaign. Their proceedings were conducted with order and propriety, and the people appeared respectful and submissive. The Congress received Lord Byron's agents in the most cordial manner, and opened every thing to them without the least reserve. They were thus enabled to transmit to his Lordship the real state of affairs and their future plans. Odysseus, who held the command at Athens, was about to lead 5,000 Albanians into Negropont, whither Mr. Trelawney agreed to accompany him as his aide-de-camp, to enjoy the double diversion of Turk and wild-fowl shooting. Colocotroni and his son were to undertake the siege of Patras, with the forces under their command. Tombasi, the admiral of Hydra, was in command at Candia, where active warfare was expected. Staicos was to remain at Corinth; and Marco Bozzaris'

brother, with his Suliotes, and Mavrocordato, were to defend Missolonghi, which at that time (October 1823) was blockaded both by sea and land. If it fell, Athens would be in danger, and thousands of throats cut. A few thousand dollars would furnish ships to relieve it: a portion of this sum was raised; and, adds Mr. Trelawney, in a spirit worthy of him and his deceased friend, "*I would coin my heart to save* this key of Greece." This was sufficient to point out to Lord Byron the part where succour was mostly required; and he was decided in his opinion to relieve Missolonghi by a letter he received from Mavrocordato from Hydra, dated October 21st, in answer to one which his Lordship had addressed to him respecting the dissensions which reigned in Greece, and his own desertion of his post. Mavrocordato attempts to explain to his Lordship the nature of the dissensions, and points out with great truth, that, though the government may be divided, the *nation is not;* and that, whatever at any time may be the difference of opinion, all parties have joined hand and heart, and fought to the last extremity against the common enemy. He attributes such dissensions as do exist to the want of money; and predicts their immediate disappearance when means shall be found to pay their fleets and armies. He concludes: "I should do myself an injustice, my Lord, if I were not to speak to you with the frankness which you expect from me: I cannot agree with you when you say your best

plan is to rest in observation. I will never advise you to run the risk of appearing to embrace the interests of a party; but all the world knows, and no one better than myself, that you are come here with the firm intention of succouring Greece. This Greece is now before you—under your eyes: you may see at the first glance which is the part in danger, that Missolonghi is blockaded by land and sea, that it is destitute of provisions, and on the point of falling into the hands of the Turks; who afterwards will have no difficulty in penetrating into the Morea, and seizing upon its most fertile provinces; from whence it will be hard, nay, impossible, to dislodge them. To carry succour to this place—to save it—is to save Greece itself. Is this declaring for a party? Is it not rather to do that which the feelings of honour and humanity dictate to us all? Influenced by these and other reasons, I never know when to leave off inviting you to come to the succour of Missolonghi."

Whilst Mavrocordato was endeavouring to collect a fleet to relieve Missolonghi, Lord Byron was making up his mind; and the conclusion he came to will be seen from the following extract of a letter, dated the 29th of October 1823. "Corinth is taken—and a Turkish squadron is said to be beaten in the Archipelago;—the public progress of the Greeks is considerable, but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at

the seat of government, I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them, though neither is an easy task. I have remained here partly in expectation of the squadron in relief of Missolonghi, partly of Mr. Parry's detachment, and partly to receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four hundred thousand piastres, which at the desire of the Greek government I have advanced for the payment of the expected squadron. The bills are negociating, will be cashed in a short time, as they could have been in any other mart; but the miserable Ionian merchants have little money and no great credit, and are besides *politically shy* on this occasion; for although I had the letters of ——, one of the strongest houses in the Mediterranean, also of ——, there is no business to be done on *fair* terms, except through *English* merchants; these, however, have proved both able and willing, and upright as usual.* It is my intention to proceed by sea to Nauplia di Romani, as soon as I have managed this business: I mean the advance of 400,000 piastres for the fleet. My time here has not been entirely lost: indeed you will perceive, by some former documents, that any advantage from my *then* proceeding to the Morea was doubtful. We have at last named the deputies; and I have written a strong remonstrance on their divisions

* Were these the sentiments of a man who vilified and hated his countrymen? On the contrary, does not Lord Byron, on every occasion, do justice to the English character?

to Mavrocordato, which, I understand, was forwarded to the legislative body by the Prince."

His departure was, however, still postponed, as he conceived it necessary again to address the government on the subject of their dissensions. The following is a translation of an extract from the concluding part of the letter which he sent on this occasion, dated 30th November 1823:

"The affair of the loan,—the expectation, so long and vainly indulged, of the arrival of the Greek fleet, and the dangers to which Missolonghi is still exposed, have detained me here, and will still detain me, till some of them are removed. But when the money shall be advanced for the fleet, I will start for the Morea, not knowing, however, of what use my presence can be in the present state of things. We have heard some rumours of new dissensions,—nay, of the existence of a civil war. With all my heart I desire that these reports may be false, or exaggerated, for I can imagine no calamity more serious than this; and I must frankly confess, that unless union and order are confirmed, all hopes of a loan will be vain, and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad, an assistance which might be neither trifling nor worthless, will be suspended or destroyed; and, what is worse, the great powers of Europe, of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed inclined to favour her in consenting to the establishment of an in-

dependent power, will be persuaded that the Greeks are unable to govern themselves, and will perhaps themselves undertake to arrange your disorders in such a way as to blast the brightest hopes you indulge, and are indulged by your friends. And allow me to add, once for all, I desire the well-being of Greece, and nothing else: I will do all I can to secure it; but I cannot consent—I never will consent to the English public, or English individuals, being deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs. The rest, gentlemen, depends on you—you have fought gloriously. Act honourably towards your fellow-citizens and towards the world; and then it will no more be said, as has been repeated for 2,000 years with the Roman historian, that Philopœmen was the last of the Grecians. Let not calumny itself (and it is difficult to guard against it in so arduous a struggle) compare the Turkish Pacha with the patriot Greek in peace, after you have exterminated him in war."

In another letter to Prince Mavrocordato, on the same occasion, he observes—"Greece has now three ways to choose—to reconquer her liberty—to become dependent on the sovereigns of Europe—or to be again a Turkish province. There is no alternative but between these three; but civil war seems to lead only to the last two. If you envy the fate of Wallachia, or the Crimea, you may have it to morrow; if that of Italy, the day

after to-morrow; but if Greece will be one, free and independent, she must decide now, or it will be too late."

In another letter, written a few days after, (Dec. 7, 1823), there is a circumstance mentioned which probably turned Lord Byron's attention from the Morea to Western Greece. "The Suliotes (now in Acarnania) are very anxious that I should take them under my direction, and go over and *put things to rights* in the Morea, which, without a force, seems impracticable; and really, though very reluctant, as my letters will have shown you, to take such a measure, there seems hardly any milder remedy. However, I will not do any thing rashly, and have only continued here so long in the hopes of seeing things reconciled, and have done all in my power. Therefore, had I gone sooner they would have forced me into one party or the other, and I doubt as much now. But we will do our best."

Lord Byron still continues to harp upon these dissensions; and in another letter, of the date of Dec. 10, 1823, he jests upon the gasconading spirit which is the distinguishing characteristic of the Greeks of the present day, as it was of the one in the age of Cleon. "C—— will tell you the recent special interposition of the gods in behalf of the Greeks, who seem to have no enemies in heaven or earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord among themselves. But these,

too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated, and then we can take the field on the offensive, instead of being reduced to the '*petite guerre*' of defending the same fortresses year after year, and taking a few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done something in the way of the Spartans; but they have not inherited their style."

In a very short time afterwards the long-expected squadron arrived in the waters of Missolonghi; and, in a letter dated three days after the last, Dec. 13th, his Lordship says, that "he momentarily expects advice from Prince Mavrocordato, who is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from the legislature to me: in consequence of which, after paying the squadron, I shall probably join him at sea or on shore."

With respect to the *supplies* which had been sent out to him by the committee in England, as their agent, he delivers himself in a similarly sportive style:—

"The mathematical, medical, and musical preparations of the committee have arrived in good condition, abating some damage from wet, and some ditto from a portion of the letter-press being spoilt in landing (I ought not to have omitted the press, but forgot it at the moment—excuse the same): they are pronounced excellent of their kind, but are, till we have an engineer and a trumpeter (we

have chirurgeons already), mere 'pearls to swine,' as the Greeks are ignorant of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music; the maps, &c. I will put into use for them, and take care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the intended uses of the committee.

"The supplies of the committee are very useful, and all excellent in their kind, but occasionally hardly *practical* enough in the present state of Greece; for instance, the mathematical instruments are thrown away; none of the Greeks know a problem from a poker,—we must conquer first, and plan afterwards. The use of the trumpets, too, may be doubted, unless Constantinople were Jericho, for the Hellenists have no ears for bugles, and you must send somebody to listen to them. We will do our best, and I pray you to stir your English hearts at home to more general exertion: for my part I will stick by the cause while a plank remains which can be honourably clung to—if I quit it, it will be by the Greeks' conduct—and not the Holy Allies', or the holier Mussulmans'."

His Lordship, however, showed more wit than judgment in criticising the supplies of the committee; for some of the articles which he considered as thrown away, proved of eminent service, the trumpets especially. The Turks are so apprehensive of the science and valour of the Franks, that the mere sound of a bugle, as implying their presence, is sufficient to throw them into

alarm, if not put them to flight. The same may be said of their *hats*, which the cunning Greeks have put in requisition, and found the very sight of them to be as terrific as the sound of a trumpet. There is no nation, however savage, that does not delight in music, and feel its incitement to martial enterprize.

His Lordship's determination to stand by the Greeks was so steadfast, that, although he was too prudent to give way to a blind enthusiasm, he was not so squeamish as to be disgusted because the ways of Greece were not all carpet-ground, as some inexperienced persons expected. He touches upon this point in another of his letters, dated 26th December 1823:—"I am happy to say that —— —— and myself are acting in perfect harmony together; he is likely to be of great service both to the cause and to the Committee; and is, publicly as well as personally, a very valuable acquisition to our party, on every account. He came up (as they all do who have not been in the country before) with some high-flown notions of the sixth form at Harrow and Eton, &c., but Col. —— and I set him to rights on those points, which was absolutely necessary to prevent disgust, or perhaps return; but now we can get our shoulders *soberly* to the *wheel*, without quarrelling with the mud which may clog it occasionally. I can assure you that Col. —— —— and myself are as decided for the cause as any German student of them all;

but, like men who have seen the country and human life there and elsewhere, we must be permitted to view it in its truth, with its defects as well as beauties, more especially as success will remove the former *gradually.*"

During this interval Mavrocordato never ceased from importuning Lord Byron to cross over to Missolonghi, and ship after ship was sent to bring him from Cephalonia; but he could not get over the difficulty of procuring cash for his Italian bills. That this business occasioned him great anxiety, we learn from a letter dated 13th Oct. 1823. "I have written to our friend D—— K—— on my own matters, desiring him to send me out all the further credits he can command (and I have a year's income, and the sale of a manor besides, he tells me, before me); for, till the Greeks get their loan, it is probable I shall have to stand partly paymaster, as far as I am good upon 'Change;' that is to say—I pray you to repeat as much to *him*, and say that I must in the interim draw on Messrs. R—— most formidably. To say the truth, I do not grudge it now the fellows have begun to fight again, and still more welcome shall they be, if they will go on; but they have had, or are to have, four thousand pounds (besides some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans, refugees, and rascals of all descriptions) of mine at one 'swoop,' and, it is to be expected, the next will be at least as much more; and how can I refuse, if they will

fight, and especially if I should happen to be in their company? I therefore request and require, that you should apprize my trusty and trust-worthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet-anchor, D—— K—— the honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase money of Rochdale manor, and mine income for the A. D. 1824, to answer and anticipate any orders or drafts of mine, for the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, &c. &c. &c. May you live a thousand years! which is 999 longer than the Spanish Cortes' constitution."

At length this most important business was settled, and every necessary preparation being made for setting out, two Ionian vessels were hired, on board of which, embarking suite, horses and effects, Lord Byron sailed from Argostoli on the 29th of December. Arriving off Zante the same evening, the next day was spent in making pecuniary arrangements with ——, and, after receiving a quantity of specie on board, he proceeded towards Missolonghi. The passage was attended with some serious accidents, which had nearly proved the destruction of all embarked. Count Gamba, one of his Lordship's most intimate friends, had been put in charge of the vessel, in which the horses and part of the money were embarked. They had got no further than Chiarenza, a point which lies between Zante and Missolonghi, when they were surprised at daylight by a Turkish frigate. The vessel which

conveyed Lord Byron, through superior sailing and better management, effected her escape; but the other, in which was Count Gamba, was fired at, cut off and brought into Patras. Gamba and his companions were taken before Yusuff Pacha, fully expecting to experience the fate of the unfortunate men whom that sanguinary chief had sacrificed the year before at Prevesa; and, being taken under Ionian colours, would most probably have gone the same way, but for the uncommon presence of mind of the Count. Aware that nothing but effrontery could save him, he assumed an air of hauteur and indifference, accused the captain of the Turkish frigate of a daring breach of neutrality, in firing at and detaining a vessel under English colours, and concluded by threatening all concerned with the vengeance of the British government, for interrupting a nobleman on his travels, and bound to Calamos. Whether that Yusuff Pacha was really hoaxed, or, being aware of the real state of the case, wished to avoid coming to extremities, he ordered the vessel to be released, treated the captives with much politeness, and even invited them to amuse themselves with a day's shooting.* Count Gamba, how-

* This capture, however, was attended with most disastrous consequences. A large parcel of Lord Byron's MSS., intrusted to Count Gamba, was thrown overboard, to prevent it falling into the hands of the Turks, and betraying their real situation and ultimate destination. Such a loss must have been incalculable to the literary world.

ever, was too eager to get rid of him and his civilities not to sail directly for Missolonghi, where, on his arrival, to his great surprise, Lord Byron had not yet arrived.

Baffled by contrary winds, Lord Byron's vessel sheltered itself first at the Scrofes, a cluster of rocks not far from Missolonghi; but, fearing another visit from the Turks, he removed to Dagromestre, where he was detained three days. On hearing what had happened, Mavrocordato sent a gun-boat to convoy his Lordship, while a portion of the Greek squadron, stationed at Missolonghi, was also ordered to cruise in the offing, and keep the Turkish ships at a distance. The voyage was destined to be ominous, for, on making sail, the vessel had proceeded but a very short distance before she struck on a shoal near the Scrofes, and would probably have remained there but for the activity of his Lordship and suite, who jumped into the water and forced her off; which was rather a better method than that of invoking the aid of the saints, as is customary with the Greek sailors on every emergency. The coolness of his Lordship's conduct is thus described by his physician, Dr. Bruno: "On the voyage a Turkish frigate chased the ship, obliging it to take shelter behind the Scrofes, where, by the violence of the wind, it was forced on the rocks. All the crew and passengers leaped on shore to save their lives; my Lord alone, with his physician (Dr. Bruno), remained on board the vessel, which every one

believed to be going to the bottom; but after some time, not seeing that happen, the fugitives pushed off the vessel into the water; but the waves drove it a second time against the rocks, and it then seemed beyond a doubt that the ship, with the illustrious personage, a great quantity of money, and a store of precious effects destined for the Greeks, would go to the bottom. However, Lord Byron was not disconcerted by all this, and told his physician that he would trust to swimming to reach the shore. 'Do not leave the vessel' (said he) 'while we have strength to guide it, until the water flows in upon us; then throw yourself in, and trust to me to save you.' The vessel was at length anchored between two of the numerous islets on this part of the coast, and at length reached Missolonghi in safety."

Of these disasters Lord Byron gives the following account in a hasty letter which he wrote on board the unfortunate vessel, dated 31st December 1823: "We are just arrived here, that is, part of my people and I, with some things, &c. and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter (which has a risk of being intercepted); but Gamba, and my horses, negro, steward, and the press, and all the committee-things—also some eight thousand dollars of mine (but never mind—we have more left—do you understand?)—[*inferring that he had them about him in his present awkward situation,*]—are taken by a Turkish frigate; and my party and myself, in another boat,

have had a narrow escape last night (being close under their stern, and hailed, but we would not answer, and hove away), as well as this morning. Here we are, with snow and blowing weather, within a pretty little port enough; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out (for we have no arms, except two carbines and some pistols—and, I suspect, not more than four fighting people on board), is another question, especially if we remain long here, since we are blockaded out of Missolonghi by the direct entrance. You had better send my friend George Drako and a body of Suliotes to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and all on board are taken into Patras I suppose—and we must have a turn at the Turks to get them out; but where the devil is the fleet gone? the Greek, I mean; leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again. Make my respects to Mavrocordato, and say, that I am here at his disposal.—I am uneasy at being here, not so much on my own account as on that of the Greek boy with me, for you know what his fate would be; and I would sooner cut him in pieces and myself too, than have him taken out by those barbarians."

Lord Byron's arrival at Missolonghi was hailed by the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The ships fired a salute as he passed; Prince Mavrocordato and all the authorities, with all the troops and population, met him on landing, and

accompanied him to the house which had been prepared for him, amidst the shouts of the multitude and the roar of artillery. It was impossible that reception could be more cordial or gratifying.

One of the first objects of Lord Byron was to mitigate the ferocity of the belligerents; and the very first day of his arrival was signalized by his rescuing a Turk from the hands of some Greek sailors. A Greek corsair one day chasing a Turkish merchantman, one of the crew of the latter, whilst handing a sail to expedite her flight, fell overboard, and succeeded in getting to land by swimming; but two Greek soldiers pursued to kill him. Fortune would have it that he should fly to Lord Byron's house, who instantly received and concealed him: the two soldiers arrive, and with drawn weapons and with threats demand their prey to be given up to them to be sacrificed; my Lord offers them any sum whatever as a ransom for the Turk, but the two soldiers insist, flourishing their weapons, on having their prisoner to slay him; my Lord answers, "Since this is the case, you shall kill me before the poor wretch perishes! Barbarians! is this the specimen you would give me of your being Christians as you call yourselves? Fly from my presence, if you would not pay dearly for your barbarity." He concealed him for some days, made his physician cure him of a disorder brought on by his fear, and, loading him with gifts, sent him to Patras in the bosom of his family.

Doctor Bruno also relates another anecdote of a similar kind. My Lord had met in Missolonghi with a Turkish lady and her daughter, who from the summit of fortune were plunged into the deepest misery. He made rich presents to the daughter, a child, and had planned to send her to Italy for her education (as was the case after his death); but the mother and daughter, on arriving at Zante, would insist on going to Prevesa, saying, that as they had lost a father in my Lord, they would retire to their native country, and there for ever bewail his loss.

Another opportunity soon presented itself of showing gratitude for Yusuff Pacha's moderation towards Count Gamba. Hearing there were four Turkish prisoners in the town, he requested Prince Mavrocordato to place them in his hands; this being readily granted, they were sent to the castle of the Morea, near Patras, with the following letter addressed to the Turkish chief:

"To his Highness Yusuff Pacha, Governor of the Provinces of Aidin and Sarechan, and Commander of the Ottoman Armies in the Forts, &c.

"YOUR HIGHNESS:

"A vessel, with some of my friends and domestics, was taken some days ago to the forts by a Turkish frigate, and released by order of your Highness; I give you thanks, not for having released a vessel which, bearing a neutral flag and being under English protection, you had no right to detain; but, for having treated my friends with

the greatest courtesy, while they were in your power. Hoping to do something agreeable to your Highness, I have requested the Greek government here to place at my disposal four Turkish prisoners, which has been politely granted me. They are sent without any conditions; but if the affair can deserve any place in your memory, I will merely request your Highness to be pleased to treat with humanity any Greeks who may be now, or may hereafter fall into the hands of Mussulmen; since the horrors of war are sufficient of themselves, without adding, on either side, greater rigour in cold blood.

"I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

"BYRON."

"*Missolonghi, Jan.* 23, (11), 1824."

The bark which was sent to Castello di Morea with four Turks, as a compliment to Yusuff Pacha, from the honourable Lord Byron, has returned to Missolonghi, bringing merely a receipt from the Pacha. The proud Yusuff did not condescend to reply to the polite and humane letter which his Lordship sent with this present: this can be ascribed only to the incorrigible barbarism of the disciples of Mahomet; but the Greeks, who are friends of their country and humanity, and foreigners who desire the real welfare of Greece, will not fail, when an opportunity offers, to follow the example of the noble Lord.

These acts were followed by another, no less

praiseworthy. A Greek cruiser having captured a Turkish boat, in which there were a number of passengers, chiefly women and children, they were also placed in the hands of Lord Byron, at his particular request: upon which, a vessel was immediately hired, and the whole of them, to the number of twenty-four, sent to Prevesa, provided with every requisite for their comfort during the passage. The letter which accompanied these poor people was answered by the English consul, Mr. Meyer, who thanked his Lordship in the name of Beker Aga, the Turkish governor of that place, and concluded by an assurance that he would take care that equal attention should be in future shewn to the Greeks who became prisoners.

Another grand object with Lord Byron was to reconcile the differences of the native chiefs, and to render them submissive to the orders of government. He had neither time nor opportunity before his death to carry either of these so-much-desired points to any great extent. Much good, however, was certainly effected; and, if a judgment may be drawn from a few observations made by him respecting the treatment of Sisseni, a factious chief, it may be inferred, that what was done, was done with a temperate and a healing hand.

"If Sisseni is sincere, he will be treated with, and well treated; if he is not, the sin and the shame may lie at his own door. One great object is to heal these internal dissensions for the *future*, without exacting a too rigorous account of the

past. The Prince Mavrocordato is of the same opinion, and whoever is disposed to act fairly, will be fairly dealt with. I *have* heard a *good deal* of Sisseni, but not a *deal of good.* However, I never judge by report, particularly in a revolution: *personally*, I am rather obliged to him, for he has been very hospitable to all friends of mine who have passed through his district. You may, therefore, answer him, that any overtures for the advantage of Greece and its internal pacification will be readily and sincerely met here. I hardly think he would have ventured a deceitful proposition to *me* through *you*, because he must be sure that, in such case, it would be eventually exposed. At any rate, the healing of these dissensions is so important a point, that something must be risked to obtain it."

That the Greeks, influenced by the precepts and example of Lord Byron, began to have some respect for their character in the eyes of the civilized world, may be collected from the following paragraph of the "*Telegrafo Greco*," a weekly journal, printed in Italian, and published at Missolonghi. In the fifth number of that journal, we find a refutation of two articles which appeared in the *Journal de Francfort;* the first stating, that a poem by Lord Byron, called the "*Triumph of Hellas*,"* at Missolonghi, was circulated in the Ionian

* We suppose this to have been the "*Hellas*" of Mr. Shelley, which, as mentioned in the letter on Pisa, he dedicated to Prince Mavrocordato, whilst studying in that city.

Islands; the second, that public rejoicing had been made at Missolonghi on the death of Sir Thomas Maitland. "We know not," says the Telegrafo, "if any such poem in Greek is circulated as a translation from Lord Byron; but we are authorized to affirm, that Lord Byron never wrote any such poem, and that for more than nine months, *viz. since he left Genoa for Greece*, the noble Lord has not written any poetical composition whatever."

With respect to the second article, "so vile a sentiment," it is alleged, "never entered the minds of the Greeks. If they suffered by the conduct of the Lord High Commissioner, at the beginning of the glorious struggle, they acknowledge the difficult and delicate situation in which he was placed; and they confess, that the policy of the British cabinet being changed in the last year, his conduct became much more favourable to the Greek cause. Since some persons are pleased, whether through ignorance or worse reasons, to declaim against the government of Sir Thomas Maitland, we are authorized by a person of distinction, who went to the Ionian Islands strongly prejudiced against him, to bear witness that those accusations were ill-founded; that, under his auspices, the Ionian Islands were more flourishing than many other countries celebrated for their prosperity; and that, perhaps, his mode of government was one of the most suitable to the inhabitants of those islands."

It is evident that Lord Byron had a most arduous task to fulfil, when the brave Prince Mavrocordato had been obliged to give way, in despair of being able to put an end to the dissensions of his countrymen. But they were so well aware of the preponderance which Lord Byron's countenance would give them, that he of all men on earth was able to do more to reconcile so many jarring interests and contending passions.

Mavrocordato had hastened Lord Byron's departure from Cephalonia, by displaying to his imagination the brilliant scenes which might be opened to his enterprize. "Be assured, my Lord," he says, "that it will depend solely on you to secure the destiny of Greece. Lepanto and Patras, blockaded by sea and land, will speedily fall, and, masters of those two places, we may form projects for the occupation of Thessaly." Fired by this anticipation, Lord Byron landed at Missolonghi, and soon became, as he phrases it in one of his letters, *soldier-mad.* His first care was to pay the arrears of the fleet, which had only ventured out in that expectation; and he next set about forming a brigade of Suliotes. Five hundred of these, the bravest men in Greece, were taken into his pay on the 1st of January 1824; and their first object was to compel the surrender of the castle of Lepanto, which commanded the gulf of that name, and was the sole remaining fortress occupied by the Greeks in Western Greece. Its position at the mouth of the

gulf enabled it to keep up a constant communication with Patras, and secured the latter place from want of supplies. The garrison consisted of 500 Turks, and a number of Albanians; the latter were clamorous for their arrears of pay, and it was understood, that on the approach of Lord Byron and payment of their arrears, amounting to 23,000 dollars, they would surrender the place. Lord Byron lost no time in making the necessary preparations. Two thousand five hundred men were to form the main body, which Lord Byron was to join with his 500 Suliotes, and Mr. Parry with a corps of artillery which had been furnished by the Greek Committee in London. Lord Byron, about the latter end of January, was appointed to the command of all the (3,000) troops destined to act against Lepanto, and he himself writes in one of his letters:—"The expedition of about 2,000 men is planned for an attack on Lepanto; and, for reasons of policy with regard to the native Capitani, who would rather be (nominally at least) under the command of a foreigner than one of their own body, the direction, it is said, is to be given to me; there is also another reason, which is, that if a capitulation should take place, the Mussulmans might perhaps rather have *Christian* faith with a Frank than with a Greek, and so be inclined to concede a point or two: these appear to be the most obvious motives for such an appointment, as far as I can conjecture, unless there be one reason more, *viz.* that, under present cir-

cumstances, no one else (not even Mavrocordato himself) seems disposed to accept such a nomination,—and though my desires are as far as my deserts upon this occasion, I do not decline it, being willing to do as I am bidden; and, as I pay a considerable part of the clans, I may as well see what they are likely to do for their money: besides, I am tired of hearing nothing but talk."

Notwithstanding his Lordship's eagerness to go upon actual service, there were many obstacles to impede so desirable an end. Mr. Parry was not arrived with his artillery. The Suliotes were turbulent, refractory, and insolent in their demands. They had been chiefly instrumental in preserving Missolonghi, when besieged by the Turks during the preceding autumn. Their families were in the town, destitute of all support, and in the supposition that they had now found a leader in Lord Byron who had inexhaustible funds at his command, their demands grew excessive. Very soon after Lord Byron's arrival, a citizen, refusing to quarter some Suliotes who rudely demanded admission into his house, was killed, and a riot ensued in which some lives were lost. Lord Byron now saw that such was their state of insubordination, that it would be highly imprudent to lead them out against the enemy. Such being the exasperated state of affairs when Lord Byron's enthusiasm was at its height, it is thought that so sudden and severe a shock contributed greatly to bring on the epileptic fit with which he was at-

tacked on the 15th of February; when, as his Lordship was sitting with Colonel Stanhope, and talking jocularly with Mr. Parry, the engineer, his countenance was observed to undergo rapid and successive changes. He complained of a weakness in one of his legs, and, endeavouring to get up, was obliged to call for assistance. He was laid on a bed, where he fell into a violent convulsive struggle, during which his countenance was much distorted; he soon recovered, however: his senses and his speech returned, and he appeared perfectly well, although greatly exhausted and enfeebled. In the course of the month the attack of epilepsy was repeated four times: during each fit he behaved with his usual gigantic firmness. The disorder at last yielded to the remedies of his physicians; and, after perfect relaxation of mind, he at length recovered. It is probable, however, that this was the ground-work of the illness, which deprived both Greece and the world of his services. The affair between Captain Sasse, a Swede—the Suliotes, who were walking with Marco Bozzari's little boy, in the Seraglio—and the sentinel on guard, a German (in which the former was killed by a Suliote), and a commotion excited amongst the Suliote soldiery, who refused to give the man up to justice—happened within a few days after Lord Byron's first illness, and was little calculated to recruit either his health or his spirits for the projected reduction of Lepanto. Such is the refractory spirit of these wild warriors!

Every exertion was made to organize and supply the army with proper arms and accoutrements, and particularly to collect and form a train of artillery, and men capable of exercising it. Besides, to render the Greeks as independent as possible of every foreign power for a supply of *matériel* of war, a small *laboratory* was added to the arsenal established at Missolonghi; and an occurrence that took place on this occasion, proved what refractory spirits his Lordship had to deal with, and the difficulty of reducing bands and hordes, trained to desultory and predatory warfare, to any thing like a state of subordination. The Suliote captain (before alluded to), with his followers, having been refused admission into the seraglio converted into a laboratory, the mountaineer, indignant at the repulse, drew his pistol and shot the commandant, Captain Sass, a Swedish officer in the service of Lord Byron, upon the spot; and, before the affray was put a stop to, some other persons lost their lives. Lord Byron was so affected by this ungrateful cruelty, that he relapsed into a second epileptic fit, which excited much alarm for the instant, but from which he recovered. The circumstance is mentioned, not so much to show the barbarous and vindictive character of the Suliotes, —a fact which is but too well known,— as to disprove the assertion that his Lordship was totally void of feeling; when, on the contrary, the whole tenor of his life proved him to have been

the most humane, warm-hearted, and sensitive of men. To this, certainly, in conjunction with the greatness of his genius, must be attributed that sincere and unshaken attachment which was evinced towards him by all his friends, as well as the respect of those even who affected to be his enemies: for the man who could so readily forget and forgive, as we have seen that Lord Byron has done, could have no *real* enemies.

Soon after Lord Byron's first fit of illness, he wrote to a friend in Zante as follows: "I am a good deal better, though of course weakly; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after, and there was some difficulty in stopping it; but I have since been up daily, and out in boats, or on horseback: to-day I have taken a warm bath, and live as temperately as well can be, without any liquid but water, and without any animal food. Besides the four Turks sent to Patras, I have obtained the release of four and twenty women and children, and sent them to Prevesa, that the English consul-general may consign them to their relatives: I did this at their own desire." He adds: "Matters are here a little embroiled with the Suliotes, foreigners, &c.; but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause, so long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful."

Doubts were still entertained of the state of Lord Byron's health, and his residence at Misso-

longhi (a low, marshy, pestilential place, where Lord Byron had been once before seriously indisposed, as has been already noticed), induced a gentleman of Zante to write to him, to invite him to remove to that island. To this invitation Lord Byron returned the following answer on the 10th March: "I am extremely obliged by your offer of your country-house, as for all other kindnesses, in case my health should require my removal; but I cannot quit Greece while there is a chance of my being of (even *supposed*) utility,—there is a stake worth millions such as I am,—and while I can stand at all, I must stand by the cause. While I say this, I am aware of the difficulties, and dissentions, and defects of the Greeks themselves; but allowance must be made for them by all reasonable people."

The Suliotes now betrayed some symptoms of remorse and penitence, and offered to place themselves at Lord Byron's disposal. Like all other barbarians, they had an aversion to the nature of the service on which it was intended to employ them. This might be collected from a letter of Colonel Stanhope to Lord Byron, dated Athens, 6th March; in which he writes that he had bivouacked on the 21st February in the hut of the prefect of Lepanto, who had just had a conference with the garrison of that place. He said, that if Lord Byron would march there with a considerable force, and the arrears due to the troops, the fortress would be surrendered; and Colonel Stanhope

adds a pressing intreaty that Lord Byron would proceed there immediately, and take advantage of this disposition on the part of the garrison. To this his Lordship has appended this note: "The Suliotes have declined marching against Lepanto, saying that *they would not fight against stone walls*: Colonel Stanhope also knows their conduct here, in other respects, lately." Here the expedition ended.

The same letter also requests Lord Byron and Mavrocordato to meet some other chiefs, at a congress to be held at Salona, to consider of a mode of more closely uniting the interests of Eastern and Western Greece, and arranging between them some method of co-operation. This invitation his Lordship announced his inclination to accede to, in a letter to Colonel Stanhope's agent, dated the 22d March, of which the following is an extract:

"In a few days Prince Mavrocordato and myself, with a considerable escort, intend to proceed to Salona, at the request of Ulysses and the chiefs of Eastern Greece; and to take measures, offensive and defensive, for the ensuing campaign. Mavrocordato is almost recalled by the *new* government to the Morea (to take the command I rather think), and they have written to propose to me to go either to the Morea with him, or to take the general direction of affairs in this quarter, with General Londos, and any other I may choose, to form a council. Andrea Londos is my old friend

and acquaintance, since we were lads in Greece together. It would be difficult to give a positive answer till the Salona meeting is over; but I am willing to serve them in any capacity they please, either commanding or commanded—it is much the same to me, so long as I can be of any presumed use to them. Excuse haste—it is late—and I have been several hours on horseback, in a country so miry after the rains, that every hundred yards brings you to a brook or a ditch, of whose depth, width, colour and contents, both my horses and their riders have brought away many tokens."

Mavrocordato had his secret views for not wishing Lord Byron to set out for Salona. Various excuses were made for delay, and among others, either true or false, was a design alleged against the Suliotes of delivering up Missolonghi to the Turks. Whilst matters were in this state of suspense, Lord Byron's fatal illness took place, and all schemes of congresses and campaigns were at once buried in the apprehensions which were entertained for so valuable a life, and subsequently in lamentations over its loss. The meeting took place at Salona on the 16th; but Mavrocordato was not there, and Lord Byron was upon his death bed!

The circumstances of the dissolution of a great man teem with instruction, and ever excite the attention of the world; in that respect, a most circumstantial detail has been collected from the lips of Mr. Fletcher, the faithful attendant on Lord Byron

for the last twenty years, and the confidant of his last wishes and injunctions; it would be doing injustice, therefore, to give it in any other than his own words, without addition or diminution:

"My master (says Mr. Fletcher) continued his usual custom of riding daily, when the weather would permit, until the 9th of April. But, on that ill-fated day, he got very wet; and, on his return home, his Lordship changed the whole of his dress; but he had been too long in his wet clothes, and the cold, of which he had complained more or less ever since we left Cephalonia, made this attack be more severely felt. Though rather feverish during the night, his Lordship slept pretty well, but complained in the morning of a pain in his bones and a head-ache: this did not, however, prevent him from taking a ride in the afternoon, which I grieve to say was his last. On his return, my master said that the saddle was not perfectly dry, from being so wet the day before, and observed that he thought it had made him worse. His Lordship was again visited by the same slow fever; and I was sorry to perceive, on the next morning, that his illness appeared to be increasing. He was very low, and complained of not having had any sleep during the night: his Lordship's appetite was also quite gone. I prepared a little arrowroot, of which he took three or four spoonsfull, saying it was very good, but could take no more. It was not till the third day (the 12th)

that I began to be alarmed for my master. In all his former colds he always slept well, and was never affected by this slow fever. I therefore went to Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen, the two medical attendants, and inquired minutely into every circumstance connected with my master's present illness. Both replied that there was no danger, and I might make myself perfectly easy on the subject, for all would be well in a few days. This was on the 13th; on the following day, I found my master in such a state, that I could not feel happy without supplicating that he would send to Zante for Dr. Thomas. After expressing my fears lest his Lordship should get worse, he desired me to consult the doctors; which I did, and was told that there was no occasion for calling in any person, as they hoped all would be well in a few days. Here I should remark, that his Lordship repeatedly said, in the course of the day, he was sure the doctors did not understand his disease; to which I answered, 'Then, my Lord, have other advice by all means.' 'They tell me,' said his Lordship, 'that it is only a common cold, which you know I have had a thousand times.' 'I am sure, my Lord,' said I, 'that you never had one of so serious a nature.' 'I think I never had,' was his Lordship's answer. I repeated my supplications that Dr. Thomas should be sent for on the 15th; and was again assured that my master would be better in two or three days. After these

confident assurances, I did not renew my intreaties until it was too late. With respect to the medicines that were given to my master, I could not persuade myself that those of a strong purgative nature were the best adapted for his complaint, concluding that, as he had nothing on his stomach, the only effect would be to create pain: indeed, this must have been the case with a person in perfect health. The whole nourishment taken by my master for the last eight days, consisted of a small quantity of broth at two or three different times, and two spoonsfull of arrow-root on the 18th, the day before his death. The first time I heard of there being any intention of bleeding his Lordship was on the 15th, when it was proposed by Dr. Bruno: but objected to at first by my master, who asked Mr. Millingen, if there was any very great reason for taking blood; the latter replied that it might be of service; but added, that it could be deferred till the next day: and accordingly my master was bled in the right arm on the evening of the 16th, and a pound of blood was taken. I observed, at the time, that it had a most inflamed appearance. Dr. Bruno now began to say he had frequently urged my master to be bled, but that he always refused. A long dispute now arose about the time that had been lost, and the necessity of sending for medical assistance to Zante; upon which I was informed for the first time, that it would be of no use; as my master would

be better, or no more, before the arrival of Dr. Thomas. His Lordship continued to get worse; but Dr. Bruno said, he thought letting blood again would save his life; and I lost no time in telling my master how necessary it was to comply with the Doctor's wishes: to which he replied, by saying, he feared they knew nothing about his disorder; and then, stretching out his arm, said, 'Here, take my arm, and do whatever you like.' His Lordship continued to get weaker, and on the 17th he was bled twice—in the morning, and at two o'clock in the afternoon: the bleeding, at both times, was followed by fainting fits, and he would have fallen down more than once, had I not caught him in my arms. In order to prevent such an accident, I took care not to let his Lordship stir without supporting him. On this day my master said to me twice, 'I cannot sleep, and you well know I have not been able to sleep for more than a week: I know,' added his Lordship, 'that a man can be only a certain time without sleep, and then he must go mad, without any one being able to save him; and I would ten times sooner shoot myself than be mad, for I am not afraid of dying—I am more fit to die than people think.' I do not, however, believe that his Lordship had any apprehension of his fate till the day after (the 18th), when he said, 'I fear you and Tita will be ill by sitting up constantly night and day.' I answered, 'We shall never leave

your Lordship, till you are better.' As my master had a slight fit of delirium on the 16th, I took care to remove the pistols and stiletto, which had hitherto been kept at his bed-side in the night.

"On the 18th, his Lordship addressed me frequently, and seemed to be very much dissatisfied with his medical treatment. I then said, 'Do allow me to send for Dr. Thomas;' to which he answered, 'Do so, but be quick; I am only sorry I did not let you do so before, as I am sure they have mistaken my disease: write yourself, for I know they would not like to see other doctors here.' I did not lose a moment in obeying my master's orders; and, on informing Dr. Bruno and Mr. Millingen of it, they said it was very right, as they now began to be afraid themselves. On returning to my master's room, his first words were, 'Have you sent?'—'I have, my Lord,' was my answer; upon which he said, 'You have done right, for I should like to know what is the matter with me.' Although his Lordship did not appear to think his dissolution was so near, I could perceive he was getting weaker every hour; and he even began to have occasional fits of delirium. He afterwards said, 'I now begin to think I am seriously ill; and, in case I should be taken off suddenly, I wish to give you several directions, which I hope you will be particular in seeing executed.' I answered, I would, in case such an event came to pass; but expressed a hope, that he

would live many years, to execute them much better himself than I could. To this my master replied, 'No, it is now nearly over'—and then added—'I must tell you all without losing a moment.' I then said, 'Shall I go, my Lord, and fetch pen, ink, and paper?'—'Oh, my God! no—you will lose too much time, and I have it not to spare, for my time is now short,' said his Lordship; and immediately after, 'Now pay attention;'—His Lordship commenced by saying,—'You will be provided for.' I begged him, however, to proceed with things of more consequence; he then continued—'Oh, my poor dear child! my dear Ada! My God! could I but have seen her! Give her my blessing! and my dear sister Augusta! and her children! and you will go to Lady Byron, and say——tell her every thing!!—you are friends with her.' His Lordship appeared to be greatly affected at this moment. Here my master's voice failed him, so that I could only catch a word at intervals; but he kept muttering something very seriously for some time, and would often raise his voice, and say, 'Fletcher, now if you do not execute every order which I have given you, I will torment you hereafter, if possible!' Here I told his Lordship, in a state of the greatest perplexity, that I had not understood a word of what he had said: to which he replied, 'Oh, my God! then all is lost! for it is now too late! Can it be possible you have not under-

stood me?' 'No, my Lord,' said I, 'but I pray you to try and inform me once more.' 'How can I?' rejoined my master; 'it is now too late, and all is over.' I said, 'Not our will, but God's be done!' and he answered, 'Yes, not mine be done—but I will try.' His Lordship did indeed make several efforts to speak, but could only repeat two or three words at a time, such as, 'My wife!—my child!—my sister!—you know all—you must say all—you know my wishes:' the rest was quite unintelligible. A consultation was now held (about noon), when it was determined to administer some Peruvian bark and wine. My master had now been nine days without any sustenance whatever, except what I have already mentioned. With the exception of a few words which can only interest those to whom they were addressed, and which, if required, I shall communicate to themselves, it was impossible to understand any thing his Lordship said after taking the bark. He expressed a wish to sleep. I at one time asked whether I should call Mr. Parry? to which he replied, 'Yes, you may call him.' Mr. Parry desired him to compose himself. He shed tears, and apparently sunk into a slumber. Mr. Parry went away, expecting to find him refreshed on his return; but it was the commencement of the lethargy preceding his death. The last words I heard my master utter were at six o'clock on the evening of the 18th; when he said, 'I

must sleep now ;' upon which he laid down, never to rise again! for he did not move hand or foot during the following twenty-four hours. His Lordship appeared, however, to be in a state of suffocation at intervals, and had a frequent rattling in the throat. On these occasions I called Tita to assist me in raising his head, and I thought he seemed to get quite stiff. The rattling and choaking in the throat took place every half hour, and we continued to raise his head whenever the fit came on, till six o'clock on the evening of the 19th, when I saw my master open his eyes, and then shut them, but without showing any symptom of pain, or moving hand or foot. 'Oh, my God!' I exclaimed, 'I fear his Lordship is gone!' The doctors then felt his pulse, and said, 'You are right—he is gone!' "

With the exception of Mr. Parry, all of Lord Byron's friends were absent from Missolonghi at this unfortunate crisis. Colonel Stanhope was at Salona; and Mr. Trelawney arrived at Missolonghi very soon after the fatal event. "With all my anxiety," he says, in a letter written immediately after, dated Missolonghi, "I could not get here before the third day. It was the second, after having crossed the first great torrent, that I met some soldiers from Missolonghi. I then rode back and demanded of a stranger the news from Missolonghi; I heard nothing more than *Lord Byron is dead!* and I passed on in gloomy silence. It was at Mr. Trelawney's desire that Dr. Bruno

drew up his report on the examination of Lord Byron's body, which is as follows:

DISSECTION OF LORD BYRON'S BODY.

The following account of the appearance of Lord Byron's body on dissection, is extracted from the *Telegrapho Greco;* and may, therefore, be considered as of official authority:

"*Missolonghi, May 2.*—The clergy proceeded in a body this day to the house where the remains of Lord Byron laid, in order to take into their keeping, and remove to the church of San Spiridion, the heart, brains, &c. of the deceased, which had been left to the care of the city of Missolonghi. The city made a solemn request to Count Gamba (the friend of Lord Byron), for permission to erect a monument to their benefactor and illustrious fellow-citizen. His Lordship had already accepted the freedom of the city. Count Gamba felt it his duty to deposit his noble friend's remains in the care of the city, until they might be reclaimed by his relatives.

"Two chests were prepared for the occasion, and after being examined, were sealed by the magistrates. In one of them was contained the body, and in the other the heart and brains of the noble defunct. They were removed by four officers of his brigade to the bark which transported them to Basiladi, and thence into a larger vessel to be conveyed to Zante. The whole of the noble Lord's brigade was drawn out in front of his late residence, and along the shore of the sea. The

convoy was accompanied by the Prince A. Mavrocordato, the primates, the military commandants, and an immense concourse of people, whose countenances and manner bore testimony to their sorrow at taking this last farewell of their benefactor and fellow-citizen.

"As soon as the corpse was removed to the bark it was saluted by discharges of musketry and artillery. The cannon of his brigade, drawn up along the coast, saluted with twenty-five minute-guns: nine were discharged from the battery, and three from the fort of Basiladi; making in all thirty-seven,—the number of years the noble defunct had lived. What a melancholy contrast to the joyous salutes which, four months previous, had hailed his arrival in Missolonghi! One consolation, however, remains: the good he has effected will not be lost; the seeds he has sown, with such alacrity and industry, for the benefit of Greece, will yet produce a noble harvest. The most glorious monument which can be raised to him, will be the feelings of gratitude and love, which remain stamped in the heart of every Greek and every friend of humanity.

"In the bark, which transported the noble Lord's remains to Zante, were his friend, Count Gamba; two other officers of his brigade, Captain and Adjutant Hesketh; Lieutenant Winter; his private physician, Dr. Brown; his faithful valet, Fletcher, who had served him more than twenty

years; and his domestic, Batista Fulciere. In two other barks followed his horses and all his effects, under the care of his secretary, Signor Lega Zambelli. The government sent likewise two gunboats to accompany them.

"The following account of the opening of Lord Byron's body, and the appearances it exhibited, is given by the professional gentleman to whom that office was entrusted."*

"1. On opening the body of Lord Byron the bones of the head were found extremely hard, exhibiting no appearance of suture, like the cranium of an octogenarian, so that the skull had the appearance of one uniform bone: there seemed to be no diploë, and the *sinus frontalis* was wanting.

"2. The *dura mater* was so firmly attached to the internal parietes of the cranium, that the reiterated attempts of two strong men were insufficient to detach it, and the vessels of that membrane were completely injected with blood. It was united from point to point by membranous bridles to the *pia mater*.

"3. Between the *pia mater* and the convolutions of the brain were found many globules of air, with exudation of lymph and numerous adhesions.

"4. The great *falx* of the *dura mater* was firmly attached to both hemispheres by membranous bridles; and its vessels were turgid with blood.

* The dissection is inserted in the words of the Westminster Review, as it would be impossible to translate it with greater accuracy.

"5. On dividing the medullary substance of the brain, the exudation of blood from the minute vessels produced specks of a bright red colour. An extravasation of about 2 oz. of bloody serum was found beneath the *pons Varolii*, at the base of the hemispheres, and in the two superior or lateral ventricles; a similar extravasation was discovered at the base of the *cerebellum*, and the usual effects of inflammation were observable throughout the *cerebrum*.

"6. The medullary substance was in more than ordinary proportion to the corticle, and of the usual consistency. The *cerebrum* and the *cerebellum*, without the membranes, weighed 6lbs. (mediche).

"7. The channels or *sulci* of the blood-vessels on the internal surface of the cranium were more numerous than usual, but small.

"8. The lungs were perfectly healthy, but of much more than ordinary volume (gigantiselle).

"9. Between the pericardium and the heart there was about an ounce of lymph; and the heart itself was of greater size than usual, but its muscular substance was extremely flaccid.

"10. The liver was much smaller than usual, as was also the gall-bladder, which contained air instead of bile. The intestines were of a deep bilious hue and distended with air.

"11. The kidneys were very large, but healthy, and the *vesica* relatively small.

"Judging from the observations marked 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, and 11, the physician who attended Lord Byron concludes, that he might probably have recovered from his illness had he submitted to the loss of blood, which was recommended at the commencement of the disease. He thinks, however, that he can declare with tolerable certainty, from the appearances 1, 8, and 9, that his Lordship could not have survived many years, on account of his habitual exposure to the causes of disease, both from his habitual mental exertion, his excessive occupation, and a constant state of indigestion."

"From this account of the examination of the body, it is plain that Lord Byron died in consequence of inflammation of the brain: at least if the appearances really were as described. The cause of the attack was clearly his exposure to wet and cold on the 9th of April. By this exposure fever was excited. His brain was predisposed to disease, as is evident from the attack of convulsion, from which he was scarcely yet recovered; and the fever once produced, excited inflammation in the brain the more readily on account of the predisposition to disease which had already been manifested in that organ. That he might have been saved by early and copious bleeding, and other appropriate remedies, *is certain*. That his medical attendants had not, until it was too late to do any thing, any suspicion of the true nature of his

disease, *we are fully satisfied.* Nothing is *known* of any intention to bleed until the 15th, that is, the 6th day of the disease, and then one of the medical attendants expresses in a very vague manner his opinion of the remedy: "it might be of service, but it could be deferred till the next day." Could any man, who was led by the symptoms to suspect such a state of the organ as was revealed by inspection, thus speak? When Dr. Bruno, in his report, speaks of taking blood in the early stage "in grande abbondanza," he speaks instructed by dissection. Were we to place implicit confidence in the accuracy of the report of Lord Byron's attendant, we should doubt, from all the circumstances, his having proposed, in an early stage, copious bleeding to his patient, and his Lordship's refusal to submit to the treatment. He called his complaint a cold, and said the patient would be well in a few days, and no physician would propose copious bleeding under such circumstances. It seems to us that Lord Byron's penetration discovered their hesitation, and suspected the ignorance by which it was caused, and that his suspicion was but too well founded. Without further evidence, we should disbelieve in the total obliteration of the sutures; and we may add, that all the inferences deduced from the alleged appearances in 1, 8, 9, &c. are *absurd;* they do not afford evidence enough to warrant the slightest conjecture relative to the length or the

brevity of life. It is, however, but fair to add, that Lord Byron always had a very decided objection to being bled; and Dr. Bruno's own testimony, which we have already quoted, ought to have its due weight. That Lord Byron should have had an insurmountable objection to bleeding is extraordinary, and it in some measure confirms what he himself used to say, that he had no fear of death, but a perfect horror of pain."

It will naturally be expected, in a work of this kind, that something will be said respecting Lord Byron's *code* of *religion*; particularly as he himself takes notice (in his letter to Mr. Galignani, the Parisian journalist, already quoted) that the world had entertained some very uncharitable surmises on that head. His Lordship's belief was at once pure, simple, rational, and fervent. The idea that religion sat loosely upon him, or occupied but little of his attention, was as false as it was injurious. No man was ever more attached to religious duties and practices, which he never omitted, in whatever part of the world he happened to be. It has been already mentioned that he conformed to the mode of every place outwardly, still conscientiously adhering to his own principles; it being his belief, that it mattered not where adoration was paid to the Supreme, provided it were paid devoutly. With him every temple was a temple of God. That this was the case, he him-

self explicitly tells us. In the third canto of "*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*" is the following stanza:

"Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth, o'ergazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwall'd temple, there to seek
The Spirit, in whose honour shrines are weak,
Uprear'd of human hands. Come, and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With nature's realms of worship, earth and air,
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer!"

And on this passage he has the following note:

"It is to be recollected, that the most beautiful and impressive doctrines of the divine Founder of Christianity were delivered, not in the *Temple*, but on the *Mount*.

"To waive the question of devotion, and turn to human eloquence; the most effectual and splendid specimens were not pronounced within walls. Demosthenes addressed the public and popular assemblies. Cicero spoke in the Forum. That this added to their effect on the mind of both orator and hearer, may be conceived from the difference between what we read of the emotions then and there produced, and those we ourselves experience in the perusal in the closet. It is one thing to read the Iliad at Sigœum, and on the tumuli, or by the spring with Mount Ida above, and the plains and rivers and Archipelago around you;

and another to trim your taper over it in a snug library: *this* I know.

"Were the early and rapid progress of what is called Methodism, to be attributed to any cause beyond the enthusiasm excited by its vehement faith and doctrines (the truth or error of which I presume neither to canvass or question), I should venture to ascribe it to the practice of preaching in the *fields*, and the unstudied and extemporaneous effusions of its teachers.

"The Mussulmans, whose erroneous devotion (at least in the lower orders) is most sincere, and therefore impressive, are accustomed to repeat their prescribed orisons and prayers, wherever they may be, at the stated hours; of course frequently in the open air, kneeling upon a light mat (which they carry for the purpose of a bed or cushion as required). The ceremony lasts some minutes, during which they are totally absorbed, and only living in their supplication: nothing can disturb them. On me, the simple and entire sincerity of these men, and the spirit which appeared to be within and upon them, made a far greater impression than any general rite which was ever performed in places of worship, of which I have seen those of almost every persuasion under the sun; including most of our own sectaries, and the Greek, the Catholic, the Armenian, the Lutheran, the Jewish, and the Mahometan. Many of the

negroes, of whom there are numbers in the Turkish empire, are idolaters, and have free exercise of their belief and its rites. Some of these I had a distant view of at Patras; and, from what I could make out of them, they appeared to be of a truly Pagan description, and not very agreeable to a spectator."

Now, if this be not the language of a man who was most assiduously attentive to, and observant of the duties and rites of religious worship, in the true Christian simplicity of heart and sincerity of soul, we know not what constitutes true devotion. Because Lord Byron happened to be in a country where the Catholic or Greek religion was the established form, was he to refrain from paying his adoration to the Supreme in public? Could he not pour out the effusions of his soul in a Catholic or a Greek chapel, as well as in a Protestant one? We make no hesitation in asserting it to be our belief (and it has before now, when abroad, been our own *practice* too) to conform *outwardly* to the mode of worship of the place where we happened to be; praying *inwardly* according to our conscientious belief. It is certainly better to do so, than, by omitting all public duties of prayer, to give the world to believe that you have no religion at all. *Any* religion must be better than *none*; and, to a devout and sincere worshipper, any place will serve for a Temple to that God, who created every part of the world

alike. Lord Byron was a traveller, and every traveller should act as he did: nay, it would be better if the whole world would act so. If every place of worship were to be *in common*, and every person at liberty to worship his Creator as he pleased, in the most simple and general manner, the world would soon be purely *Christian*; and religious differences, disputes, and bickerings would no more be heard of in the *Old* than they are in the *New World*. It is the only mode, however, in which the world can ever be brought into *one* way of thinking. Lord Byron's conscience was satisfied that the public did him injustice in believing him to be careless on the score of religion. His last words were, "I am not afraid of dying; I am more fit to die than people think." We know not what comment to put upon the text, if this be not, in the strictest sense of the word, to "*depart in peace.*"

Brussels, August 19*th*, 1824.

"One of our countrymen, lately returned from Italy, has received a letter from that country, informing him that a Greek artist, of the name of Pezzanes, has just finished a picture representing Lord Byron after his death.

The artist, it seems, saw the illustrious defender of Greece just after he expired, made a drawing, and painted a picture from it, in Italy, while his imagination was still inspired by this interesting subject. This work is going to be landed in one

of our ports to be exhibited, and then at London, where it will doubtless excite great interest; as it is to be exhibited in the principal cities in Europe, we hope we shall have the pleasure of beholding the features of the first poet of the age, and of paying a tribute of respect to the generous defender of the Greeks.

(*Post, August 23d,* 1824.)

CHAPTER IX.

The News of Lord Byron's Death arrives in England.—Public Lamentation for a National Loss.—Solemn Mourning on the occasion in Greece.—Arrival of the Corpse in London.—Lord Byron's Will, and Remarks thereon.—The Body lies in State.—Funeral Procession from London, and on its Arrival at Nottingham.—Its Progress to its final Destination, the Family Vault, in Hucknell Church.—Funeral Obsequies.—Public Demonstrations of Sorrow.—Tory Insensibility reprehended.—Tributes of Respect to Lord Byron's Memory by Foreigners.

It was on the 14th May 1824, that a courier arrived in London, with the mournful intelligence of the irreparable loss to the literary world, and to his Lordship's friends in England and Greece. When the sad tidings arrived, they were circulated from man to man in whispers barely audible; and, upon the following day, when the melancholy news was confirmed, so great was the avidity to take a fresh glance at the writings of this transcendant genius, who was never more to astonish them by his boldness and sublimity—melt them with his tenderness, or delight them with his invention—

that not a volume of his works could be procured from any of the public libraries. All were willing to pay this last sad tribute to the memory of a man, who was never to appear before the public again.

Lord Sidney Osborne's letters from Corfu were dated the 27th of April. His Lordship was about to proceed immediately to Zante, where the body had arrived.

Lord Byron had perfectly recovered from the illness in February, which was quite of a different nature from that under which he died.

Lord Byron's death was a severe blow to the people of Missolonghi, and they testified their sincere and deep sorrow by paying his remains all the honours their state could by any possibility invent and carry into execution. But a people, when really animated by the passion of grief, require no teaching or marshalling into the expression of their feelings. The rude and military mode in which the inhabitants and soldiers of Missolonghi, and of other places, vented their lamentations over the body of their deceased patron and benefactor, touches the heart more deeply than the vain and empty pageantry of much more civilized states.

Immediately after the death of Lord Byron, and it was instantly known, for the whole town were watching the event, Prince Mavrocordatos published the following proclamation.

" Art. 1185. *Provisional Government of Western Greece.*

" The present day of festivity and rejoicing is turned into one of sorrow and mourning.

" The Lord Noel Byron departed this life at six o'clock last night, after an illness of ten days: his death being caused by an inflammatory fever. Such was the effect of his Lordship's illness on the public mind, that all classes had forgotten their usual recreations of Easter, even before the afflicting end was apprehended.

" The loss of this illustrious individual is undoubtedly to be deplored by all Greece; but it must be more especially a subject of lamentation at Missolonghi, where his generosity has been so conspicuously displayed, and of which he had even become a citizen, with the ulterior determination of participating in all the dangers of the war.

" Every body is acquainted with the beneficent acts of his Lordship, and none can cease to hail his name as that of a real benefactor.

" Until, therefore, the final determination of the national government be known, and by virtue of the powers with which it has been pleased to invest me: I hereby decree,

" 1st. To-morrow morning at daylight, thirty-seven minute guns will be fired from the grand battery, being the number which corresponds with the age of the illustrious deceased.

"2d. All the public offices, even to the tribunals, are to remain closed for three successive days.

"3d. All the shops, except those in which provisions or medicines are sold, will also be shut: and it is strictly enjoined, that every species of public amusement, and other demonstrations of festivity at Easter, may be suspended.

"4th. A general mourning will be observed for twenty-one days.

"5th. Prayers and a funeral service are to be offered up in all the churches.

(Signed) "A. MAVROCORDATOS."
"GIORGIUS PRAIDIS,"
Secretary.

Given at Missolonghi, this 19th day of April 1824.

The following letter, announcing the death of Lord Byron, has been addressed by Prince Mavrocordatos to the Secretary of the Greek committee:—

"*Missolonghi,* 8th (20) *April* 1824.

"SIR, AND MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

"It is with the greatest affliction that I fulfil the duty of giving you the sad news of the death of Lord Byron, after an illness of ten days. Our loss is irreparable, and it is with justice that we abandon ourselves to inconsolable sorrow. Notwithstanding the difficult circumstances in which

I am placed, I shall attempt to perform my duty towards this great man: the eternal gratitude of my country will, perhaps, be the only true tribute to his memory. The deputies will communicate to you the details of this melancholy event, on which the grief which I feel will not allow me to dwell longer. You will excuse, you will justify, my being overwhelmed with sorrow, and accept the assurance of my devotion, and the high consideration with which I have the honour to be,

"Sir, your very humble,

"And very obedient servant,

"A. MAVROCORDATOS."

"*To J. Bowring, Esq.*

"*Secretary to the Greek Committee.*"

On the day of Lord Byron's death, and when he appeared to be in imminent danger, the Prince Mavrocordatos wrote to his Lordship's friend and companion, Count Gamba, requesting that a committee might be immediately appointed to take the necessary measures for the security of his property; in consequence of which, four gentlemen have been nominated to act until other arrangements can be made.

"*Missolonghi, May* 15.

"Our town has, for some days past, presented the most touching spectacle. The death of Lord Byron is, without contradiction, a calamity for all Greece. The sublime poet, who, by the accents

of his lyre alone, dismayed our infamous tyrants; who, by his heroic genius, animated the courage of our intrepid warriors, and whose gifted strains were alone equal to an army, has rendered up his last sigh in the midst of our warriors, and in the arms of our worthy Prince Mavrocordatos. He died with the most ardent wish for the perfect independence of Greece, his adopted and highly-beloved country. The following are the words which he pronounced in the last moments of his life, and which pass from mouth to mouth throughout all this country:

"I die content, with the sweet hope that "Greece will soon be delivered from her barbarous "oppressors, and that the sovereigns of Christen- "dom will make it a sacred duty to proclaim her "independence. May my death at least render "these sovereigns less haughty, and more generous, "towards your heroic country. But for you, brave "Greeks, persevere in your glorious career; crush "your tyrants, and always maintain the decree— "*The Deliverance of Greece, or Death!*"

"Such were the words of our immortal benefactor. We all assisted to-day in a solemn mass celebrated in the metropolitan church, in honour of this great man. The procession of our young girls, when they repaired to the temple of the Lord, above all increased our tears. With dishevelled hair, and covered with black crape, they sang a funeral hymn in the choir; then followed the priests, the

civil dignitaries, and military officers, followed by all the soldiery, whose colours were decorated with branches of cypress.

"On Easter-day, M. Spiridion Tricoupis, a young Etolian of merit, and belonging to one of the first families of our town, delivered in the same church a funeral oration on Lord Byron; of which the following passage is the most remarkable: 'At this moment the whole army, ready to march against the enemy of the Christian name, surround the bier of the immortal poet and warrior, the benefactor of Greece. She proffers over his body, the oath of never forgetting the sacrifices of that great man, and of never allowing the barbarians to soil with their footsteps the place where his heart reposes. Every mouth makes the temple of the God of Christians resound with prayers for the happy arrival of his mortal remains in the country of his birth; and that his soul may repose in the same place with the great men, benefactors to humanity, and with the righteous of every condition."

Extract of a letter from Leghorn, June 12th 1824:

"I received a letter from T * * * *, of the 10th of April, dated Zante. I send you a few lines from it relative to Lord Byron's death, which has

cast a veil of sorrow over all literary Europe. I had been some months absent from him, engaged in the war, and was, by his desire, returning to rejoin him at Missolonghi, when an express reached me to say that he was seriously ill. I hurried on, day and night, in vain; for, on my arrival at Missolonghi, I found him dead! He was taken ill on the 10th of March,—a fever like mine, or the Marrama (ague and inflammation). He refused to listen to the advice of doctors, and resisted the only means of recovery, to be blooded. The fever rapidly augmented; still he considered himself not in danger. The hot and fermented blood mounted to his head: on the fifth da yhe was bled—too late! He became aware of his danger, but again—too late! for he was almost immediately after deprived of speech, and the loss of his gigantic mind followed. From the 10th, when he was blooded, till the 19th, when he died, he was delirious; muttered many unconnected sentences, broken words, and wishes; but nothing that could be clearly defined or noted. He died perfectly fearless, without the slightest indication of weakness; and all his disjointed sentences gave token of this. From six in the morning of the 18th, till six in the evening of the 19th, he never stirred hand or foot, or showed the least sign of life, except low quick breathing; he then opened his eyes, and closed them instantly for ever. Having left no directions on the point of his

funeral, I consented to the wishes of his friends and household, to have his body conserved in spirits, and sent to England. We chartered an English brig to convey his body to England."

Extract from another account:

"There appears to have been considerable difficulty in fixing upon the place of interment. No directions had been left by Lord Byron—and no one could speak as to the wishes he might have entertained on the point. After the embalment, the first step was to send the body to Zante, where the authorities were to decide as to its ultimate destination. Lord Sidney Osborne, a late relation of Lord Byron by marriage, the Secretary of the Senate at Corfu, repaired to Zante to meet it. It was his wish and that of some others, that his Lordship should be interred in that island—a proposition which was received with indignation and most decidedly opposed by the majority of the English. By one it was proposed that his remains should have been deposited in the temple of Theseus or in the Parthenon, at Athens; and as some importance might have been attached to the circumstance by the Greeks, and as there is something consolatory in the idea of Lord Byron reposing at last in so venerable a spot, thus re-consecrating, as it were, the sacred land of the arts and the muses, we cannot but lament that the measure was not listened to. Ulysses sent an express to Missolonghi, to solicit that his ashes

might be laid in Athens; the body had then, however, reached Zante, and it appearing to be the almost unanimous wish of the English that it should be sent to England, for public burial in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's, the resident of the island yielded: the *Florida* was taken up for that purpose—and the whole English public know the result."

On the 30th of June, the brig *Florida*, from Zante, passed the Downs for Standgate creek, having on board the remains of Lord Byron.

On the 1st of July, the *Florida* arrived at the Nore; and the intelligence being given to his Lordship's executors, they immediately repaired to the place to take charge of his Lordship's remains; but, to prevent any demur from want of legal authority to receive it, they previously proved his Lordship's will. This important document bears date the 29th of July 1815, just six months after his Lordship's marriage with the heiress of the houses of Millbank and Noel, and when his lady was *enceinte* of his only issue. He devises certain real estates at Rochdale, and elsewhere, to his friends, John Cam Hobhouse, Esq., late of Trinity College, Cambridge, and John Hanson, of Chancery lane, London, Esq., in trust for sale; and the money arising therefrom, together with such part of his other property as was not settled by his marriage-settlement on Lady Byron and her children, he directs to be in trust

for his only sister, the Honourable Augusta Mary Leigh, for her life, for her own separate and exclusive benefit; and, after her decease, the principal to go to her children, of whom there are eight. And his Lordship declares that he made such provision for his sister and her children, in consequence of his dear wife, Lady Byron, and any children he might have, being otherwise amply provided for. His Lordship appoints Mr. Hobhouse and Mr. Hanson his executors; to each of whom he bequeaths a legacy of £1,000. There is also a short codicil accompanying the will, made in November 1818, when he was at Venice, *providing for a certain object;* but which has, by subsequent events, become inoperative. The property which will thus pass to Mrs. Leigh and her numerous family, exclusive of the large revenue which must ultimately arise from his great works, will be very considerable. Lady Byron, we have authority to state, has most liberally bestowed her jointure of £2,000 a year, which she took out of his Lordship's property under his marriage-settlement, to Captain George Anson Byron of the Royal Navy, who succeeds to his family honours; a proof, at least, that his Lordship calculated justly on her Ladyship's approval of his dispositions to the female branch of his family, unprovided for.

The codicil (above-mentioned) is dated the 17th of November 1818, bequeathing to his Lordship's

executors £5,000 in trust for the benefit of *Allegra Byron*, an infant about twenty months old, by him brought up, and then residing at Venice, to be paid her at the age of twenty-one, or on marriage, *provided she does not marry a native of Great Britain;* the interest in the mean time for her maintenance and education.

As the infant is since dead, this circumstance would not have been remarked, but for an observation of the *Morning Post* newspaper, "that there was very little sentiment in this part of his Lordship's will, which can neither entitle him to the respect of Englishmen nor of mankind; it possesses singularity, to be sure; but singularity without any redeeming virtue to retrieve it from the epithet of very unkind feeling, unnational prejudice, and, we may add, unbecoming sarcasm!"

Where can be the brains of this man not to see his Lordship's object? If the *young Italian* had lived and married an Englishman, she might have been brought to this country, and have created unpleasant sensations to his Lordship's family, by unfounded pretensions. It was to spare them, and not through any unkind feeling and unnational prejudice, that he made the prohibition. Any but a blockhead would have discerned his Lordship's goodness of heart in this instance.

Probate of the will was granted to the executors by the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, on

the 6th of July 1824, and the personal estate was sworn under £10,000.

The last words that Lord Byron uttered in a coherent manner, were—"I wish it to be made known that my last thoughts were *on my wife,—my daughter,—and my sister!*"

Mrs. Leigh is the wife of Colonel Leigh, who occupies apartments in St. James's Palace in right of his lady, who was one of the ladies in waiting on the late Queen *Charlotte*, and now receives a pension as such: and there is a fine family of eight children to partake of the late Lord Byron's liberality, which speaks volumes for the goodness of his heart.

Lady Byron (who some time since became Viscountess Wentworth in her own right) has behaved with the utmost liberality, in giving up her jointure to the inheritor of the family title and honours. Her daughter is a most beautiful child. The late Lord Byron had his portrait painted, which was carefully enveloped and sealed up, with strict injunctions not to be opened until after his Lordship's death, or until his daughter should come of age. Unhappily, the former event has first taken place. His Lordship's name was never permitted to be mentioned by any domestic in her Ladyship's establishment; it being well understood that any infringement of this prohibition would be tantamount to a discharge. This is not, perhaps, to be attributed to any want of sensibility on her Lady-

ship's part, but rather to a contrary motive; to prevent her feelings from being too acutely wounded by the repetition of a most distressing subject. Such, at least, would be the construction of every humane and considerate person. We know not how her Ladyship chooses to be designated, whether as Lady Wentworth, or Lady Byron; but her Ladyship may rely upon it that, in the eyes of the world, the title LADY BYRON will be a much higher honour than any which it is in even the power of royalty itself to confer upon her.

Thus fell, in the prime of life, the pride of Britain, the glory of Greece, and an ornament of the world! From a mere boy, Lord Byron was an enthusiast in the cause of Greece. He quitted honours, ease, and affluence at home, to traverse the wilds of Albania; he braved Turkish jealousy and insolence; he climbed Parnassus; swam the Hellespont; inspired the Greeks, like another Tyrtœus, with his lyre; and, like another Pindar, would have sung their heroic deeds, had not such glory been too much for mortal man. It would fill a volume to record all the tributes which have already been paid to his memory by the literati of his own and foreign countries. In a word,—all Greece, his adopted country, has put on mourning for the man whose greatness of mind has no example, and hitherto has had no imitator; all enlightened states, whose bards dedicate their muse to the record of magnanimous actions and

brilliant genius, will consecrate their strains to the last deeds and glorious end of Lord Byron!

CEREMONY OF LYING IN STATE.

The remains of his Lordship, before they left Missolonghi, were put into an oblong wooden case, bound with hoops, which was perforated all over; it was placed in a large cask, containing 180 gallons of spirits, in which state it was brought to England. When the *Florida* arrived in the London Docks, the case was taken from the cask, and the spirits were instantly thrown overboard, by order of Mr. Hobhouse. So anxious were many persons to possess themselves of some of the liquid, that a sovereign was offered by many for ever so small a quantity!

Vast numbers of persons made application at N°. 20, Great George Street, Westminster, to see his Lordship lying in state, Sir Edward Knatchbull, Baronet, having kindly lent his house for that purpose; but none were admitted but those who possessed tickets of admission from the executors, or Mr. Woodeson, the undertaker.

The room where the body lay was the front parlour, and the wainscots and floor were covered with black cloth, and wax-candles in white sconces were placed in various parts of the room. The splendid coffin was fixed on tressels in the centre, and the urn was placed at the head. The whole had a very imposing effect.

THE COFFIN,
AND LORD BYRON IN HIS SHROUD.

The coffin was covered with rich Genoa velvet, and at the head and tail were coronets entwined in a wreath composed of brass furniture; the edges of the case were adorned with three rows of brass-headed nails; the sides had three handles, and cherubims were placed between them. On the inscription plate was engraven,—

"THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON, Lord Byron, of Rochdale, Born in LONDON,* January 22, 1788. Died at Missolonghi, in Western Greece, April 19, 1824."—Then came the coat of arms, and afterwards the family motto, "CREDE BYRON."

On the case, or urn, which corresponded with the coffin, was inscribed:

"Within this urn are deposited the Heart, Brains, &c. of the deceased Lord Byron."

There were escutcheons in the room, which we learned from Mr. Fletcher, who attended there, were painted and exhibited in Greece. There was a trivial mistake with the crest, that of the Noels

* *Aberdeen* must, therefore, wholly resign the pretended honour of having given birth to the great poet; but it may console itself with the vast credit it has gained by having for its representative in parliament, *Joseph Hume*, Esq., one of the ablest, and certainly one of the most useful members that ever graced the *House of Commons!*

being placed for the Byrons, having been copied, as we learned, from one of his Lordship's seals, and the name was also spelled *Biron*; but, on the whole they were evidently executed by a man, who, if he were not master of, was far advanced in the art of painting, and were by no means a bad specimen of the state of the art in that country. He also stated that some of his Lordship's hair had been cut off after his death, and kept as a precious memento by the Greeks, who earnestly requested it, the heart having been denied to them! So great was the feeling, and so deep the impression of sorrow in the hearts of the Greeks, that, at the time the funeral service was offered up over the body of the man whom they looked upon as their Messiah, the minister, partaking of the strong impression which surrounded him, was frequently obliged to pause—not a dry eye was to be seen throughout the cathedral, which was crowded to excess.

We cannot help here regretting, that the physician who attended his Lordship omitted to examine the head and brain of this great man, according to the system of Doctors Gall and Spurzheim: independent of its being an object of the highest interest, it might have thrown some light upon the dim and occult science of craniology.

While thus laying in state, Lady Byron, we understand, felt a strong and affectionate desire

to take a last look—an everlasting farewell of her deceased Lord; but her friends—very judiciously considering the excessively delicate situation of affairs between Lord and Lady Byron—husband and wife—that, as since the ever-to-be-lamented rupture they had not met living, it would be unnatural indeed to gaze on him shrouded in death; and fearful of the consequences, at the heart becoming surcharged by the appalling spectacle, the daggered reflections that it could not fail to conjure up, and the effect of such a last interview upon her Ladyship's health and mind—succeeded in advising and persuading her from the fulfilment of her most affectionate wishes and devoutest intentions.

It was, however, a most interesting corpse, very little changed (owing, of course, to being saturated by the spirits), and but for the grim and grizzly white satin shroud, might be thought to be merely sleeping; the hair was thin, curly, and some cut off; the ears appeared shrivelled as if withering away. He had, indeed, a singularly formed ear; the lower lobe, instead of being pendulous, grew down, and united itself to the flesh of the cheek, growing into it. His eyes closed, hollow, and somewhat sunken; his lips full, livid, and finely curled, the lower one divided in the middle; the mouth closed; his finely formed chin still preserved its Grecian outline of beauty; his cheek wan; his forehead

ashy, bare, open, and somewhat high, and the whole contour and appearance of his head and features was peculiarly striking, and possessed of rivetting attraction; it was beautiful, calm, holy, and awful, and created the deepest and sweetest contemplation, for on his countenance there was a placidity which bordered on contentment and happiness, exciting a feeling strongly in its favour; and when his gigantic and departed spirit was contemplated, in connection with his wan figure stretched out in death, and seen by the sombre torchlight of a dull room, hung round with black, pervaded by gloom and silence, it unseated the soul as it gazed on those lurid lips, which but the other moment echoed melody—those closed and lack-lustre eyes, the tomb of all their fire, and all his inspiration; that frozen inanimate brow and stiff-straight hand, which, but to touch, strikes, from a world unknown, with a sure aim, the dart of its long levelled unearthly coldness into the heart and soul—that silent, quiet, motionless form, which, but the other day, shook the wide world and made it ring again—now cold—insensible—and indifferent to what is done to't—the empty pageantry and the mourning world; do what you will 'twill not upbraid—so yielding, humble, doth greatness here become!—hush! his *spirit* may be hov'ring here,—watching, pitying us—ah! let me look around—living I knew him well — where? — Spirit!—

Byron! where, where art thou?—speak!—wake! —where?—Ah! what an awful pause hangs upon that word *where!*—how taciturn—how wonderful is death! Here then is the boundary 'tween this world and next; and as I clasp the hand of thy chill spongy corpse, left a few minutes behind that which animated it, I hang midway between them—fearful position—between death and life eternal—the dead and living joined—uncertain link—loop-hole of life—circle of death—mystic invisible existence! where!—where is that minute? —that—and that—parts of myself—where? ah! I am Death, a-kin to thee before me—but of less holy, calm and enviable complexion, though hurrying fast towards this acmé of serenity and blessed repose—how sweet he looks!— as if just now he was receiving the comfort of a happy world and had forgotten this.—

" Can this be death? then what is life or death?
'SPEAK!'—but he spoke not—'WAKE!'—but still he slept.—
But yesterday, and *who* had mightier breath?
A *thousand warriors* by his word were kept
In awe: he said, as the Centurion saith,
'*Go*,'—and he goeth—'*Come*,'—and forth he stepp'd.
The trump and bugle, till *he* spoke, were dumb—
And *now* nought left him but the muffled drum!!"

Hist! hist! oh, hist!—no, not a word! his own tones animate not him who animated thousands by them; what voice shall raise thee then—what, but the one which called thy spirit hence, can send it here again? what, save the voice of the Al-

mighty, whom now thy soul dost see!—*Thou see!*—What, do I now behold a man who looks upon the dread, august majesty of the all-puissant God of this tremendous universe—its countless worlds and stars, which mayhap even at this moment thy soul measures, counts, sees, names, and soars among—awful and terrible precipice of thought and sight! Tell me—oh! tell me what and how it is hereafter!—who says thou see'st nothing lies—'tis more than thou can'st utter—'tis as the name of him who made the whole—UNUTTERABLE!—"DEATH, thy knowledge and thine estate are enviable—clothe me quickly in them! 'Mid spheres of truest knowledge art thou! thy depth, thine height—perilous and unfathomable!—thy world, the universe—thy comrades, spirits of highest, brightest intelligence! If perchance thou lookest upon us, 'tis in pity of our blindness and our lot—hailing our last hour as our happiest;—nay! but thine haughty port unmoved by words, clenched and determined lips, and piercing, thrilling look of silent, placid, inflexible immortality, do blab it out, though thine high station in the universe forbids thee to converse with me. Fare thee well then—e'en farewell, my friend! as I do shake thine icy hand it doth impart its chillness to mine whole frame, a cold and native death-sweat creeping all over my body, curdling my blood, floating—drowning my struggling soul—infusing the sensation of

hereafter into my naked spirit! When we do meet again it is beyond the grave—where I, as thou dost *now*, shall know the mystery and attain the knowledge. Fare thee well! preserve those tears, which I inurn within thy sunken bosom, until we meet again, then I will waft them hence in the rapture of my spirit!—a lingering last look at thee on thy bier—*à Dieu je te commende!*—Adieu!!

We must claim to be pardoned, if our feelings have carried us away—what would not the sight of *Lord Byron in his shroud* inspire! indeed infinitely more than either the limits of these chapters, or the nature of this work, will allow us to set down. It fills the soul with perfect awe for, purest devotion towards, and deepest contemplation of, the Deity; it acts on the imagination like a charm, conjuring up ideas beyond the grave, and accords well with the broody meditations of a gloomy, religious, adoring, and thoughtful soul. With sentiments somewhat such as these, we took our last look and farewell of the encoffin'd and enshrouded body of Lord Byron.

FUNERAL PROCESSION ON ITS LEAVING LONDON.

At eleven o'clock in the morning, according to previous arrangement, the funeral of Lord Byron set out from the house in Great George Street, Westminster, where the remains had lain in state, on its route to the family-vault in Nottinghamshire, where the remains of this distinguished nobleman were to be deposited. From an

early hour in the morning, crowds assembled in Great George-street, and the adjacent avenues, which before the funeral, were so blocked up as to render the access of the mourners to the house difficult. The carriages of the nobility, and friends of the deceased, took their station near the western gate of Westminster Abbey, and formed in the open space in front and through Prince's street, extending into the Park-end of Great George-street. Thirty-five carriages, nearly all of which bore the armorial insignia of the nobility, were arranged in this manner, at half-past nine o'clock. The servants were furnished with black gloves, hatbands, &c.

The bell of the Abbey was tolled in the course of the morning, and, at half-past ten o'clock, the arrangements for the funeral being complete, the hearse was drawn up to the door, and the coffin removed from the house and placed in it. No part of the crimson velvet covering of the coffin was visible; it was entirely covered with a flowing black velvet pall, and surmounted with a rich plume. The procession then moved in the following order:—

Mr. Lee, the High Constable of Westminster, in full mourning.

A Constable of St. Margaret's Parish.

Two mutes on horseback.

A Page. PLUME. A Page.

Six attendants on horseback.

The State-horse caparisoned, and led by two Pages, the rider bare-headed, and carrying the coronet of the deceased Lord on a cushion of splendid crimson velvet.

The Hearse, containing
THE BODY,

A Page. Not ornamented, having neither escutcheons, nor armorial bearings, drawn by six horses. A Page.

A Page. Mourning-coach, drawn by six horses, with the urn, containing the heart of his Lordship, covered by a small pall, ornamented with escutcheons. A Page.

A Page. Mourning-coach, also drawn by six horses, in which were the chief mourners, Captain R. Byron, Colonel Leigh, Mr. Trevannion, and the executors, Mr. Hobhouse, and Mr. Hanson. A Page.

A Page. Mourning-coach, in which sat, as mourners, Sir Francis Burdett, Mr. Elice, M. P., Mr. Bruce, Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, and another gentleman. A Page.

A Page. Mourning-coach, with Tho. Moore, Esq., Tho. Campbell, Esq., Saml. Rogers, Esq., the Hon. Col. Leicester Stanhope, and the Greek Deputy, Orlando. A Page.

The private carriage of Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, containing the household of the late Lord Byron, who were chiefly foreigners.

Which was followed by the carriages of the following noblemen and gentlemen:

Earl of Carlisle, Viscount Morpeth, Mr. Wilmot Horton, Lord Melbourne, and Hon. G. Lamb, in carriages belonging to Lord and Lady Byron's family; his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and the Duke of Bedford; Marquesses of Tavistock and Lansdowne; Earls Jersey, Grey, Cowper, Tankerville, Aberdeen, and Sefton; Lords Holland, Alvanley, and William Russell; Hon. A. Ellis, M. P., and Sir Peter Parker; Mr. Tho.

Hope; the Greek Deputies, Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis; Captain John Starkey, Richard Byron, Esq., J. Hume, Esq., Hon. Douglas Kinnaird, Sir Francis Burdett, Sir B. Hobhouse, E. Ellice, Esq., M. Bruce, Esq., Thomas Moore, Esq., Samuel Rogers, Esq., R. Wilmot Horton, Esq., Mr. Williams, and many others.

The procession moved from Great George-street, along Parliament-street, White-Hall, the Hay-market, Prince's-street, the top of Oxford-street, and Tottenham-court Road. In different parts of the line, the pressure of the people, who were collected in the neighbourhood, gave a momentary interruption to the progress of the funeral; but the utmost order prevailed throughout, notwithstanding the pressure of the crowd in some of the narrow streets.

At twelve o'clock the procession arrived in front of St. James's church, Frederick's place, and the bells tolled on the arrival of the hearse. Within the turnpike-gate on this spot the procession halted, and the hearse and mourning-coaches only passed through, towards the North Road. The long line of carriages, which formed the funeral procession from town, here separated, and took the different routes assigned to them. The pedestrian crowd, however, still congregated, and moved onward with the funeral. At the New Road, and the different points of communication near the Pancras turnpike, there were assembled large bodies of people, who fell into the procession with that silent and orderly demeanour, which evinced

more than the ordinary curiosity of a crowd, and bespoke a sympathy suited to the solemn occasion, and the public respect which was due to the memory of Lord Byron. The funeral procession, after passing through the turnpike, moved at a quicker rate, but the crowd seemed still anxious to accompany its progress.

A fine-looking honest tar was observed to walk near the hearse, uncovered, throughout the morning; and, on being asked by a stranger, whether he formed any part of the funeral cortège, he replied that he came there to pay his respect to the deceased, with whom he had served for two years and a half in the Levant, when he made his tour of the Grecian Islands. This poor fellow was kindly offered a place by some of the servants who were behind the carriages; but he said he was strong, and had rather walk near the hearse.

One of the mourners deserves particular notice. During the massacre of the Greeks by the Turks at Scio, a boy, about eight years old, whose parents and kindred were savagely butchered by the infidels, crept instinctively into an oven of his paternal home, to escape the general slaughter. He remained two days without any nutriment whatever; when, at the expiration of the second day, he was providentially discovered, senseless and exhausted. Lord Byron having been informed of these singular facts, immediately received the orphan boy under his protection. The

extraordinary history of his preservation, and the sad havoc of his race, endeared the child more closely to his sympathy and affection. He was constantly with his Lordship to the last moment of his existence. Soon after his Lordship's death, the Honourable Leicester Stanhope sent the boy to England for the advancement of his education; and recommended him to the Earl of Harrington. He is a perfect Grecian warrior in miniature. His costume is imposing: he wears a turban, jelick, &c.; and on the right side of his belt are lodged a pair of brass-barrelled pistols; on his left a dagger. He was in the first coach after the hearse of his illustrious patron, whose name, whenever casually mentioned in his presence, produces the most affecting recollections in his infant mind.

LAST FUNERAL OBSEQUIES OF LORD BYRON ON ITS PROGRESS THROUGH THE COUNTRY TO NOTTINGHAM, AND THE PLACE OF FINAL DESTINATION.

The last sad rites to the illustrious dead were performed upon the remains of this great poet and patriot at four o'clock on Friday evening, July 16th, in the family-vault of the little church of Hucknell, in Nottinghamshire, close to the ancient demesne of the Byrons, who held Newstead Abbey for centuries. From this ancient seat of Lord Byron's family, in which he spent many years of his youth, and where he is well remembered by the

surrounding tenantry for the juvenile gambols in which he indulged; from this ancient seat, which was originally a small priory, founded by King Henry the Second and given by King Henry the Eighth to Sir John Byron, whose descendants received the peerage for their loyalty and sufferings in the time of King Charles the First, the sad procession could be seen moving slowly to a dilapidated village church; where, in a small and mouldering vault, were to be deposited the remains of the greatest poet of our age. It is only to give rank and genius the benefit of what rank and genius deserve, to record, that from the time the funeral procession of Lord Byron left the immediate vicinity of London, the men of rank and genius, who did honour to themselves by forming the head of the procession through Westminster, were no more seen following the hearse; neither was their place supplied along the line of road for 120 miles, which was crowded with the seats of personages of rank and fortune, by even the temporary appearance of a carriage to escort, as far as the boundary of a private demesne, the body as it was borne through. What the richer ranks failed to supply, the middling and the lower classes hastened to offer. Through all the villages crowds flocked round the hearse, and every demonstration of respect and feeling was paid by these classes; the village bells tolled the "passing knell," and wherever the funeral stopped, the greatest anxiety

was exhibited to manifest every attention and respect. The arrangements for the funeral were so complete, under the superintendence of Mr. Woodeson and Mr. Toovey of Holborn who assisted him, that no impediment whatever was encountered in the accommodations on the road; and the body lay in something like state each night where the funeral halted. After the procession left London, the cavalcade halted the first night at Welwyn, the second at Higham Ferrars, and on Wednesday night at Oakham.

The remains of this much-lamented nobleman arrived at Nottingham, at five o'clock on Friday morning. A large concourse of people were assembled at the south end of the town, which rapidly increased to thousands as the procession moved along Fisher-gate, Carter-gate, Hookley, and up Carlton-street, on its way to the Black-moor's Head inn, at the bottom of Pelham-street.

The hearse, followed by the mourning-coaches, having entered the yard, the gates were instantly shut. The coffin was then taken out of the hearse, and the case or urn out of the first mourning coach, and carried into the room at the north-west corner of the yard. This room was hung with black, and three escutcheons of the Byrons' arms were fixed on each of the four walls of the room. The coffin, as above described, was mounted on tressels in the centre, with the case for the heart, &c. at the head. Six very large

wax candles were placed round the coffin, and a few other lights being fixed in the room, the public were admitted, by about twenty at once, to walk round and out again; but such was the pressure and anxiety to see the spectacle, that a very large body of constables were necessary to clear the way, and to keep any thing like a clear ingress and egress. Many thousands were thus admitted in the course of Friday morning.

Early on Friday morning the greatest bustle pervaded the town of Nottingham. The Mayor and Corporation having resolved at a Town Council, held for the purpose, to attend the funeral as mourners the whole distance to Hucknell (eight miles), provided the executors allowed them, and they having, with many expressions of thanks, assented to receive so flattering a mark of corporate respect to the illustrious dead, the Mayor and Corporation, at ten o'clock, assembled in mourning-coaches, to form in the line of the funeral procession. At that hour (ten o'clock, Friday morning) the crowds in the market-place were immense, the house-tops and windows covered and filled to excess, and the great bulk of the population attired in mourning. Notwithstanding such a congregation, the greatest order was maintained; and the presence of such a body of Englishmen, spontaneously assembling to pay homage to the deceased nobleman, conferred an honour, which no pageant, that mere rank and

wealth could furnish, could supply. The Mayor and Corporation of Nottingham, who did themselves such honour on this occasion, appeared in full mourning, with scarfs, hatbands, &c., in coaches and six.

THE LAST STAGE OF THE FUNERAL.

All being arranged at a quarter before eleven o'clock, the hearse, adorned with twelve large sable plumes, drawn by six beautiful black horses, each having a plume of feathers on the head, was ordered to the front of the Blackmoor's-Head inn, for the purpose of receiving the body of his Lordship; which, on being brought out and placed therein, the first mourning-coach and six came up, in which was put the urn, containing the heart, brains, &c. covered with a rich black silk velvet pall, ornamented with escutcheons of the Byron arms on a white ground. These preliminaries having been performed, the procession soon began to move in the following order:

Two Constables, on horseback.
Two Bailiffs, on horseback.
Mr. Woodeson, the undertaker, on horseback.
Two Cloakmen, on horseback.
Twenty-six of Lord Rancliffe's Tenants, on horseback, two and two.
Two Mutes, on horseback.
A large plume of Black Feathers, carried on a man's head, with two Supporters, on foot.

Four Cloakmen, on horseback, two and two.

The State Horse, richly caparisoned, and led by two Pages; the rider carrying on his arms the Coronet of the deceased Lord on a crimson velvet cushion, ornamented with gold tassels and fringe.

The Hearse, containing the BODY, as before described.

Mourning-Coach and six, with the Urn, containing the Heart.

Mourning-Coach and six, containing, as chief mourners, Colonel Leigh, Colonel Wildman, John Cam Hobhouse, Esq., M. P., and John Hanson, Esq.

Mourning-Coach and six, with the late Lord Byron's Household, who were chiefly foreigners.

Mourning-Coach and six, containing the Mayor and two Aldermen of the Corporation of Nottingham, attended by three of their servants, in full mourning.

The Right Honourable Lord Rancliffe's carriage, with his Lordship therein.

William Sherbroke, Esq.'s carriage, closed.

Colonel Wildman's carriage, containing the pall-bearers, Messrs. Edward Staveley, Alfred Thomas Fellows, Jonathan Dunn, Charles Heywood Homer, James Fellows, and Benwell Smith.

A chaise, with Messrs. H. M. Wood and John Crackle.

A private carriage.

About forty gentleman, on horseback, two and two.

The procession moved down Smithy-row, across the market-place, up Chapel-bar, along Parliament-street, up Milton-street, and the Mansfield-road, to Papplewick-lane, near the seventh mile-stone, then to Papplewick, and Hucknell Torkard The great body of the people on foot, comprizing many thousands, followed to the outskirts of the liberties of the town, and then the greater part of them

halted; a few followed all the way, and the number increased greatly when the procession passed through the villages contiguous to the place of interment.

HUCKNELL CHURCH, AND THE FAMILY VAULT.

At Hucknell, and the villages leading thereto, the utmost anxiety was manifested to learn which way the funeral would come; and vast numbers were assembled on the road sides, eager to catch the least scintillation of intelligence, upon a matter in which all seemed deeply interested; and much disappointment was felt at the procession not coming through Basford and Bulwell, as had been expected. The doors of Hucknell church were thrown wide open, and great numbers of persons were there at an early hour, going in and out all the morning, and inspecting the vault which was to be the last resting-place of the Noble Lord. The vault is but small, and will not hold more than three coffins abreast upon the floor. Those which were already there, spoke loudly of the vanity of worldly grandeur. Scarcely a bit of wood or velvet was visible: nothing but six or seven leaden coffins remained, of all the grandeur which had been deposited in that lonely habitation.—*Sic transit gloria mundi.* The most legible inscription is that of the Honourable Catherine Gordon Byron, mother of him whose wishes were

this day fulfilled, when he said, speaking of the noble deeds of his ancestors,—

" Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;
When decay'd may he mingle his dust with your own."

Although she was interred so recently, only fourteen years ago, yet the wood is quite decayed, and nothing is visible but the leaden coffin and the plate.

The only remembrance of the family of the Byrons in Hucknell Church, is a neat mural monument, in white marble, affixed to the wall at the north side of the communion-table. The inscription thereon is as follows:

Beneath, in a Vault
lies interred the body of RICHARD LORD BYRON,
who, with the rest of his Family, being seven Brothers,
faithfully served King Charles the First in the Civil Wars,
who suffered much for their loyalty,
and lost all their present fortunes;
yet it pleased God so to bless the humble endeavours
of the said Richard Lord Byron,
that he repurchased part of their ancient inheritance,
which he left to his posterity,
with a laudable memory for his great piety and charity:
he departed this life upon the 4th day of October,
An. Dom. 1679, in the 74th year of his age.
In the same Vault is interred the Lady Elizabeth,
his first wife, Daughter of George Russell, Esq.,
by whom he had 10 children,
and the Lady Elizabeth, his 2d wife, Daughter
to Sir George Booth, Knt. and Baronet,
who appoynted this Monument
to be erected.

to the memory of her dear Husband,
and, for her great piety and goodness,
acquired a name better than that
of Sons and Daughters.

The following are all the inscriptions now legible on the leaden coffins in the vault:

Here lieth the body of Lady Elizabeth Byron, first wife of the Lord Richard Byron, who died the 22d of March 1617.

Here lieth the body of the Lord Richard Byron, who died the 4th of October 1679.

The body of the Right Hon. the Lady Mary Egerton, eldest daughter of John Earl of Bridgewater, and wife of the Right Hon. William Lord Byron, who died the 10th of April 1703, in the 27th year of her age.

William Lord Byron, Obiit. May 21, 1798, aged 75.

The Hon. Catherine Gordon, of Gight, mother of George Lord Byron, and lineal descendant of the Earl of Huntley and the Lady Jean Stuart, daughter of King James the First of Scotland, Obiit. in the 46th year of her age, Aug. 1, 1811.

Early in the day all the necessary arrangements were made upon a suitable scale, for rendering the interior of this small church suited to the solemnity which was to be performed within its whitewashed walls.

ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL AT HUCKNELL CHURCH.

At half-past eleven o'clock, a number of the undertaker's men arrived, and immediately began to clothe the pulpit and reading-desk with the sable array which is considered indispensably necessary at funerals like this. A large seat next to the pulpit, together with the communion-table and rails, were also covered with black cloth. An escutcheon of the arms, with the motto "*Crede Byron*" underneath, was hung in front of the pulpit below the cushion. All these preparations were finished by half-past one, at which hour the minute bell began to toll. By this time many respectable individuals came into the church, and having chosen seats for themselves, waited with invincible patience until half-past three o'clock, when the procession was discerned from the church-windows. A general movement took place; the whole village was alive to the interesting scene, and in a few minutes the hearse drew up slowly to the gate.

A general rush took place towards the doors, to witness the removal of the body and urn from the hearse, and to see the mourners in attendance. At eighteen minutes to four o'clock the splendid but mournful procession began to enter the church; the Vicar, the Rev. Mr. Nixon, taking the lead. The body and urn being brought in, and placed on two tressels fixed in the aisle,

the mourners passed to the seats prepared for them. The coronet and cushion were then placed upon the case containing the urn, and upon the coffin was placed the noble plume of sable feathers.

The Mayor and Corporation of Nottingham took their seats in the pew provided for them near the vault, and the chief mourners sat in the adjoining seat.

The Rev. Mr. Nixon, the vicar, clothed in his white surplice, then read a part of the beautiful service of the Church of England; and at four minutes to four, the attendants removed the coffin and urn into the vault. Here the bearer of the coronet and cushion placed himself at the entrance, holding the proud emblem of nobility in his arms; while the vicar, from the communion-rails, read the remainder of the service. While this last act of devotion was performing, the mourners advanced to the head of the steps conducting to the vault. Mr. Hobhouse appeared much affected, and intent upon seeing the coffin deposited with the utmost care next that of the last Lady Byron. All the mourners were deeply affected, and the domestics of Lord Byron, particularly Fletcher, who had been above twenty years in his service, were overpowered with grief. The last sad arrangements were completed at ten minutes past four o'clock; and, in five minutes after, the vault was closed, and the procession left the church.

Mr. Hanson immediately set out for London, and Mr. Hobhouse returned with Lord Rancliffe to his seat at Bonny. The executors and Colonel Leigh arrived at Nottingham, on Thursday night, to rejoin the funeral.

One of the parasitical newspapers has ventured a remark, that there was not a single *Tory* among the numerous procession at the funeral of the late Lord Byron. True: neither was their presence wanted, to give any weight to the solemnity of the scene. The sympathy of the people, along the whole line of the mournful procession, fully evinced that they mourned for the loss of the friend of Greece, as for that of the friend of all mankind, and has given a lesson to the despots of Europe (if any thing can prove a lesson to them), what they might have to expect, if they should persist in trampling upon the rights of humanity. Lord Byron is gone to his account; but he will live when those who refused to pay the last tributes of respect to his memory will be buried in oblivion, or be remembered only to be execrated. Whatever may have been his faults, he was an Englishman, and the first of English poets of his age; his poems will be read so long as the English language endures, and will confer equal honour on his genius, and on the country which gave birth to it. His Majesty could never countenance neglect to the memory of such a man: it is quite foreign to his nature. When his Majesty heard that

there existed an unpublished Treatise of *Milton*, a thorough republican, and an avowed enemy to all regal power, what line of conduct did his Majesty pursue? With true liberality and magnanimity, he ordered that the work, whatever might be the nature of its contents, should be given to the world, in a manner worthy of one of the greatest poets of the British nation. Would his Majesty act otherwise towards a contemporary poet, the glory of his own reign? If disrespect towards the memory of Lord Byron was intended as a compliment to his Majesty, it was one, we are well assured, for which he would by no means thank such servile adulators. His Majesty knows too well that his own individual glory is linked too firmly with that of the country, to be ever separated from it by party spirit or mean jealousy.

It should not be forgot that Lord Byron died in the prime of life, at an age when youth and passion have scarcely subsided, and given way to the workings of sober reason and mature judgment. What foibles he had evinced, he might have redeemed—nobly redeemed; and the last employments of his life showed that he was about to do so, to have doubly ennobled his own name, and added to his country's fame. As it is, he has endeared the name of a Briton to every Grecian heart, and paved the way for new friendships, if our rulers are not mad enough to reject the proffered hand. Be that as it may, the country at large has spoken

out its honest sentiments, and every British heart is in alliance with the Greek cause and Greek independence, the cause for which a *Byron* lived,—the cause for which a *Byron* nobly died.

The death of Lord Byron has produced a sentiment of deep sorrow and regret in Paris. Men of genius are brethren, in whatever country born, or in whatever circle they may be destined to move; and the most distinguished poets are about to pay their tribute to the memory of a fellow-bard. M. Casimir Delavigne has announced "*un Dythyrambe*" on this event; and the author of the "*Hellénides*" (poems in honour of the regenerated Greeks) has already thrown some flowers on the grave of the noble poet, who consecrated his fortune and his talents to the triumph of their cause. The verses of M. Roch abound in fine and poetic thoughts. He thus describes the genius of Lord Byron:

Quels accens!.... Ecoutez.... sa pensée a des ailes;
Il couvre d'une regard l'immensité des mers,
Et semblable aux esprits des plaines éternelles,
Il vole.....sans daigner mesurer l'univers.

An old Greek addresses to the daughter of the English poet the following invocation:

Reste d'un sang si précieux,
A toi, sa jeune et tendre fille,
Viens t'élever sous le plus beau des cieux,
Adopte nous pour ta famille;

Oui, jeune enfant, accomplis nos désirs,
Que la mer et les vents soient pour toi sans orages,
Et que le souffle des zéphyrs
Te pousse mollement jusque sur nos rivages.
Des traits que nous pleurons viens rendre à notre amour
L'image toujours chère ;
Viens, nous t'attendrons chaque jour...
Nous gardons le cœur de ton père.

M. Flatters, the sculptor, is engaged in making a bust of Lord Byron, which has been ordered by the family of the deceased. The artist has just received from Missolonghi a *plâtre masque*, taken on the face of the *poète guerrier* some hours after his death.

CHAPTER X.

Literary Works relating to Lord Byron, which have been published since his Decease:—"The Posthumous Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley;"—"Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron, by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart."—Mr. Southey's malignant Attack on the Memory of Lord Byron.

SINCE this work was sent to the press, two publications have issued from it, which it will be highly improper not to notice: one, "The Posthumous Poems of Percy Bysshe Shelley;" and the other, "Letters on the Character and Poetical Genius of Lord Byron, by Sir Egerton Brydges, Bart., &c. &c. &c." Mr. Shelley has been already noticed as being in Lord Byron's company in Switzerland; and, in Venice, we still find him the constant companion of his Lordship. Mr. Shelley was as eccentric a genius as Lord Byron himself; —highly gifted—and, from some motive or other, nearly as averse from a common association with the world. His widow (who accompanied him on his tour, and was only prevented by illness from sharing his fate) has since returned to London, and published his "Posthumous Poems." In the preface she pays an elegant and affectionate

tribute to his memory, which, after making proper allowance for the overcharge of conjugal affection, he seems undoubtedly to have merited; as his few select friends were most zealously attached to him, and sincerely lamented his untimely fate. He resembled Lord Byron, too, in his love of a contemplation of nature, and of a life of arduous study; and, still more particularly, in his attachment to aquatic recreations. "In the wild but beautiful bay of Spezia," says his widow, in the preface to the '*Posthumous Poems*,' "the winds and waves, which he loved, became his playmates. His days were chiefly spent on the water; the management of his boat, its alterations and improvements, were his principal occupation. At night, when the unclouded moon shone on the calm sea, he often went alone in his little shallop, to the rocky caves that bordered it, and, sitting beneath their shelter, wrote '*The Triumph of Life*,' the last of his productions." Mr. Shelley, too, in the first of his poems, "*Julian and Maddalo*," mentions how he passed his time in '*sweet Venice*:'

——— "for to me
It was delight to ride by the lone sea:
And then the town is silent—one may write
Or read in gondolas by day or night,
Having the little brazen lamp alight,
Unseen, uninterrupted:—books are there,
Pictures, and casts from all those statues fair
Which were twin-born with poetry;—and all
We seek in towns, with little to recal

Regret for the green country:—I might sit
In *Maddalo's** great palace, and his wit
And subtle talk would cheer the winter night,
And make me know myself:—and the fire-light
Would flash upon our faces, till the day
Might dawn, and make me wonder at my stay."

Mr. Shelley, too, like Lord Byron, was determined to obey the dictates of his own reason, and not to give it up to the guidance of others, or to submit to the custom of being

"led by the nose,
As tenderly as asses are."

He dared to think for himself, and was stigmatized with the *liberal* epithet of FREE-THINKER, which, if it has any meaning at all, is the designation of a man who makes use of those faculties which he has derived from nature, reason, and education, despising prejudice, and travelling constantly in search of truth: in a word, a *rational being!*

Making all due allowance for the fallibility of human nature, it is as absurd as unjust to expect every man to be of one way of thinking,—to keep in one eternal round, like a blind horse in a mill-track,—and to treat as immoral and irreligious every writer and every work which happens to differ from a certain established system—founded,

* It has been supposed that the character of Maddalo was designed for Lord Byron; the reader will judge of the likeness, on a perusal of the poem at length.

perhaps, on error or imposture. Men of genius, at all events, will not submit to such shackles. Mr. Shelley was one of those, and, whatever may be said of his opinions, he offered them to public discussion in a fair and candid manner, and maintained them like a man of honour. Few men will envy the feelings of that wretched journalist, who could coolly announce to the public that "Mr. Percy Shelley, a writer of Infidel Poetry, was drowned near Italy." Were the stigma, it was intended to convey, deserved; where was the writer's humanity? A *real* Christian would have heaved a sigh, or, at least, have expressed a regret over so melancholy a catastrophe, and not have heaped insult and exultation on the heads of his lamenting friends and relatives. But it should seem that the *profession* and the *practice* of Christianity are, in some people, quite different things. But, until such *pretended* Christians point their finger at that part of their gospel which authorizes such uncharitable practice, they must be content with being set down as Christians only in *word* and not in *deed*. A *practical* Christian will not disdain to hold communion with them, but he will distrust them as mere professors, whose deity is self-interest, and whose devotion is the cloak of hypocrisy. Let such men turn to the First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, chap. xiii, verses 1, 2, 3, and 13.—"1. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not *charity*, I am

become ass ounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.—
2. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not *charity*, I am nothing.—
3. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not *charity*, it profiteth me nothing.—
13. And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is *charity*."

But to return to the subject: is a man immoral or irreligious if he impugn the *monkish* system of living idly and luxuriously upon the toil and sweat of the brows of the most useful and most oppressed classes of the community? As the world has hitherto gone on, it has been too much the custom for the laziest and most worthless part of it to ride upon the backs of the others. To enlighten the latter would be to make them *shoot the rubbish* off their shoulders ; this therefore is a heinous crime in the eyes of the riders ; what it will be in the sight of the Almighty is another matter. The system, *hacknied* as mankind has been for so many ages past, may now have become in some measure necessary ; but it should not be carried too far,—no farther than necessity requires. A free horse should not be ridden to death. A contrary practice has cost Great Britain the sovereignty of the most valuable provinces of North America ; it has cost Spain nearly the whole of South America ;

it has cost Turkey the Ionian Islands, Greece, and very nearly Egypt. America will be free from end to end: Greece, with her islands; Egypt, the whole of Europe,—of the world, we trust in the Almighty, will soon enjoy a *rational* freedom. There will be no danger of anarchy; nations are not fond of lugging each other's ears, if not set on by their rulers, as two English bull-dogs are encouraged by their savage masters to worry each other to death. A new order of things must spring up; it will be folly to attempt to prevent it; it will be wisdom to foresee and be provided to make the best of it. Great Britain, as the first of free governments, should be the North-star of the world; and it is no *Utopian* vision to foresee such a state of civilization as may unite the world in the bonds of mutual interest, commerce and social intercourse. To forward so desirable an end, a wise government will never check the progress of inquiry and improvement: foolish ones may blunder on until they precipitate themselves, or are precipitated, into the gulf of oblivion that yawns beneath them.

Mr. Shelley's writings are now before the public, and must bespeak him a poet of the higher order, a man of superior education, of uncommon application, and of a genius worthy of being associated with that of a Byron. Their principles the authors themselves must answer for, and stand or fall by at the judgment-day. The world may

form its own opinion of them, and is at liberty to receive or reject them. It is now grown of an age to *think for itself!!*

The members of the *Holy Alliance* may disgrace themselves by driving away, or interdicting an entrance into their dominions of the most eminent *literati** of Europe, to prevent their own people from being apprized of their degradation; but they will only, in all human probability, hasten the period when they themselves may again be compelled to implore the loyalty and protection of the people whom they now insult and trample upon. A Byron, a Shelley, a Leigh Hunt, may be in-

* It has been already noticed in the course of this work, that Lord Byron and his literary friends were insulted at Pisa. Very lately, Lady Oxford, Mrs. Hutchinson, and the widow of Count Bourke, the Danish Ambassador who died in Paris, were ordered to quit France. Immediately thereon, two ordinances were published from Vienna; one, prohibiting the entrance of the same individuals, and also of Lord Holland (who is described as of notoriously bad sentiments, and well known as an enthusiastic adherent to radicalism), and of Lady Morgan, whose writings are designated as "*shameless calumnies*," into any part of the Austrian dominions; and the second, extending the prohibition generally to all suspicious foreigners. These monarchs have already forgot, though it happened only a few years since, when they were themselves *driven* from their own dominions, and *forced* to become wanderers. The prohibited persons are neither exiles, nor in want of an asylum; they are the ornaments of their own country—a much greater country than either of those from which they are thus insolently expelled or excluded!!

sulted at Pisa; a Lord Holland, and a Lady Morgan may be forbidden to enter Austria; but their writings will sail through the world in spite of all the ordinances of all the despots that are, or ever will be, upon the face of it. The work is going on well, and it behoves every free-born Briton to lend his helping hand towards its completion! The light of reason will beautify the world as much as, or more, than ever the darkness of ignorance and superstition has degraded and brutified it.

It must not be understood that we mean to panegyrize or vindicate every thing that has issued from the pens of Byron or Shelley: unqualified praise is censure in disguise: but where there is a fault, that fault lies with the taste of the public. It seems rather derogatory from the character of the present literary age, that, while the power of exciting interest was never exhibited in a more convincing manner, seldom has it been exerted with less attention to the essential purposes of instruction and improvement. We appear to live in an age of fancy, rather than of reason; to soar in regions of air, rather than to tread upon *terra firma*. To please by novelty of invention,—by singularity of diction,—by ludicrous and satirical description—seems to be the paramount ambition of the greater number of the poets of the present age. The broad path of moral observation, or, as Collins has well said, of "social science," is

abandoned, and genius now wanders without a guide, and without judgment, among the briery thickets and mazes of metaphysics, the airy regions of chivalrous romance and visionary fancy. Witches, demons, ghosts, monsters, the most unnatural, horrid, disgusting mixtures of a sickly imagination; nothing else will please the vitiated palate of the present day.

When the late learned Sir William Jones presented his country with a volume of translations from Asiatic poetry, he said: "I must once more request that, in bestowing these praises on the writings of Asia, I may not be thought to derogate from the merit of the Greek and Latin poems, which have justly been admired in every age; yet I cannot but think that our European poetry has subsisted too long on the perpetual repetition of the same images, and incessant allusions to the same fables: and it has been my endeavour for several years to inculcate this truth,—'That, if the principal writings of the Asiatics which are reposited in our public libraries were printed with the usual advantage of notes and illustrations, and if the languages of the Eastern nations were studied in our places of education, where every other branch of useful knowledge is taught to perfection, a new and ample field would be open for speculation; we should have a more extensive insight into the history of the human mind, we should be furnished with a new set of images and

similitudes, and a number of excellent compositions would be brought to light, which future scholars might explain and future poets might imitate.' " Whoever has perused Sir William Jones's works must lament that his efforts have been hitherto useless; and, that so novel, so varied, so extensive, and so rich a field has never been deemed worthy of cultivation. The *Demon* of *German literature* crossed his path, and the *English Stage* opened the sluice to the inundation of bad taste, which instantly polluted its literature to its very source. Instead of the light, sprightly imagery of a gay, peaceable, and inoffensive race of men, we adopted that of a thick-blooded, phlegmatic, heavy people, to whom we already bore too near a resemblance. Asiatic poetry would have opened to us a new and most extensive variety of beautiful ideas and imagery, which might have delighted and improved us. German literature tends only to the absurd, the monstrous, the horrible, the disgusting, the licentious,—to illuminatism, adultery, robbery, assassination and suicide! The stage, at length, is correcting its own abuse; as the performers have been, for some seasons past, playing for *their own* amusement, and for that of their *orderly* people, all the *paying* portion of the audiences having long since deserted the benches. Kotzebue and Schiller were soon followed by dogs, elephants, horses, pugilists, Toms and Jerrys, until every rational and moral being

was surfeited, and retired in disgust. The poets followed the example of the players; and, like them, had a short run of success, only, we hope, to open the eyes of the public at last. What has been the influence of the greater number of the productions of our most celebrated poets, Campbell, Shelley, Moore, Scott, Southey, Coleridge, &c. &c. upon the character and minds of their readers? If we inquire what lessons of virtue they have taught, what information they have communicated, their most enthusiastic admirers can only concede to them the praise of what is, at best, subordinate and accessory. We are far from wishing to detract from the merit of these poets; on the contrary, we hold their genius and poetical talents in the highest estimation, and have been pleased and delighted with many of their productions; but what is the most beautiful poetry in the world without meaning, but sound without sense? It will not be denied that it is in every respect more befitting the human dignity, both of writer and reader, to combine instruction with entertainment, than to court the transient and delusive satisfaction that exists in pleasure alone. The companions of *Ulysses* drained *Circe's* bowls, and became swine; *Ulysses* himself dashed their contents on the ground, and remained a man. German literature, and its attendant host of witches, demons, ghosts

and monsters, should have instant notice to quit, or the returning good sense of Britons should forthwith eject them.

Having dismissed poor Shelley with observing that he was no more to be blamed for his choice of subjects than his contemporaries, the next consideration will be that of Sir Egerton Brydges' performance. Lord Byron was no sooner set out for the *land of spirits*, than all who could wield a goose-quill began to bespatter him, friends as well as enemies, and, what is very extraordinary indeed, numbers more of the latter than of the former, because, while they affected insidiously to admire those abilities which all the world acknowledged, they could take the opportunity with the very same breath of denying him the possession of every virtue that ennobles the human mind, and almost of denying him humanity itself! The yelping of a whole kennel of such hounds would have passed wholly unnoticed, if a field had not presented itself worthy of a contest. Sir Egerton Brydges has stepped forward the *champion* of a *party*, and the "*London Literary Gazette*" states his to be an impartial opinion, dictated by a cultivated mind, fine taste, and acute discernment. Him, therefore, we shall grapple with; the cultivated mind, and the fine taste, we readily allow; but, as to the acute discernment, we shall join issue and go to trial *instanter*.

1. Sir Egerton Brydges says: "There is, in-

deed, a great difference between the fault which arises from ideas *unchastized*, and ideas *exaggerated*. The former comes from excess of force, the latter from weakness, which endeavours to supply the place of strength by unnatural and artificial efforts: Lord Byron's fault is of the former kind; never of the latter:—he had the powers of copious and rich fiction; but it wanted one essential part of the fiction which is requisite to the highest poetry —it was not cast in the mould of truth."

1. Answer. Sir Egerton's allegation is "not cast in the mould of truth." "*Childe Harold*" might not be designed (as the author declares) for any particular person; but every child knows that every syllable of the "Pilgrimage" is founded on fact and *truth*, as a perusal of Mr. Hobhouse's work will suffice to show the reader at a single glance. "*Beppo*" (the most comic of Lord Byron's productions) was built on a circumstance which was well known to have happened at Venice. "*Parisina*" is taken from a well-known historical fact; and as for the "*Island, or Christian and his Comrades*," it would be an insult to the reader to bring it to his recollection. Even "*the Corsair*," which Sir Egerton deems the most perfect of Lord Byron's works, is founded on truth, as every traveller, or reader of travels in the Levant, knows enough of the Greek pirates of times past. What becomes then of the Baronet's assertion, that Lord Byron's fiction "is not cast in

the mould of truth?" Every reader must detect the misrepresentation, and the Baronet's candour must retract it, and allow that Lord Byron was a poet in every sense of the word, in the realms of *truth*, as well as of fiction. There never was, perhaps, one, not excepting Falconer himself, who drew more from the sources of nature and *truth*. To most of what he wrote, he might have justly applied Æneas'—

> "Quæque ipse miserrima vidi,
> Et quorum pars magna fui."

2. "The fiercer passions seem to have prevailed exclusively over the mind of Lord Byron. Tender affection, timidity, sorrow, sympathy, appear to have had little influence over him; a love of power, and of the unlimited exercise of his caprice, and anger and violent resentment at whatever thwarted his purposes, were his habitual temperament. It did not seem that any hold could be made upon his conscience, or the nicety of his regard to the interests or happiness of others. He was one who lived according to his own humours, and whose will was his law."

2. Answer. Did the Baronet ever know, or read of, a great poet without strong passions? A man without any passion at all, and, in the present age, almost without any understanding, may sit by his fireside, and indulge his idle hours in calmly abusing a man, and in defaming those works which

could be elicited only from a genius impelled by strong passions. As Sterne says, "Give me the reader who will surrender up the reins of his judgment into the hands of his author; be pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore." And are we to dictate to an author what characters he shall depict, or are we to be contented with such as suit his own genius? As to his habitual temperament, what will it signify ages hence, when his works will still be read, though all the circumstances of his life should be buried in oblivion? The man, who defended Pope's character against his hypercritical assailants, deserved far other treatment. Before the Baronet again wields the pen of criticism, it might be as well to peruse "Dr. Johnson's Lives of the British Poets," who, though the *bear and ragged-staff* of literature, treats every poet, as a man of genius, with feeling and humanity, and with a wish rather to display his talents than to blaze his failings.

3. "In one sense he could not be properly said to have any enthusiasm, because enthusiasm is uniform, sincere, and cannot change; whereas in his fits of highest fervour he could change at once to raillery, sarcasm and jest; he could ridicule what he himself had the moment before admired most, and could turn round upon those who agreed with him, by taking the direct contrary side."

3. Answer. He has, and he has not enthusiasm! Admirable canon of criticism. *Quid habet*

non habet! We are really at a loss here to know whether the Baronet alludes to the writings or conversation of Lord Byron: in the former part he seems to speak of the former, and in the latter, of the latter. If Lord Byron, in his writings, be deemed to have had no enthusiasm, because he changed from serious to gay, what does the Baronet think of Shakspeare? Had he none of the divine enthusiasm—Shakspeare, who could not endure to be in the company of wise, grave folks, throughout a single play, without ever and anon stepping aside to unbend a little with a fool? What does he say to Milton, who, on the most serious subject in the world, "*Paradise Lost*," and in the gravest company, the "*Host of Heaven*," treats us with a laugh (as Voltaire shrewdly observes) at the grotesque figures in which the *Good Spirits* tumble about in all directions, when the *Evil Ones* disclose their masked battery, and fire their newly invented diabolical artillery at them? This Voltaire terms the acmé of burlesque. What does the Baronet say of Danté, Ariosto, and a host of other eminent writers, who seem to consider this versatility of talents as an embellishment, if not an exhibition of superior genius? The best proof of enthusiasm in writers is the production of enthusiasm in readers, and no man has had more enthusiastic readers than Lord Byron. In conversation, it may be possible that Sir Egerton Brydges may

have had some rubs from Byron: we only infer so, we do not know it.

4. "When he was pleased, he could be generous and kind (an old saying of the devil, Sir Egerton!); but no one was certain of being able to please him. He took offence without cause; and revenged, without bounds, trifling or imagined injuries. Goodness gave him no pleasure as goodness; but only so far as it happened to suit some transient humour. This disposition of mind and temper aided the *force* and *direct* vigour of whatever he wrote or said. He compromised nothing; he took every object in the single unbroken light of the moment; he had no qualms, no reserves, but drove onward to his point with a reckless energy. He had risen above the breath not only of *vulgar* opinion, but of all public opinion. He found himself, or thought himself, above the reach of any assault which should endanger his fame; and, therefore, that, in the chances which he was free to run, all that was good would elevate him, nothing which was bad could depress him; a state of extraordinary advantage for the due expansion of powers, magnificent in degree as well as rare in kind. But still it was a dangerous and too tempting license; it encouraged him to let out all the dregs, as well as all the splendours of his great genius; he, therefore, let out many things trite, many coarse, some foolish, and some execrable; he put no guard upon the bitterness of a temper

sometimes foul, and sometimes ungenerous; and it will be well, if the vast mass of objectionable matter does not finally hang heavy on his fame."

4. Answer. From many passages we could persuade ourselves that the Baronet entertained some personal pique against the noble Lord; if so, he should have settled it with him in his life-time, not have brought in his bill after his death. Lord Byron set out in life with a heart flowing with the milk of human kindness His "*Hours of Idleness*" betray a soul that would not have hurt a worm. The reviewers and critics, imagining they should have a *boy-lord* to deal with, fell upon him and began to pummel away most unmercifully; but they soon found out that they had laid hold of a giant, who turned upon and beat them off their own dunghill. They then acknowledged him to be a bit of a poet. Precious satire—diabolical praise! Yet did the generous conqueror give quarter, and extend the hand of friendship to many who had offended him, such as Mr. Jeffrey, Mr. Moore, Sir Walter Scott, &c.; and, where he himself had been unjust, as in the case of Lord Carlisle, he made a noble atonement by acknowledging and expressing sorrow for it. Is this a sign of a depraved heart, Sir Egerton? As to the fear of objectionable matter *lying* heavy on his fame, his spirit of resenting insult will for ever hang heavy on the necks of his assailants, as Pope's Dunciad ever will do on those of his heroes of the

Bathos. But, as for his Lordship's fame, Sir Egerton may set his heart at rest, that it will last as long as his mother tongue.

5. "The productions of the genuine poet are the fruit and flowers of nature cultivated by his labour and skill; those of the false poet are artificial,—they are the fabrics of his own hand, made to *imitate* the growth of nature, but without life or fragrance. Lord Byron was never known to produce artificial flowers, instead of real ones: he sometimes produced *weeds*; now and then flowers and fruits which were *poisonous*, but always the vigorous growth of nature."

5. Answer. A flat self-contradiction! 1st. His poetry was never cast in the mould of truth, and next—it was always the vigorous growth of nature. Will the Baronet oblige the world with *his* logical distinction between Truth and Nature, or will he sit himself down under the charge of discrepancy?

6. "We know not what accidental circumstance may have given an impression of horror or bitterness to Lord Byron in his infancy." (His personal deformity and family embarrassments are hinted at as the causes.)

6. Answer. That he lamented and endeavoured to hide his deformity is a weakness inseparable from human nature. It would have been superhuman not to have felt it. Almost every article

of our dress was at first invented or adapted to hide some personal defect, as wigs to conceal grey hairs or baldness; glass eyes, false teeth, to cover deficiencies; cravats to hide king's evil; stays, corsets, pads, &c. to cover defects or hide protuberances; false calves for legs, high cork-soled shoes for lameness, &c. &c. &c. But Byron was not a gloomy boy—quite the contrary; and we have seen that a disappointment—the most dreadful to a mind of sensibility, and enough to upset the strongest mind,—a disappointment, in the finest tender passion of a youthful glowing heart, will sufficiently account for the wreck which was made of his, to any other man than one who has neither sensibility nor heart. His family circumstances never affected him; for he could not deem himself poor, who could be generous to others.

7th. "When Lord Byron entered a great public school, somewhat late and backward in the attainments pursued at these exclusively classical institutions, with a person marked out by one of those defects which boys treat so unmercifully in each other, and with the reputation of a fortune far below his rank, his proud and supercilious spirit received a shock, which seems to have operated on the colour of the rest of his life. He was ambitious, ardent for distinction, and vain. Obstructed and oppressed in the regular course, his energies, prompted by a daring and bitter

temper, broke out into the most eccentric pursuits and amusements. He grew *défiant*, misanthropic, and careless of moral character."

7th. Answer. That Lord Byron was backward in attainments, when he entered Harrow School, was not to be imputed to him as a blemish, but rather to the unfortunate circumstances in which he was introduced into life; deserted by his father, and left in the care of a mother, in very circumscribed circumstances. His personal defects and want of fortune were rather motives of commiseration than ridicule: but in public schools the reverse is the case. The aristocracy of youth is infinitely more insolent and overbearing than that of manhood, because it has never felt the restraint of prudence, and experience of the world, to teach them the mutability of human affairs, and the instability of worldly grandeur. The fault lies in the institutions themselves, as the late scenes exhibited at Harrow and Eton, which have become the subjects of judicial investigation, evidently evince. That his indignant spirit, and his consciousness of self-worth, should have repelled such unmerited insult, is to his credit rather than disgrace. Even at that early period of life the glorious spirit dawned, which rendered him the future champion of the oppressed Greeks. He felt "the divinity stir within him," which was afterwards to rouse him up to the great cause, to which he died so glorious a martyr. That "he grew *défiant*,

misanthropic, and careless of moral character," is a gratuitous assertion, which every circumstance of the foregoing biography—every act of Lord Byron's eventful life, it is presumed, shews to be utterly unfounded, and needs no other refutation. So far from being mistrustful, he laid himself too open, and many designing persons took advantage of his want of prudence. His various acts of charity refute the charge of misanthropy; he not only gave to those who solicited, but he sought out objects of charity, on whom he bestowed his unsolicited bounty. He was adored by the poor wherever he went, and his route might have been traced out by the acts of benevolence which he scattered in his path. That "he was careless of his moral character," is an equally unfounded assertion—no man could have been more sensibly alive to the value of a good reputation; he prided himself on the superior morality of his countrymen, and it was the most ardent wish of his soul to stand well with them. His satisfaction at the cordial reception of the functionaries at the Ionian Islands bespeaks this feeling. He endeavoured to impress the Greeks with honourable sentiments, as the most ready means to ensure the esteem and favour of Englishmen; and he declared his resolution of supporting them on no other terms than those of unreserved confidence, and a strict adherence to the prescribed rules of good faith. In a word, he gave such a specimen of well regulated

conduct and moral integrity, as not only raised the highest estimation of the Greeks for his own character, but for that of his countrymen in general.

8th. Of his compositions, Sir Egerton tanks "*The Corsair*," the most perfect; and this, together with all his higher efforts, he attributes to the nursing of his mood in wildness, in solitude, and in dangers. Had he continued to live in society, he would probably never have been an eminent poet.—"I hear," says Sir Egerton, "that the irritable passions which Lord Byron displayed in mixed society, at that period before his departure from England, when he lived at all in the world, made him very offensive, and sometimes very ridiculous. It is probable that the consciousness and shame of this, was among the causes which made him seek and love solitude."

8th. Answer. Amongst so many works on such varied subjects, it is difficult to say to which the preference ought to be given; but the very doubt establishes the fact of the excellence of the whole. That "had he continued to live in society, he would probably never have been an eminent poet," every man will readily concede. If he had engaged in the frivolous pursuits and amusements of the higher circles, the fire of his genius, the native impetuosity of his muse, would have been damped, and the diamond would have lain hid under the dense matrix which enveloped it. Great

geniuses are not the most entertaining men in company. They despise forms and ceremonies, and are liable to frequent and long-continued fits of abstraction. Their minds are engaged in their favourite pursuits; they are gathering flowers on Parnassus, and heedless of all that passes around them. If attention is forced upon them, they give irrelevant answers, and their absence is often attributed to affectation or want of politeness. Lord Byron, however, was capable of shining in conversation, and was at times gay, affable, witty, and exceedingly diverting. In his moody fits, or when the divine inspiration was upon him, he would seclude himself from all company, and that step, which evinced his prudence and wish to avoid giving offence, was misconstrued into misanthropy. Bred in the wilds of Scotland; left in infancy without the guidance and restraint of a father; abandoned to his own will, he imbibed that love of independence and solitude which never afterwards forsook him, and which rendered him impatient of control, and averse from promiscuous society. He never could—never would—lend himself to that parasitical fawning, that servile complaisance, which the established etiquette of polished life imposes upon its votaries. He was the natural, and not the artificial man. But it is not true (as Sir Egerton Brydges has supposed) that the consciousness and shame of having made himself offensive, and very often ridiculous in

society, were among the causes which made him seek and love solitude: it was, in him, a natural affection and propensity. No man, perhaps, ever regarded nature with the same intense curiosity and degree of pleasure; no man was ever better qualified to profit by the study. He felt the powers of his mind gradually developed, expanded, and matured by it; and the more closely he observed, with the more clearness and precision did he discover the precision and harmony of all its parts. The benefit, which he derived from it, is observable in the progressive improvement of his poetical compositions, which he poured forth, to the admiration of the applauding world, amidst embarrassments, disappointments, and distractions, which would have turned the brain of any other mortal. The derangement of his affairs was the real cause of his seeking solitude in foreign parts. Conscious of his own excellence, he could not endure the arrogant sneers of those gilded moths, whose only claim to notice was their superior affluence. Abroad, he could live at what rate he pleased, without being goaded by competition or comparison; at least, he could live up to his rank at one half the expense that was requisite in England, and still have a surplus wherewith to indulge his natural propensity to benevolence. When abroad, Lord Byron was as distinguishable from others, his countrymen, as the sun from a star; the latter notorious only for their wealth,

their caprices and sensual gratifications; the former celebrated as one of the greatest geniuses of his country and age. They courted the rising sun, to borrow some of its reflected rays; but he eclipsed himself, to their no little chagrin and disappointment. They vented their malice in unfounded slanders, and he laughed at their impotent attacks. They were the scoff, and he the admiration of the natives. Hundreds of them have passed over the Continent, unnoticed; whilst no place will ever forget the honour of having been visited by a Byron.

9th. "One of the grand faults of mankind (says Sir Egerton Byrdges) which Lord Byron's temper, the impulses of his heart, and the vigour of his faculties, prompted him to combat and expose, was *hypocrisy* and *false pretension*. He saw with indignation the unjust estimate of character the world was accustomed to make, and the flagrant wrong with which it was accustomed to distribute admiration, honours, and rewards; he bent, therefore, the whole force of his mighty faculties to expose these absurdities in striking colours; to throw a broader light on their real features; and to draw the veil from the *cloven foot* and the *satanic* qualities which had hitherto been concealed. He would plead that, in detecting *vice* under the robe of *virtue*, he was not warring with virtue's cause, but supporting it; and, that the cry of alarm, was but the interested and corrupt

cry of those who could not bear that their own cloak of disguise should be torn from them. But has he not, in his effort to pull down hypocrisy, set up naked and audacious crime?"

Answer. *No.* The epithets "*cloven foot*" and "*satanic,*" savour so much of the *Southeyian school,* that it is impossible not to discover the polluted source from which the Baronet has derived much of his prejudice against Lord Byron. A worse authority could not have been quoted, than that of a man who is detested by the party from which he has apostatized, and despised by that which he now sides with, or pretends to do so, from merely interested motives; of one whose universal character is that his praise is censure, and his censure praise. But more of Mr. Southey anon. If to pourtray the vices of some part of mankind be, as Sir Egerton Brydges puts the question, to set up naked and audacious crime, what else have all the historians and poets of the world been doing from the beginning of time? Does not Moses record the actions of the worst as well as the best of men? Do not Tacitus and Suetonius pourtray the characters of those monsters, the Cæsars, and exhibit crimes at which human nature shudders? Has it ever been alleged against the moral character of Shakspeare, that he drew such characters as Macbeth, King Richard the Third, and King Henry the Eighth? Are there any characters in Byron's works which, in point

of "naked and audacious crime," come any thing near to any of these? If not, what then becomes of the senseless outcry of the *satanic school?* If Lord Byron be of the satanic school, the public may sincerely wish that Mr. Southey had gone to school to his Satanic Majesty too, for a little improvement. A little more judgment would have prevented the ridicule raised at his expense by the very preposterous "*Vision of Judgment.*" The real *cloven foot* is here revealed. Byron must be proscribed, not for setting up "naked and audacious crime," but for pulling off the disguise of hypocrisy. He might have been welcomed into the *sanctum sanctorum*, but he preferred the outer court of the temple. Profligacy was not his crime, but that he would not condescend to be a *party-man*, —an orthodox defender of Church and State, through thick and thin. Would he have apostatized, the *Coryphæus* of the *satanic school* would, living, have been one of the greatest poets on earth; and, dead, have been translated to Westminster Abbey, or St. Paul's. But it is no honour to be admitted to that repository, whence the ashes of a Pope and a Byron are excluded by faction. The honour was intended to be conferred on genius exclusively, without reference to private opinions either on religious or political subjects; and, on that score, Pope and Byron are better entitled to that distinction than many—most of those, who have obtained a niche in the

Poet's Corner. Pope's works are universally allowed to be blameless—but he was a Papist. *Requiescat in pace!* Byron's characters are less immoral than those of many of the elect: but he was of the opposition side of the question, or rather an independent. His works are his monument. They are all drawn from nature, such as it exists at the present day in the East; and, if there be any fault, it is in the original and not in the copy. A critic must betray woeful ignorance not to be aware, that the manners in the East differ most essentially from those in the West; and, that what are regarded as crimes in the one, are looked on with the utmost indifference in the other. In pourtraying the characters of Greeks and Turks, the poet must, of course, confine himself to the manners and customs of the respective countries. This Byron has done; and, if the picture be a little licentious, his readers should consider that these nations are not governed by the same rules of ethics as ourselves, particularly with respect to the female sex. But, take any of the worst female characters in his poems, Haidee or the Sultana—may we not meet with a parallel for them in every street in London —or elsewhere? It has been observed of nations, that the more dissolute the inhabitants become in their manners, the more refined and delicate is their language—as if they were ashamed to read what they felt no compunction to act. Such

affected sensibility may, however, prove essentially injurious, by concealing instead of exposing vice, as it is the duty of a writer to do. Exposition is the most effectual check to vice; and of that opinion was Pope when he said :—

> "Vice is an object of such hideous mien,
> That to be hated needs but to be seen."

Once for all,—we positively deny that Lord Byron's works are more immoral than many of those of our greatest poets and most esteemed novel-writers; for instance, those of Waller, Prior, Congreve, Swift, Sterne, Smollet, Fielding, &c.; works which have been for years past in the hands of every reader, male and female; and, where honours are distributed at the public expense, the public has a right to expect impartiality, without respect to sect or party. The voice of a nation is the most genuine stamp of fame, and the best passport to posterity.

10th. "He has been accused of jesting at all female virtue—of painting women in the most dissolute colours;—and yet of employing the whole force of his brilliant imagination to make licentious pleasures attractive and seducing. On a superficial view, at least, this charge has a plausible basis. But many ingenious things may be said on the other side; and, I am not sure that they are not as solid as ingenious, though some may think them too far-fetched.

Against those vices which fashion sanctions, grave and vehement indignation goes for nothing. Happy and poignant ridicule alone can touch them: but the women who give themselves up to open indulgences, and open disregard of character, are not those whose example is mischievous, and who corrupt society. The poison is spread by those who wear the veil of delicacy, propriety, tenderness, affection, beauty, and all the charms of female loveliness; it is then that the most dangerous corruption works, under the mask of the most affecting virtue. Nothing less than the touch of the magical spear of ridicule can pierce the spell. Ridicule is like the light of the morning, on that which appeared beautiful under the shadowing beams of the moon, but which cannot bear the stronger rays of the sun: the delusive charm vanishes, and the spots come forth in their ugliness—the hope of deception expires;—and the consciousness that the artifices are known, takes away the ability to continue them. The charge of immorality in the poet's ridicule must be founded on an assumption contrary to this—an assumption, that the vice ridiculed is rendered attractive, or not an object of shame, by descriptions connected with so much loveliness: but irony, if very acute, is a resistless weapon, which dissolves the intenseness of grave and enthusiastic passion, and disarms the fury which grows stronger by direct and equal resistance."

10. Answer. If this means any thing, does it not exactly tend to support our assertion in the last article, that exposition is the best and only positive check to vice? But Byron's female characters are far from being all so dissolute as the charge would imply. We must here again have recourse to our former mode, of drawing a parallel between him and other writers —Moses, for instance; Homer; Juvenal, and a host of the Roman authors, Boccace, Shakspeare's Lady Macbeth and Cressida, Swift, &c. &c. In short, there is scarcely a writer from the earliest date, who has not satirized the vices or follies of the female sex, and yet those very satirists were amongst their most ardent admirers. Most of them have written much severer things, and drawn much worse characters, than any that are to be found in Byron's works. His pique against the fair sex is attributable to the severe disappointment which he received in his first passion, which left a wound that was only cicatrized, never healed. Yet, he was no more a *misogynist* than a misanthrope. He was a constant admirer of the fair sex until he set out for Greece—to a country, and on an expedition, where no man would expose a woman that he loved. He has been blamed for leaving the Countess Guiccioli behind him; but could he have taken her with him, to have rendered himself the laughing-stock of Greece? A Hercules going to battle with an Omphale at his heels! If Sir Egerton

Brydges has not read Byron's works with distorted optics, Medora, Gulnare, Zuleika, Angiolina, Thirza, Myrrha, and Haidee, are faithful portraits of eastern females, and patterns of sensibility, attachment, and constancy. They are so varied that not one of them bears any resemblance to another; this discovers the inventive genius of the true poet. That a man, who has been so cruelly deceived, should betray some little acerbity, is natural and excusable; yet, in drawing a parallel, he has been much more favourable to the female than to the male sex; and, in examining the characters of the former, the reader must be once more cautioned to make allowances for the difference of bringing up, of manners and customs, and for the unnatural restraint which is imposed upon eastern females. Byron's heroines are not *Pamelas;* but they are not professed, abandoned votaries of pleasure. Compare them with some that are to be found in the numerous paraphrases of Boccace's tales, which are to be met with in every edition of the British poets, and say to which the preference for decency is to be given. Why then, if so many of the most esteemed poets are equally as, or more licentious than Byron, should he, alone, be cried down, as an abettor of impurity? If any other cause can be assigned than party malice, let it be given; if none, the liberal-minded part of the community

will only esteem him the more for the base and insidious attempt.

11th. "I will not (says Sir E. Brydges) here trouble myself to go regularly through such of the grand doctrines of religion and morals as Lord Byron's poems are supposed to have a constant tendency to outrage: all of them have been urged over and over again by his adversaries, and some of them by candid and friendly criticism. On the first subject it would be idle not to abandon his defence. His attacks on our religious faith are too positive, and too revolting, to be palliated. There are *parts* of his writings which must be equally given up on moral grounds. Some of his personal attacks are malignant, low, and mean, and could only have sprung from base and ungenerous passions; while some of his praises are as fulsome and unfounded as his censures. It could be easily shown that he has bitterly, foully, and unprovokingly attacked some whom he in his heart admired, whom he studied intently, whose spirit he endeavoured to catch, and to whom he was indebted for many noble thoughts, and some powerful language! It is useless, and worse than useless—it is injurious, to defend what is utterly indefensible."

11th. Answer. It is so; but there are men who, perhaps, may think that the charges are groundless, and therefore need no other defence than a refutation of the calumnies; who are

sufficiently versed in theological controversy to be aware, that zeal is not always strictly adherent to truth, and to despise alike the senseless clamours of the *Satanic school*, and of *No Popery!* It is not true, that any of the grand doctrines of religion have been outraged by Lord Byron's poems, nor that his attacks on our religious faith are too positive and too revolting to be palliated; the accusation was only a cowardly subterfuge of men who first attacked Byron, and finding themselves defeated by his superior talents, renewed their attempts in another quarter. Sir Egerton Brydges took the assertions of Mr. Southey upon credit, and his residence at Geneva, perhaps, added no little Calvinistical zeal to his religious phrenzy. But no man ever professed, or entertained, a more unequivocal respect for the established religion of his country than Byron did, and he very naturally expresses his surprise, that, in spite of his repeated declarations to that effect, he should have been stigmatized as an *Infidel*. The greatest length of his assertions goes no farther than that no system of religion has been permanent—has exceeded the duration of two thousand years; and he is right. Our forefathers were once Druids—then Pagans —then Roman Catholics—then Protestants—which last have split into numberless sects. If the ungovernable passions of one monarch drove Popery out of the kingdom, who can say that those of another may not restore it? Posterity may change

the system altogether, and think themselves no more bound by our articles of faith, than we now pay obedience to those of our Roman or Saxon ancestors. Is it to outrage religion, to say that what has happened may happen again? If so, we must destroy all our historical records. But let us put the fact to the test. As the Baronet has not particularized any of the objectionable works, we will take that which has met with the most violent censure, "*Cain.*" A more moral or conscientious man than the present Lord High Chancellor, perhaps, never filled that elevated station; but his doctrines are those of a *High Churchman*, who makes no allowance for *profane wit*. We are persuaded, however, that his judgment must have been somewhat biassed, and that if he now gave "*Cain*" a serious perusal in his closet, without any reference to a judicial decree, he would retract much, if not the whole of his censure. The Baronet, at the very end of his work, evidently retracts all that he has alleged against it in the former part. He says, "The censorious may say what they will of "*Cain*," but there are speeches in the mouth of *Cain* and *Ada*, especially regarding their child, which nothing in English poetry but the 'wood-notes wild' of Shakspeare ever equalled." The same opinion has been formed of it by every man of taste and sensibility, and "*Cain*" will continue to be read and admired, in spite of Chancery decrees, or the clamour of all

the bigots in the world. Dr. Johnson, in his "*Life of Milton,*" remarks, that he (Milton) "had been censured for the impiety which sometimes breaks from Satan's mouth; for there are thoughts which no observation of character can justify, because no good man would willingly permit them to pass, however transiently, through his own mind. But (continues the Doctor) to make Satan speak as a rebel, without any such expressions as might taint the reader's imagination, was, indeed, one of the great difficulties in Milton's undertaking, and I cannot but think that he has extricated himself with great happiness. There is in Satan's speeches little that can give pain to a pious ear. The language of rebellion cannot be the same with that of obedience. The malignity of Satan foams in haughtiness and obstinacy; but his expressions are commonly general, and no otherwise offensive than as they are wicked."—Such was the judgment of Dr. Johnson, a man strictly religious — superstitiously so—but *still* there is a somewhat higher authority to be found in the *Scriptures* themselves! The first chapter of Job, where Satan is described as thrusting himself among the sons of God into the presence of the Almighty, and giving familiar, and even taunting replies to the questions put to him, (verses 6 to 12).—Now this has been deemed a *canonical* book, and is considered as part of the *Sacred Writ:* and yet where is so daring a passage to be found, in

either Milton or Byron? We strain at gnats, and swallow camels. Taking for founded the calumnies which had been propagated against Byron, many of these officious and over-righteous persons, who give themselves credit for much, and presume more (like the methodistical physician at Cephalonia, Dr. Kennedy), commenced operations against his Lordship, expecting to gain an easy conquest over, or at least to dumb-found, an unenlightened libertine; but they were astonished to find themselves worsted at their own weapons, and glad to retreat from the field. They expected to meet with a *sinner*, and doubted whether they had not found a *saint*. Byron was stored with scriptural reading, and much better versed in theological controversy than most men. How he could have found leisure and opportunity for such kind of studies, no man knows: for he was never ostentatiously studious, and his books seemed only his playthings. He must have devoted many of the hours usually employed in sleep to intense application. It has been mentioned, that a Mr. Shepherd transmitted a letter, written by his wife just previously to her death, to Lord Byron, expressive of her concern for his spiritual welfare: that letter we have it in our power to lay before our readers; it is the Poet speaking in his own vindication, and his friends and admirers, as well as the Christian world in general, will, it is believed, be much gratified with the perusal:

"TO THE RIGHT HON. LORD BYRON—PISA.

"*Frome, Somerset, Nov.* 21, 1821.

"MY LORD,

"More than two years since, a lovely and beloved wife was taken from me, by lingering disease, after a very short union. She possessed unvarying gentleness and fortitude, and a piety so retiring as rarely to disclose itself in words, but so influential as to produce uniform benevolence of conduct. In the last hour of life, after a farewell look on a lately born and only infant, for whom she had evinced inexpressible affection, her last whispers were 'God's happiness!—God's happiness!'—Since the second anniversary of her decease, I have read some papers, which no one had seen during her life, and which contain her most secret thoughts. I am induced to communicate to your Lordship a passage from these papers, which, there is no doubt, refers to yourself; as I have more than once heard the writer mention your agility on the rocks at Hastings:—

"Oh, my God, I take encouragement from the assurance of Thy word, to pray to Thee in behalf of one for whom I have lately been much interested. May the person to whom I allude (and who is now, we fear, as much distinguished for his neglect of Thee, as for the transcendant talents Thou has bestowed on him) be awakened to a sense of his own danger, and led to seek that peace of mind in a proper sense of religion, which he

has found this world's enjoyments unable to procure!—Do Thou grant that his future example may be productive of far more extensive benefit than his past conduct and writings have been of evil; and may the Sun of Righteousness, which, we trust, will, at some future period, arise on him, be bright in proportion to the darkness of those clouds which guilt has raised, and soothing in proportion to the keenness of that agony which the punishment of his vices has inflicted on him! May the hope that the sincerity of my own efforts for the attainment of holiness, and the approval of my own love to the GREAT AUTHOR of religion, will render this prayer, and every other for the welfare of mankind, more efficacious—cheer me in the path of duty; but let me not forget, that, while we are permitted to animate ourselves to exertion by every innocent motive, these are but the lesser streams which may serve to increase the current, but which, deprived of the grand fountain of good (a deep conviction of inborn sin, and firm belief in the efficacy of CHRIST's death for the salvation of those who trust in him, and really seek to serve him), would soon dry up, and leave us as barren of every virtue as before.

Hastings, July 31, 1814."

"There is nothing, my Lord, in this extract, which, in a literary sense, can at all interest you; but it may, perhaps, appear to you worthy of re-

flection, how deep and expansive a concern for the happiness of others a Christian faith can awaken in the midst of youth and prosperity. Here is nothing poetical and splendid, as in the expostulatory homage of M. de la Martine; but here is the *sublime*, my Lord; for this intercession was offered, on your account, to the SUPREME SOURCE of happiness. It sprang from a faith more *confirmed* than that of the French poet, and from a charity, which, in combination with faith, showed its power unimpaired amidst the languors and pains of approaching dissolution. I will hope that a prayer, which, I am sure, was deeply sincere, may not be always unavailing.

"It would add nothing, my Lord, to the fame with which your genius has surrounded you, for an unknown and obscure individual to express his admiration of it. I had rather be numbered with those who wish and pray, that 'wisdom from above,' and 'peace,' and 'joy,' may enter such a mind."

THE ANSWER.

"*Pisa, Dec.* 8, 1821.

"SIR,

"I have received your letter. I need not say, that the extract which it contains has affected me, because it would imply a want of all feeling to have read it with indifference. Though I am not quite *sure* that it was intended by the writer for *me*, yet

the date, the place where it was written, with some other circumstances which you mention, render the allusion probable. But, for whomsoever it was meant, I have read it with all the pleasure which can arise from so melancholy a topic. I say *pleasure*—because your brief and simple picture of the life and demeanour of the excellent person whom I trust that you will again meet, cannot be contemplated without the admiration due to her virtues, and her pure and unpretending piety. Her last moments were particularly striking; and I do not know that in the course of reading the story of mankind, and still less in my observations upon the existing portion, I ever met with any thing so unostentatiously beautiful. Indisputably, the firm believers in the Gospel have a great advantage over all others,—for this simple reason, that, if true, they will have their reward hereafter; and if there be no hereafter, they can be but with the infidel in his eternal sleep, having had the assistance of an exalted hope through life, without subsequent disappointment, since (at the worst of them) 'out of nothing nothing can arise,' not even sorrow. But a man's creed does not depend upon *himself; who* can say, I *will* believe—this—that—or the other? and least of all that which he least can comprehend? I have, however, observed, that those who have begun life with extreme faith have in the end greatly narrowed it, as Chillingworth, Clarke (who ended

as an Arian), and some others; while, on the other hand, nothing is more common than for the early sceptic to end in a firm belief, like Maupertius, and Henry Kirke White. But my business is to acknowledge your letter, and not to make a dissertation. I am obliged to you for your good wishes, and more obliged by the extract from the papers of the beloved object whose qualities you have so well described in a few words. I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance, would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf, for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon; could such be accumulated upon a living head. Do me the justice to suppose, that '*Video meliora proboque*,' however the '*Deteriora sequor*' may have been applied to my conduct."

"I have the honour to be
"Your obliged and
"Obedient servant,
"BYRON."

"P.S. I do not know that I am addressing a clergyman; but I presume that you will not be affronted by the mistake (if it is one) on the address of this letter. One who has so well explained,

and deeply felt, the doctrines of religion, will excuse the error which led me to believe him its minister."

Mr. Shepherd (there is no doubt) may be a very religious, well intentioned Christian; but we confess that we never much admired the officious zeal which presumes to interfere with the private devotion of another person. It is an assumption of supererogatory piety, which has ensured its own salvation, and offers its superfluity to assist the spiritual welfare of others. It conveys, moreover, an insulting insinuation of self-superiority, and of the person, to whom the offer is made, being in a state of deprivation. The world knows from experience that nine-tenths of these officious intruders are either hypocrites, impostors, or knaves. It is enough for every man (except ministers of the Gospel, who have the cure of souls) to work out his own salvation; it is a question between the creature and the Creator, with which no other man has a right to interfere. Such conduct betrays a presumption inconsistent with Christian humility, and is directly contrary to two precepts of the Gospel:*—"Take the beam out of thine own eye, before thou seekest to remove the

* Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. Southey have forgot, or, perhaps, never perused these passages; whichever is the case, in their zeal to *run-a-muck* against the *Satanic School*, they seem to have turned their backs upon the founder of Christianity.

mote from thy brother's;" and, "Judge not, lest ye be judged."

Let us now consider the charge made against Lord Byron's works upon *moral* grounds: and here, too, the Baronet has, in the latter part of his work, when his judgment may be supposed to have been matured, narrowed and frittered away the general charge almost to nothing. "Let us see (says he) which we could spare of Lord Byron's poems? *three or four*, perhaps, and a great many particular passages of "*Don Juan*;" but what a chasm we should make in the fruits of our natural genius, if the rest were withdrawn!" —True, we should do so.

That there are some *parts* of some of the poems which have an *equivocal* tendency, or which a *warm imagination* may construe *licentiously*, no man, possessed of any degree of truth, can pretend to deny; but which of all our poets, historians, and novel-writers have not given the reins to their muse, particularly in treating of female subjects? Dr. Johnson has professedly given a *purified* edition of the British poets. Of Chaucer, Waller, Prior, Congreve, Swift, Armstrong, and many others, he thought proper to omit many parts, which they were not ashamed to let go into the world under their names. Gibbon, the historian, concealed many loose passages under the seal of the dead languages; and Bruce, the traveller, relates the Abyssinian feast, and many other ad-

ventures, which far exceed those in the Harem of Constantinople, in "*Don Juan*." No man, with any pretensions to character, would vindicate direct, shameless obscenity; nor should we, on the other hand, give way to that puritanical mania, which would chill the energy, cramp the faculty, and tear up genius by the roots. But Lord Byron should not be made the 'scapegoat for the sins of all his fraternity.

Now for the *personal* attacks, which the Baronet designates as "malignant, low, and mean, and such as could only have sprung from base and ungenerous passions." This charge should have been made against the *Edinburgh Reviewers*, who began by making a gross, wanton, and unprovoked attack on the poet's maiden and unoffending muse. The indiscriminate satire dealt out in the "*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*," we have already deplored; but how was Byron to know who were his friends or his foes? To those who asserted their innocence he apologized, and with many of them he lived on terms of intimacy or friendship to his dying day: nay, he suppressed, out of tenderness to them, an edition which had been printed at his own expense; more than that it was not in his power to do. Byron's spirited conduct was applauded by the public in this affair; and if Sir Egerton Brydges thinks his conduct utterly indefensible, he differs widely from the rest of the world, who think that it needs no defence.

12th. "There are other blots of a similar cast, for which I can find no excuse. Is it not unmanly to insult the ashes of the dead,* who have fallen victims to the greatest misfortune, the most lamentable disease, to which poor humanity is subject? and all this from *political*, not personal antipathy? Are *political* antipathies to breed *personal* hatred which shall insult the grave? the grave, too, of the most gentlemanly, the mildest-mannered, the boldest-hearted man in Europe. These are traits, which, whenever I would feel admiration for the genius and the poetry of Lord Byron, I am necessitated to efface from my recollection; to *me* no words of reprobation appear too strong for such an exhibition of horrible blackness of feeling."

12th. Answer. This passage alludes to the late Marquess of Londonderry; what he was we need not say, as his recollection is still alive to most of us. He suffered himself to be entangled in the snares spread for him by the members of the *Holy Alliance*† at the Congress at Verona, and

* Mr. Southey can best answer this question.

† More blessed fruits of the Holy Alliance!! The Hon. Leicester Stanhope, who has distinguished himself by his exertion in favour of Greece, having passed from Genoa, where he had resided for some time, to Milan, was ordered by the Austrian police to leave the Austrian territories in twenty-four hours. The pretence was, that his passport was signed only by the Austrian Consul at Genoa; but that this was a futile pretence was evident from the fact that he was permitted to pass

finding the British Parliament adverse to his engagements, when the time arrived for his return to Verona, as he must either compromise himself or the honour and interests of his country, he sank under the disappointment:—we regret his fate but not his loss.

The Baronet, in his preface, tells us that he has had more than forty years intercourse with the literary world. His memory must be impaired, or he surely would not have overlooked that he was giving judgment against himself for acting towards the deceased Lord Byron in a similar manner to that for which he blames him for having acted towards the defunct Marquess of Londonderry. If Mr. Southey, however, had taken example by his lecture, he would not afterwards have exposed himself in the manner in which he did.

13th. "We may safely pronounce that our three greatest poetical names (says Sir E. Brydges) are *Milton*, *Shakspeare*, and *Spenser*:—the contest begins with the next name.—I am myself inclined,

the frontiers (where the examination of passports is ordinarily the most strict) without difficulty or observation. The whole affair has probably originated in the hatred borne to Col. Stanhope, as the friend of Greek independence. So mistrustful and fearful is despotism! and yet how these Holy-Alliance gentry whined to their people for protection when Buonaparte drove them before him, like so many Nebuchadnezzars, to graze with the beasts of the field!

—with some hesitation, yet sincerely,—to put LORD BYRON himself next to Spenser."

13th. Answer. *Shakspeare* (although *second* in the Baronet's list) is out of the question; the whole world never did, and, in all human probability, never will, afford a parallel to him, much less a superior. Time has enveloped the name of *Milton* with a venerable crust which it would be a kind of sacrilege to disturb. He undoubtedly deserves the high honours which have been paid to him; but equal justice should be done to others. "*Cain*" (by Sir E. Brydges' own confession) contains speeches "which nothing in English poetry but the 'wood-notes wild' of *Shakspeare* ever equalled." There is more pathos in "*Cain*," than in "*Paradise Lost;*" and if it never rises, like it, into the sublime, so it never sinks so low. "*Paradise Lost*" moreover, is confessedly *Milton's* best performance; "*Cain*" is not so of *Byron:* and yet it will ever be deemed by all readers of taste and refinement as worthy of a place, side by side, with "*Paradise Lost.*" The genius of *Milton* was cast in a gigantic mould; *Byron's* was less robust, but more symmetrical and harmonious. In the one, the beauties and defects were the more apparent from the magnitude; in the other, if the beauties were less striking, so were the defects the less glaring, being disguised by the harmony of numbers. *Milton's* muse was a majestic Amazonian female arrayed in the skin of some beast of the

chase; *Byron's* was a lovely one in a court-dress. Like two statues of Minerva and Venus de Medicis, both had their excellencies, but in so different a style as to render it almost impossible to draw any parallel between them. *Milton* wrote his best works discountenanced by government, in a state of total blindness, and in the decline of life: this was against him. *Byron* composed his in the bloom of life, and died in the prime of manhood, with his faculties in full vigour: this was in his favour. There was a striking resemblance between some parts of their lives. *Milton* was entered of Cambridge University, where he found so little favour that he was rusticated, and vented his spleen in some subsequent writings against college rules and college life. The *leaden* university doctors seem ever to have set their faces against poetry as a trivial and unimportant attainment. *Milton* was not very happy in his matrimonial connexions, and he, like *Byron*, entertained something of a Turkish contempt of females, whom he considered as subordinate and inferior beings; and, that his daughters might not break the ranks, he suffered them to be depressed by a mean and penurious education, refusing to have them taught to write. It is well known, from the original M.S. remaining in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, that *Milton* at first sketched out his "*Paradise Lost*" as a mystery. Whether *Byron* took the hint of "*Cain*," from that circumstance, is not known,

but it seems very probable. Upon the whole, of two geniuses equally great, but treading in very dissimilar paths, as we know not to which to give the preference, we should feel inclined to place them upon a level.

But, with respect to *Spenser*, we beg leave to differ from the Baronet, and have little hesitation in giving the precedence to *Byron*. Spenser is deservedly a great favourite with the English nation; he gave the first polish to our language, and taught us to lisp in harmonious numbers; and that, too, not without opposition, and under much disappointment. The great defect of harmony put the wits, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, upon a design of totally changing our numbers, not only by banishing rhyme, but by new moulding our language into the feet and measure of the Latin poetry.* Sir Philip Sidney was at the head of this project, and has, accordingly, given us some hexameter and pentameter verses in his "*Arcadia*," but the experiment soon failed. Rhyme was for a time discountenanced and proscribed, and Spenser was compelled to waste his time on trimeters, pentameters, and hexameters. But his own good sense prevailed, and he followed Ariosto's "*Orlando Furioso*" (the Italians then giving the tone

* Mr. Southey's "Vision of Judgment" in English hexameters, was consequently only a new edition of an old invention; a cast-off garb of Good Queen Bess's days, foisted upon the public as a new full dress for the court of King George the Fourth!!

in every thing to English literature), and he composed his "*Faerie Queene*" in ottava rima. But if *Spenser* gave the first polish to English literature, *Byron* contributed that strength, vigour, and flexibility which expanded its limbs to full growth and manhood. So far, then, they may be said to be even. In point of *invention*, we think, the palm is due to *Byron*. The allegorical system of Spenser knew no limits; he jumbled together Christian duties and heathen mythology; he pressed into his service fairies, witches, goblins, enchanters, magicians, talismanic armour, swords, spears, shields, rings, flying horses, griffins, giants, dwarfs, satyrs, and all the most whimsical transformations of matter into life, iron men, castles personified, &c. &c.; so that, with such complicated and varied machinery, it required very little invention to work up the most extraordinary adventures: but *Byron* confined himself within the bounds of nature and probability; and his task was the more arduous, as his space was more confined. For harmony of numbers there is little difference between them; both were masters of the art; but as *Byron* has equal beauties with fewer blemishes, the precedence appears to be due to him. Allegory is grown obsolete, but *Spenser* will be never a whit the less admired by all readers of refined taste. His faults were rather those of his age than his own—the great Shakspeare himself felt the same shackles,

but would not venture to shake them off. If Byron be charged with offences against delicacy, what will the chaste female readers of Spenser think of the "Adventures of Helenore" (in canto x. book 3d.) and of the lively description of the pleasing manner in which she spent her nights among the jolly Satyrs?

14th. At the winding up, Sir E. Brydges comes to Lord Byron's enterprize to assist the Greeks, which he calls a *noble cause*. He adds: "The mass of mankind, who are always more practicable than speculative, will estimate more highly this last occupation of Lord Byron's life than all his poetry. He had indeed thus put the *sincerity* of his politics beyond all question; he had shown himself in *action* as well as in *thought* a patriot of the highest and most extended glory; and it is the more fortunate for *his* poetical fame, and the fame of *all* poetry, because it interests so many in cherishing his memory, and holding sacred his name, who are insensible to the charms and refinements of the muse."

Answer. The Baronet is right *here*: the cause of Greece is a *noble cause*—the cause of all mankind. Every heart should be lifted up in prayer, every purse be opened, and every arm be joined, to forward its success.

It is several years since Greece has thrown off its dependence on the Ottoman Porte, and Christendom has done nothing to support it: on the

contrary, it has done every thing to aggravate the miseries of these unfortunate Christians; insults have been heaped on the Greeks in our official documents, and their most noble, most legitimate enterprize, the most courageous effort that this age has witnessed, is ascribed to insurrection and rebellion. We are far from those times when our ancestors sold or mortgaged their patrimonies, and left their families and their homes to combat for the Holy Land, and defend Europe itself against the attacks of barbarian infidels. It is in vain that the Greeks have invoked the assistance of the Russians and their fellow Christians; they have been allowed to be slaughtered when conquered, and slandered when victorious. The massacres of Scio, Cyprus, Smyrna, Ipsara, &c. were permitted; and, as if to justify such inhumanity, the Greeks have been stigmatized as being seditious, cruel and corrupted cheats. If the Greeks are corrupted and degraded, if they practice duplicity, is not the fault to be attributed entirely to their oppressors? Can we doubt of the immense advantages that we should derive from interfering in favour of them? Let our relations be once firmly established with Greece, and we shall open a direct communication with Persia, with Egypt, and even with India. Hitherto only a few noble-minded individuals have offered their services in support of this glorious cause; but a courage which is founded on virtue will never be subdued.

Greece will not again fall, and the brave Hellenists will convince the world that Thermopylæ and Marathon are still in existence—Greece will be free, and Britain not be a solitary *Oasis* of *Freedom* in the midst of a *desart* of *slaves*, but a proud monument for the imitation of all the admiring nations of Europe.

If ever the art of sculpture should revive in Greece, it is to be hoped and *expected*, that some monument, worthy of the genius of their ancestors, will perpetuate the memory of a BYRON!!

Such are the most material points of Sir E. Brydges' performance, which exhibits one of the most curious specimens of the *art of criticism* that was, perhaps, ever ushered into the world. He commences by denying to Byron almost every *moral* feeling, and speaks very slightingly of his poetical genius; but, reflecting that before he ventured upon a detailed criticism of his works, it might be necessary, for his own credit and reputation, to bestow an attentive perusal on them, he now bethinks himself of scraping some sort of acquaintance with them. Accordingly, having waded through the first seven chapters, he informs his readers at the beginning of the eighth (p. 58), "I have, since my former letters, read the articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, on the '*Prisoner of Chillon*,' on '*Manfred*,' on the *Third Canto* of '*Childe Harold*,' on '*Parisina*,' on the '*Siege of Corinth*,' and part of that on the *Fourth Canto* of '*Childe*

Harold.'" A precious confession this!!—He first criticises, and then examines whether his criticism be just or not! But he finds himself rather on a wrong scent, and he begins (to use a sportsman's phrase) to try back again. Accordingly he plods on wavering, groping, tumbling, wishing, yet ashamed to write his own recantation; by degrees he loses his asperity, begins to find some beauties, and, in the latter part of his work, contradicts all that he has asserted in the former. He acknowledges that only some few, and parts of another, of *Byron's* works can be spared, without making a dreadful chasm in our literature;—that, let the *censorious* say what they will, there are speeches in "*Cain*" which nothing in English but the 'wood-notes wild' of Shakspeare ever equalled. He places *Byron* next in rank to *Milton*, *Shakspeare*, and *Spenser*, and finally lauds his devotedness to what he terms the *noble cause* of Greece—*Bravo!*

The work was, apparently, got up in haste, in order to be first in the market, to which, undoubtedly, much of its incorrectness is to be attributed; and the frequent repetitions, which swell the work to the tiresome length of 457 octavo pages, savour very strongly of the *noble art* of *book-making*; but it is written in a gentlemanly style, and, as such, is the very reverse of the next performance which it becomes an imperative duty to lay before the reader, to expose its fallacy and malignity.

We allude to the following letter, sent by Dr. Southey to the Editor, and inserted in the *Courier* Newspaper, of the 13th Dec. 1824.

"SIR,—On two former occasions you have allowed me, through the channel of your Journal, to contradict a calumnious accusation as publicly as it had been preferred; and though, in these days of slander, such things hardly deserve refutation, there are reasons which induced me once more to request a similar favour.

"Some extracts from Captain Medwin's recent publication of *Lord Byron's Conversations* have been transmitted to me by a friend, who, happening to know what the facts are which are there falsified, is of opinion that it would not misbecome me to state them at this time. I wish it, however, to be distinctly understood, that in so doing I am not influenced by any desire of vindicating myself: that would be wholly unnecessary, considering from what quarter the charges come. I notice them for the sake of laying before the public one sample more of the practices of the Satanic School, and showing what credit is due to Lord Byron's assertions. For that his Lordship spoke to this effect, and in this temper, I have no doubt; Captain Medwin having, I dare say, to the best of his recollection, faithfully performed the worshipful office of retailing all the effusions of spleen, slander, and malignity, which were vented in his presence. Lord Byron is the person who suffers most

by this; and, indeed, what man is there whose character would remain uninjured if every peevish or angry expression, every sportive or extravagant sally, thrown off in the unsuspicious and imagined safety of private life, were to be secretly noted down, and published, with no notice of circumstances to show how they had arisen, and when no explanation was possible? One of the offices which has been attributed to the devil, is that of thus registering every idle word. There is an end of all confidence or comfort in social intercourse, if such a practice is to be tolerated by public opinion. When I take these conversations to be authentic, it is because, as far as I am concerned, they accord, both in matter and spirit, with what his Lordship himself had written and published: and it is on this account only that I deem them worthy of notice—the last notice that I shall ever bestow upon the subject. Let there be as many "More last words of Mr. Baxter" as the "reading public" may choose to pay for, they will draw forth no further reply from me.

"Now then, to the point—The following speech is reported by Captain Medwin, as Lord Byron's:—

"'I am glad Mr. Southey owns that article on 'Foliage' which excited my choler so much. But who else could have been the author? Who but Southey would have had the baseness, under pretext of reviewing the work of one man, insidiously

to make it a nest-egg for hatching malicious calumnies against others? I say nothing of the critique itself on 'Foliage;' but what was the object of that article? I repeat, to vilify and scatter his dark and devilish insinuations against me and others. Shame on the man who could wound an already bleeding heart; be barbarous enough to revive the memory of an event that Shelley was perfectly innocent of, and found scandal on falsehood! Shelley taxed him with writing that article some years ago, and he had the audacity to admit that he had treasured up some opinions of Shelley, ten years before, when he was on a visit at Keswick, and had made a note of them at the time.'

"*The reviewal in question I did not write.* Lord Byron might have known this, if he had inquired of Mr. Murray, who would readily have assured him that I was not the author; and he might have known it from the reviewal itself, where the writer declares, in plain words, that he was a contemporary of Shelley's at Eton. I had no concern in it, directly or indirectly; but let it not be inferred that, in thus disclaiming that paper, any disproval of it is intended. Papers in the *Quarterly Review* have been ascribed to me (those on '*Keats' Poems*,' for example) which I have heartily condemned, both for their spirit and manner." But, for the one in question, its composition would be creditable to the most distinguished writer; nor is there any thing either in the

opinions expressed, or in the manner of expressing them, which a man of just and honourable principles would have hesitated to advance. I would not have written that part of it which alludes to Mr. Shelley, because, having met him on familiar terms, and parted with him in kindness—a feeling of which Lord Byron had no conception—would have withheld me from animadverting in that manner on his conduct. In other respects, the paper contains nothing that I would not have avowed, if I had written or subscribed as entirely assenting to, and approving it.

"It is not true, that Shelley ever inquired of me whether I was the author of that paper, which, purporting as it did, to be written by an Etonian of his own standing, he very well knew I was not. But in this part of Lord Byron's statement there may be some mistake, mingled with a great deal of malignant falsehood. Mr. Shelley addressed a letter to me from Pisa, asking if I were the author of a criticism in the *Quarterly Review* upon his '*Revolt of Islam*;' not exactly, in Lord Byron's phrase, taxing me with it, for he declared his own belief that I was not: but added, that he was induced to ask the question by the positive declaration of some friends in England that the article was mine. Denying, in my reply, that either he or any other person was entitled to propose such a question upon such grounds, I nevertheless assured him that I had not written the paper, and that I

had never, in any of my writings, alluded to him in any way.

"Now for the assertion, that I had the audacity to admit having treasured up some of Shelley's opinions, when he resided at Keswick, and having made notes of them at the time. What truth is mixed up with the slander of this statement, I shall immediately explain; premising only, that as the opinion there implied concerning the practice of noting down familiar conversation, is not applicable to me, I transfer it to Captain Medwin, for his own especial use.

"Mr. Shelley having, in the letter alluded to, thought proper to make some remarks upon my opinions, I took occasion, in reply, to comment upon his, and to ask him (as the tree is known by its fruits) whether he had found them conducive to his own happiness, and the happiness of those with whom he had been most nearly connected. This produced a second letter from him, written in a tone, partly of justification, partly of attack. I replied to this also, not by any such absurd admission as Lord Byron has stated, but by recapitulating to him, as a practical illustration of his principles, the leading circumstances of his own life, from the commencement of his career at University College. The earlier facts I stated upon his own authority, as I had heard them from his own lips: the latter were of public notoriety. There the correspondence ended. On his part it had

been conducted with the courtesy which was natural to him—on mine, in the spirit of one who was earnestly admonishing a fellow-creature.

"This is the correspondence upon which Lord Byron's misrepresentations have been constructed. It is all that ever passed between us, except a note from Shelley, some years before, accompanying a copy of his '*Alastor*,' and one of mine in acknowledgment of it. I have preserved his letter, together with copies of my own; and, if I had as little consideration for the feelings of the living as Captain Medwin has displayed, it is not any tenderness towards the dead, that would withhold me now from publishing them.

"It is not likely that Shelley should have communicated my part of this correspondence to Lord Byron, even if he did his own. Bearing testimony as his heart did, to the truth of my statements, in every point, and impossible as it was to escape from the conclusion which was there brought home, I do not think he would have dared produce it. How much, or how little, of the truth was known to his Lordship, or with which of the party at Pisa, the insolent and calumnious misrepresentation conveyed in his Lordship's works originated, is of little consequence.

"The charge of scattering dark and devilish insinuations, is one which, if Lord Byron were living, I would throw back in his teeth. Me he had assailed without the slightest provocation, and with

that unmanliness, too, which was peculiar to him; and in this course he might have gone on, without giving me the slightest uneasiness, or calling forth one animadversion in reply. When I came forward to attack his Lordship, it was upon public, not upon private grounds. He is pleased, however, to suppose that he had "mortally offended" Mr. Wordsworth and myself many years ago, by a letter which he had written to the Ettrick Shepherd. "Certain it is," he says, "that I did not spare the Lakists in it, and he told me that he could not resist the temptation, and had shewn it to the fraternity. It was too tempting; and, as I could never keep a secret of my own (as you know), much less that of other people, I could not blame him. I remember saying, among other things, that the Lake Poets were such fools as not to fish in their own waters. But this was the least offensive part of the epistle." No such epistle was ever shewn either to Mr. Wordsworth or to me: but I remember (and this passage brings it to my recollection) to have heard that Lord Byron had spoken of us, in a letter to Hogg, with some contempt, as fellows who could neither vie with him for skill in angling, nor for prowess in swimming. Nothing more than this came to my hearing; and I must have been more sensitive than his Lordship himself could I have been offended by it. Lord Byron must have known that I had the *flocci* of his eulogium to balance the *nauci* of scorn;

and that the one would have *nihili-pili-fied* the other, even if I had not well understood the worthlessness of both.

"It was because Lord Byron had brought a stigma upon English literature, that I accused him; because he had perverted great talents to the worst purposes; because he had set up for pander-general to the youth of Great Britain, as long as his writings should endure; because he had committed a high crime and misdemeanor against society, by sending forth a work, in which mockery was mingled with horrors, filth with impiety, profligacy with sedition and slander. For these offences I came forward to arraign him. The accusation was not made darkly, it was not insinuated, nor was it advanced under the cover of a review. I attacked him openly in my own name, and only not by his, because he had not then publicly avowed the flagitious production, by which he will be remembered for lasting infamy. He replied in a manner altogether worthy of himself and his cause. Contention with a generous and honourable opponent leads naturally to esteem, and probably to friendship; but, next to such an antagonist, an enemy like Lord Byron is to be desired; one who, by his conduct in the contest, divests himself of every claim to respect; one whose baseness is such as to sanctify the vindictive feeling that it provokes, and upon whom the act of taking vengeance is that of administer-

ing justice. I answered him as he deserved to be answered, and the effect which that answer produced upon his Lordship has been described by his faithful chronicler, Captain Medwin. This is the real history of what the purveyors of scandal for the public are pleased sometimes to announce in their advertisements, as "*Byron's Controversy with Southey.*" What there was dark and devilish in it belongs to his Lordship; and had I been compelled to resume it during his life, he who played the monster in literature, and aimed his blows at women, should have been treated accordingly. "*The Republican Trio,*" says Lord Byron, "when they began to publish in common, were to have had a community of all things, like the Ancient Britons—to have lived in a state of nature like savages—and peopled some island of the blest with children in common like ——. A very pretty Arcadian notion!" I may be excused for wishing that Lord Byron had published this himself; but though he is responsible for the atrocious falsehood, he is not for its posthumous publication. I shall only observe, therefore, that the slander is as worthy of his Lordship as the scheme itself would have been. Nor would I have condescended to notice it even thus, were it not to show how little this calumniator knew concerning the objects of his uneasy and restless hatred. Mr. Wordsworth and I were strangers to each other, even by name, when he represents us as engaged in a Satanic con-

federacy, and we never published any thing in common.

"Here I dismiss the subject. It might have been thought that Lord Byron had attained the last degree of disgrace when his head was set up for a sign at one of those preparatory schools for the brothel and the gallows; where obscenity, sedition, and blasphemy, are retailed in drams for the vulgar. There remained one further shame: there remained this exposure of his Private Conversations, which has compelled his Lordship's friends, in their own defence, to compare his oral declarations with his written words, and thereby demonstrate, that he was as regardless of truth as he was incapable of sustaining those feelings suited to his birth, station, and high endowments, which sometimes came across his better mind.

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

"*Keswick, Dec.* 8, 1824."

Such a farrago of nonsense, scurrility, and grovelling malignity never, perhaps, issued from any other pen than that of Dr. Southey; but then, as Shakspeare says—

"He is the prince's jester; a very dull fool! only his gift is in devising impossible slanders."

Medwin's work is made the pretence for a savage attack upon the memory of Lord Byron, who never could have contemplated such a publica-

tion; nor, perhaps, would the author ever have ventured upon such a step in his life-time. What an insult to the public understanding, to suppose it could be deluded by so paltry a subterfuge! Medwin's offence was to be visited upon Byron, whom, living, Southey dared not face; and as Medwin might be a dangerous opponent, he thinks it the safest way to rake up the ashes of the illustrious dead. The folly is only to be equalled by the blackness of the attempt, which could have sprung from no man but one who had made up his mind to set all public opinion at defiance. For a time Dr. Southey seems to have entertained the opinion of *Jaques*, in Shakspeare's "*As you Like It*"—

> "Motley's the only wear; oh, that I were a fool!
> I am ambitious for a motley coat!"

He puts on his motley coat; struts about in it until he is tired; falls into a trance, and has a *Vision of Judgment*. Byron's *Parody* soon stripped his motley coat over his ears, and the universal ridicule converted the folly into madness. He then, like *Don John*, in "*Much Ado about Nothing*," throws down the gauntlet to all the world—

> "I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdained of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any."

But public decorum is not to be outraged with impunity. Both *Tacitus* and *Terence* might have informed Dr. Southey, that—"*Qui, quæ voluerit, dixerit, ea, quæ non voluerit, audiet:*" "He, who utters unpleasant things, may hear what will not please him."—The public indignation was excited by the dastardly malignity of defaming a deceased opponent. Among many whom the charges of inconsistency, falsehood, infidelity, blasphemy, impiety, and obscenity, roused up to retort the calumny, the Editor of the *Morning Chronicle*, in the shape of interrogatories, held up a mirror to Dr. Southey's face; which, like Minerva's famed shield with Medusa's head in it, reflected an image that might have petrified all beholders. Let the reader judge for himself:

"1. Was Mr. Southey, or was he not, during the French Revolution, a member of a republican revolutionary society? And did he, or did he not, at that time, openly avow himself to be a republican and a revolutionist?

"2. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, selected men and published express eulogies upon them for being republicans and regicides; and has he not denounced all republicans and all regicides in other publications that are his, as monsters of infamy, and as imps of the devil?"

"3. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, in one of his publications, stigmatized the character of Mr.

Barry O'Meara, for being expelled from the army (though it was only for fighting a duel, a thing very natural to a fighting man), and was he, or was he not, himself long before expelled from Baliol College, in Oxford? and if so, for what was he expelled? And when Ministers sent Mr. Southey to Oxford for a LL.D., did Baliol, or did any other College in Oxford, enrol him as a member of it?"

"4. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, though supported in Oxford by a public exhibition, ridiculed and abused in one of his publications his own University, as the seat of ignorance and error, as the retainer of Roman Catholic Rites, and the rejector of Roman Catholic Faith? and did he not write that wicked and blasphemous libel upon the King, Church, and State, called 'Wat Tyler?'"

"5. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, in one of his publications, declared his disbelief of the leading doctrine of the Scriptures—namely, Eternal Punishment in a Future State? Has he not even called it there damnable and impious? and has he not, in his other publications, represented it to be a Divine Truth, and necessary to justify God's moral government of the world?"

"6. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, ridiculed and abused the Church of England, for reading as a first Lesson in her service the first chapter of Ezekiel, though he knew at the time he published this low abuse that he was writing a falsehood, and that

the Church of England never read at all in her service the first chapter of Ezekiel?"

"7. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, published a work without his name, in which he holds up the Roman Catholic Church as the true Church of Christ, the Reformation in England as no Reformation at all, but the destruction of her best Institutions, both moral, civil, and religious; and in which he represents her Reformers as a pack of rascals altogether? And has he not published another work since, with his name, in which he has extolled the Church of England, represented the Church of Rome as the whore of Babylon, the reformation as the light of the world, and the reformers as the glory of it?"

"8. Has Mr. Southey, or has he not, in one of his publications, raked up and collected together (note upon note, and line upon line) the most salacious, prurient, and filthy witticisms upon the most awful and sacred subjects, upon the Vessel of Incarnation chosen for the redemption of mankind, upon the Salutation of the Angel, upon the formation of our Holy Redeemer in the uterus, and upon the practicability of clergymen baptizing children in the vagina of their mothers' wombs before they were brought into the world?"

As Mr. Southey has not ventured to give any negative to these interrogatories, the general charge must be taken, *pro confesso*, and the public are left to believe, what, indeed, has been suffi-

ciently notorious to all: that for one line of inconsistency, falsehood, infidelity, blasphemy, impiety, and obscenity, written by Lord Byron, Dr. Southey has published ten. He has now fully justified the opinion that Lord Byron held out of him, "that he could never forgive;" he has even gone much further, and shewn to the world that his malice extended even beyond the grave.

It may be alleged that Mr. Southey was acting towards Lord Byron in no harsher a manner than he had treated the memory of the late Marquess of Londonderry;—no such thing; there was not the least similarity between the cases; it was the minister, and not the man, whose conduct Byron arraigned—his political public character, and not his private moral one. In the latter sphere, it would not have been an easy task to point out a more amiable man than the late Marquess of Londonderry;—to say that he was over-reached, and had not maintained the honour and interests of his country at the Congress at Verona, was no imputation on his moral character, though a stain on his political one. The public opinion is the only check on men who have the art or the fortune to gain an ascendancy in the public councils, and a control over the public affairs—it is the condition on which they assume the honours and emoluments of office; and it is perfectly consonant to reason, that the public should have the power of discussing their conduct. The Press is the *pal-*

ladium of Great Britain, and its noblest duty is to watch the conduct of men in power. But the *Quarterly Reviewers** are of a different opinion;—with them the established rule is to worship the ruling powers, good or bad, right or wrong; and if an author be bold enough to transgress against their imperial ukase, the junta club their quota of little wits, to make up one sum-total of abuse, and to yelp him down. Lord Byron would have shared this fate, but that they knew he was too high-spirited and too hard-mouthed for them—it would not do; so they stroked his mane, patted his withers, and coaxed him to canter along the road quietly with them.

Another charge brought by Southey against Byron, is almost too silly to notice;—that a seditious publisher had set up his Lordship's head as a shop-sign. If so, how could he hinder it? The

* It is physically impossible to refrain from laughter at the grimace, hypocrisy, and affectation of these heroes of the goose-quill, the son of the Ashburton shoemaker, and the *fungi* his compeers, at every thing *plebeian*. With them, there is no merit without a carriage; no education to be attained but at one of the Universities; all, but high churchmen, are infidels; and all, but Tories, levellers and demoralizers. And yet, these *gentry* owe all the little they know to *charitable* Institutions! Aristocratic John's literary pandemonium is guarded by a triple-headed janitor; and the readiest way to obtain admission is to throw a sop to *Cerberus*. Some day or other we may feel inclined to lift up the curtain, and give the public a peep into the *Albemarle Raree-Show*.

heads of Homer, Virgil, Shakspeare, Milton, Garrick, &c. &c. &c., have all had the same distinctions paid to them. The greatest heroes, royalty itself, have had the same honours paid to them. Frederic of Prussia, Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, Marlborough, Eugene, Wolfe, Howe, Nelson, Wellington, the Duke of York, and even King George the IVth (whom God long preserve!) have all had either their heads or arms exalted over public-houses, in token of good Bacchanalian cheer. But Dr. Southey's head will never be exalted in *that* manner; and, as for arms, it is said that none of the family ever had any other than those that nature gave them. It is painful to descend to such minutiæ, or to dip into family affairs; but the most nauseous remedies must be resorted to where the disease is desperate, and, really, Dr. Southey seems fit only for the hospital of incurables. If he must vent his choler, or display his epistolary mania, by running a-muck at the first comer, let him war with the living, and not with the dead. Medwin was his man; he was the real aggressor. How different,—how much more manly, was the conduct of Lord Byron towards Mr. Southey! When his Lordship transmitted his first MS. of "*Don Juan*" to England, it was found that it opened with a long dedication, in twelve stanzas, to Bob Southey! in which the Prince's jester was handled with no little severity. His Lordship's correspondent recommended the

omission of the dedication, upon grounds which his Lordship did not perhaps think were tenable; but he did consent to leave out the stanzas, when he altered his mind as to putting his name to the poem, and he wrote the following direction opposite to the lines to be erased :—

" *As the poem is to be published anonymously,* OMIT *the Dedication. I won't attack the dog in the dark; such things are for scoundrels and renegadoes like himself.*"

When Dr. Southey found that no public honours were to be paid to the remains of Lord Byron, he concluded that it would not only be safe, but even agreeable to a certain quarter, that he should bespatter the memory of a man obnoxious to the ruling party; and that he should thus be doing something for his sack and salary, and, at the same time, gratifying his own insatiate malignity. But the public would not believe that any other person could have been guilty of such an indecent outrage. Southey reaped all the credit of the exploit, which, like Sisyphus' stone, recoiled upon his own head. The public execration avenged the memory of Lord Byron; but, as for his defamer, it was scarcely possible that he could sink lower in their estimation. How it could enter into the head of Dr. Southey, that Lord Byron's character could be injured by his aspersions, it is hard to guess: let him turn to Æsop's fable of the *Viper* licking the *File*, in the blacksmith's shop, and make the ap-

plication—that malignity injures none but itself. Let him hide his head:—whether as a democratic demagogue, or a Tory-tool; a defamer or a defender of the Church of England;* a hack-writer or a Quarterly Reviewer; the public have had quite enough of Bob Southey—"*usque ad nauseam.*"

"*Conrade.* Off, coxcomb!

Dogberry. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.

Conrade. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass!

Dogberry. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down—an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass."

Shakspeare.—Much Ado About Nothing.

* Dr. Southey's "*Book of the Church.*" If the Church of England need such defenders, it must be in a ruinous state. Well may the spirits of the Roman Catholics revive, and commence their assaults on all sides. The Protestant Bishops may well tremble, if Bob Southey's shoulders be the only support of their thrones!

CHAPTER XI.

Summary of the Character, Public and Private, Poetical and Political, Manners, Disposition, Conduct, Religious Creed, Epistolary Talent, Genius, and Writings of Lord Byron.—Observations on the Influence of his Conversation and Writings on the Greeks.—His Devotion to the Cause of Greece, repaid by the reverential homage of the Greeks.—His fame built on the most lasting foundation.—Concluding Reflections.

THAT writer (whoever he was) evinced a thorough knowledge of the human heart, who, by his will, bequeathed his fame to foreigners, and, after the lapse of a century, to his countrymen. Difference of opinion in public or private life; the jealousy or envy of contemporaneous rivals; and that levelling spirit which prompts men to hate what they cannot emulate; are all so many obstacles against forming a cool, clear, and unimpassioned judgment. In this sense, it must be acknowledged that it is too early a period after the decease of the noble subject of these memoirs, to enter upon such a discussion: but, before his remains were deposited in their last resting-place, the press groaned beneath the effusions of pretended friends, and declared enemies; jealous rivals, party disputants, and many who wrote only for the sake of bringing their names before the public; all of whom acknowledge the supereminent genius

of the great bard, but with more or less of a drawback from his moral and religious character,—that it was high time to offer some countercheck to these insidious attacks, which were the more to be deprecated, as they were put forward under the semblance of candour,—a disguise which it was necessary to strip off, in order to do justice to the departed luminary, and to set forth his character in its true light.

Discordant as may have been the opinion of a certain portion of mankind respecting Lord Byron during life, it may be confidently asserted, that there does not exist an Englishman who breathes a wish for the honour and glory of his country, or who is possessed of the common feelings of humanity, that does not feel proud of calling Byron his countryman, and lament his loss, though life terminated so gloriously for him, in aiding the cause of oppressed Greece. Blessed with a genius exceeded by none but that of the bard who

"Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new,"

he had the faculty of swaying his readers to his mood;—now impassioned, now jocose—sublime, satirical—pathetic—playful; so that, from his writings, might be guessed the state of his mind at every change of his style. He threw his whole soul into his compositions, and it is no wonder that the reader's whole soul should accompany him in the perusal, as both are in earnest. The one reads as the other wrote,—from a consciousness that

there was something more than mere imagination, —a reality—in the composition. For that reason the works of Lord Byron ever did, and ever will, captivate the understanding. He was, unquestionably, the brightest genius of his age, and his contemporaries and countrymen may feel proud of having filled a part in the same scene, and on the same stage of existence.

And yet, what an awful lesson do the eventful incidents of his life afford to frail mortality! We behold a man eminently endowed with the gifts of nature and fortune—gifts calculated to strike with admiration the rest of mankind,—a man boasting of a long train of illustrious ancestors, whose deeds are enrolled in the annals of history, and alone sufficient to inspire the bosom of even an ordinary person with ideas of superiority to the rest of his fellow-creatures—in short, a man whom the short-sighted world have supposed blessed with every enjoyment that human existence is capable of affording,—we behold him become the most disappointed, most miserable of human beings—dragging on a weary existence, driven from his home, his family, his country.—Such is the uncertainty of human felicity, the delusive spectacle of mortal grandeur! Let him view his portrait, as drawn by his own hand for a fictitious person, and then refrain, if he can, from exclaiming with Solomon, "VANITY OF VANITIES—ALL IS VANITY!"

" This should have been a noble creature; he
Hath all the energy which should have made
A goodly frame of glorious elements,
Had he been wisely mingled: as it is,
It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts
Mix'd, and contending without end or order,
All dormant or destructive."

Manfred.

Here is a picture of a shipwrecked mind, that resembled his own old ruinous mansion of Newstead Abbey. And yet, with as few failings, a greater share of talents and virtues scarcely ever fell to the lot of a human being. He shed a lustre on the peerage, rather than derived any from it. A British *Plutarch* would in vain look back among the list for a parallel to him; and ages to come may not afford one. His works, and a grateful remembrance, are all that is now left to us: let us cherish them.

Simple and unaffected in his manners, Lord Byron's address was affable, courteous and engaging, with a mixture of frankness and generosity that fascinated every eye and every heart. Open himself, too much so for common policy, candour was the best recommendation to his favour. His early habits having instilled a fearless confidence and independent spirit, he hated dissimulation; and falsehood, once detected, ruined a man in his opinion for ever. Greek slaves, he would say,

descend to the meanness of lying; their Turkish masters scorn it.

Constitutionally nervous, Lord Byron was naturally at times irritable, although in general extremely placid. Remonstrances, from a friend of whose sincere good-will he was assured, he would patiently listen to, without feeling offended; but reproof he impatiently repelled, and reproach rather confirmed him in error: he would submit to counsel, but could not bear contumely; he might be led—he would not be driven. It was from this humour, that he held on his course in literature, pursuant to his own will or judgment, in defiance of the critics, and in some instances, as in that of the Drama, in opposition to popular opinion. The same was the case with his politics, which, at times, seemed to breathe contempt for the higher orders, and dissatisfaction with the constitution, or rather with the abuse of the constitution of his country. Yet no man was more truly a patriot—none more proud of the name and of the distinguishing superiority of an Englishman over foreigners of every description than he was; neither was any man more sensible of the distinction attending birth and rank, and, notwithstanding his epigrammatic slurs and shrewd remarks, there is no doubt that, had there unhappily arisen an occasion, he would have been found in the ranks to which he naturally belonged. This dis-

position he has asserted in more than one part of his works, and he never hesitated to declare it in conversation.

Vanity was not a prominent feature in Lord Byron's character. That he wrote to obtain the public admiration and applause, no man in his senses would think of doubting; Byron himself never denied, though he affected (from the pride of conscious merit) to be superior to it; yet never did he feel that overweening fondness which prompts some authors to take such underhanded, contemptible means to secure their fame. Byron left his to stand by its own merits. He knew, and was confident in his strength; so much so that, either in writing or in conversation, he was never known to attempt to wither the laurels of a contemporary; but was rather fond of over-rating than undervaluing them. To Moore, Scott, Irving, Campbell, Coleridge and Rogers, he was more than partial; the Southey's and the Bowles's he could not praise, without belying his judgment and laughing in the face of public opinion. His vanity was, therefore, natural and laudable, as it was well founded, and did not exceed, if it ever came up to, the measure of his merits.

Of his political career there is little that can be said. Looking in vain for countenance, support, and protection, to the source whence he had the most reason to expect it (the tie of blood and con-

sanguinity), he was doomed to afford the novel spectacle of a young man taking his seat among his peers, without a single friend to introduce him. A mind less firmly constituted would have shrunk from the trial; his felt a still stronger impulse to rise superior to neglect. He made such displays of his oratorical powers, as to shew to the world that his noble relative would have suffered no discredit by giving him countenance, and that if he did not persevere, it was not from a self-consciousness of inability. Having so done, and feeling that, unsupported and unconnected as he was, he could not hope to rise to any degree of eminence, without sacrificing his principles and his independence, he gave up the pursuit. In the deranged state of his affairs his conduct was, probably, destitute of worldly prudence and policy; but it was like every other act of his, manly and independent. He had cleared the road to honours and emoluments; he saw the ruling powers anxiously looking for his first step towards them: his vanity was flattered and gratified, and he withdrew; but notwithstanding this, of the constitution of his country he would say, "I am still so much attached to the constitution of England personally, that were it to be attacked—were any attempts made by any faction or party at home to put down its ancient and honourable aristocracy, I would be one of the first to uphold their cause with my life and fortune." Here are the

feelings of a true patriot—here is true patriotism; true enthusiasm.

On the unhappy issue of the marriage, which wrecked all the poor remains of Lord Byron's peace of mind, little can be said in addition to what ray of light his own memoirs have thrown upon so melancholy a subject. There are some parts of his Lordship's conduct in which he himself candidly owns that he was to blame; there are other circumstances of which he undoubtedly had great reason to complain; but, from all that has been suffered to transpire of this yet mysterious affair (as the charge respecting Mrs. Mardyn has been universally given up, as totally unfounded), there was nothing of so serious a nature as to call for that decisive step, *a separation.* The public, therefore, must rationally be inclined to give credit to the assertion of Lord Byron, that some good friends (*alias* evil fiends) had instigated the differences, and kept up adding fuel to the fire, until the house was in a blaze. We understand that *two offers* for a reconciliation were made by his Lordship; which strangely and unfeelingly were both rejected. He would—he could in honour make no more; and so wisely resolved to go abroad, or rather was thus compelled to do so. The conduct of her Ladyship's friends in calling in Dr. Lushington to decide in so delicate an affair,—whether a man should live with the wife whom he loved, or the wife with the

husband of her bosom, is, in the highest of all degrees, reprehensible and unnatural; and to that, and that act alone, is to be attributed all the unhappiness that ever afterwards rested upon Lord and Lady Byron: it was glaringly injudicious. Suppose, for a moment, the civilian had decided that the wife should be reconciled to her husband:—why, this is the civilian's consent—certainly not the wife's; and well might it be said—'know all men, that Lord Byron has consented to live with his wife because Dr. Lushington has decided that he shall do so;' or, 'that Lady Byron has received her husband again into favour because Dr. Lushington recommends it!' What man, that possesses the feelings or the spirit of a man, could submit to be governed by such a decision? It was placing Lord Byron's fate at Dr. Lushington's disposal; nay, it was placing *Lady Byron's love* in the hands of Dr. Lushington: and what man, be it asked, would submit to having the love of his wife dealt out to him by a cold-hearted civilian? It was placing the feelings of Lord Byron in the most aggravating and humiliating condition, besides the mortification of having his most secret affairs exposed to and studied by a frigid lawyer: by placing the affair in the hands of one with such logical and stoical feelings, the issue was just what might have been expected—man and wife were separated and made unhappy for ever by the cold, calculating judgment of a civilian.

Since he was called upon, we should have recommended the Dr., for the sake of Christianity and humanity, to have decided, at any rate, unhesitatingly, upon a reconciliation, and to have left the rest to Lord Byron; rather than, by his judgment, to make two fellow-mortals ever afterwards miserable. But was he competent? Was he a fit person? Most assuredly he was far from being competent; very far from being a fit person: there are so many never-to-be-named things between man and wife, that they *alone* are equal to settling their own differences, and are the *only* fit persons to do so. After maturely weighing all things, as the separation was evidently repugnant to his Lordship's feelings, and by no means wished by her Ladyship, we give it as our decided opinion, that had Lord and Lady Byron been left, as they ought to have been left, *wholly and solely* to themselves, to their own will and discretion, they would not only speedily have effected a reconciliation and cemented their love more closely than ever, but would at this present time have been living together in the closest bonds of connubial felicity. As it was, they had the will, but the means of acting up to it was thus placed wholly out of their power: those who placed it so have to answer for the consequences; they, alone, are to blame; from them all the subsequent unhappiness of both parties dates its source. Notwithstanding these circumstances, however, and an absence of eight years, Lord Byron's

affection was by no means diminished; on the contrary, it was increased, for it caused him to disregard the refusal of his two offers, and led him to contemplate the acceptance of a third with delight; it prompted him to give full scope to memory and reflection, and urged him to come to that resolution. And that he had contemplated a reconciliation, and with inward happiness too, and had resolved to make Lady Byron another offer, we learn from his conversation on his death-bed with Mr. Parry, 15th April 1824, a situation wherein seriousness and sincerity can never be mistaken. "When I left Italy," said his Lordship, in the most calm and serious manner, "I had time on board the brig to give full scope to memory and reflection: it was then I came to that resolution I have already informed you of (devoutly to propose to Lady Byron our re-union). I am convinced of the happiness of domestic life. No man on earth respects a virtuous woman more than I do; and the prospect of retirement in England with my Wife and Ada, gives me an idea of happiness I never experienced before. Retirement will be every thing to me, for heretofore my life has been like the ocean in a storm." These sentiments Lord Byron expressed in the most devout, calm, and serious manner; and none but a madman can harbour a doubt of their sincerity: when alone and in retirement, his thoughts were continually upon his wife, his daughter, and his

country. Mr. Parry proceeds: "The sirocco wind continued to blow very strong, and it was quite impossible to remove him, unless it had abated or changed. The same circumstance would have prevented us sending for Dr. Thomas, or sending for any body or any thing, had such a measure been resolved on. It was seven o'clock in the evening when I saw him, and then I took a chair, at his request, and sat down by his bedside and remained till ten o'clock. He sat up in his bed, and was then calm and collected. He talked with me on a variety of subjects connected with *himself and his family*; he spoke of his intentions as to Greece, his plans for the campaign, and what he should ultimately do for that country. He spoke to me about my own adventures. He spoke of death also with great composure; and though he did not believe his end was so very near, there was something about him so serious, and so firm, so resigned and composed, so different from any thing I had ever before seen in him, that my mind misgave me, and at times foreboded his speedy dissolution. "Parry," he said when I first went to him, "I have much wished to see you to-day: I have had most strange feelings, but my head is now better; I have no gloomy thoughts, and no idea but that I shall recover. I am perfectly collected; I am sure I am in my senses, but a melancholy will creep over me at times." The mention of the subject brought the

melancholy topics back, and a few exclamations, impossible for him to suppress, shewed what occupied Lord Byron's mind when he was left in silence and in solitude. " My wife! my Ada! my country! the situation of this place, my removal impossible, and perhaps death, all combine to make me sad. Since I have been ill, I have given to my plans much serious consideration. You shall go on at your leisure preparing for building the schooner, and when other things are done, we will put the last hand to the work by a visit to America. To reflect on this has been a pleasure to me, and has turned my mind from ungrateful thoughts. When I left Italy, I had time on board the brig to give full scope to memory and reflection; it was then I came to that resolution I have already informed you of:"—which is the one we have just related—reconciliation and re-union with Lady Byron, and retirement in England. It was his love for his wife and child that urged him to determine upon these advances; Lord Byron had, therefore, while on his voyage to Greece, decided and resolved to tender his whole heart and love to Lady Byron, devoutly desiring a happy and permanent re-union, which, doubtless, her Ladyship, in the goodness and pureness of her heart, would have accepted, to the joy and comfort of both, and the pleasure and happiness of the nation. It is ever to be lamented that he did not live to execute his devout resolution; but it

will ever remain a grateful and a balmy consolation to her Ladyship to reflect, that she would have had the happiness of again receiving him to her arms and her bosom, and of restoring him to his country and to his king; that such was his pure intention, such was his real love for her, that his heart was her's—and, without doubt, her own acknowledges it—and that her's was his. Thus there were bright prospects of his again living in England, and, as he confesses that he had given much serious consideration to all his plans, and this amongst the rest, without doubt there were, amongst his private papers, memoranda and documents confirmatory of these resolutions. Greece was the high-road through which he had resolved to travel, both to the arms of Lady Byron and to his native England. However, the matrimonial affair has now become mere matter of curiosity, and the sooner it is buried in oblivion the better. To the honour of both parties, so much decorum and dignified silence was preserved on both sides, that slander had no food for its voracious maw, and no wound was inflicted on the decency of social life.

On Lord Byron's return to the Continent, he found that all the evil reports that the malevolence of his enemies in England had raised up against him, had preceded him, and that Rumour, with her hundred tongues, had, as usual, exaggerated them. Every eye was anxious for a glance at this reputed monster, this compound of genius and

vice; and, wherever he turned his steps, he found himself watched and avoided, like an infectious person. It required no less skill than fortitude and perseverance to encounter and to overcome this prepossession. The task, however, was not too great for him, and he not only speedily succeeded, but eventually turned their abhorrence into admiration. His company was now as assiduously courted as it had been previously shunned; and his countrymen willing to participate in the honours that were lavished upon him, wished to renew that acquaintance, which, upon the stigma attached to the matrimonial rupture, many of them had dropped in England. But it was now Byron's turn to show a proper and dignified resentment. This conduct caused the reports to be spread of his misanthropy, and hatred to the English name—a name as dear to his heart as the calumny was malicious.

Another and a powerful reason with Lord Byron for declining the acquaintance of his countrymen was, that he did not come abroad to see Englishmen, but to behold nature and to inspire his genius, which he could never do in their company, and whilst partaking of their frivolous and disgusting pursuits. No men are more apt to give the rein to the indulgence of their passions than the travelling English, who are held out to foreigners as being, when at home, the most moral people on the face of the earth;

but their conduct abroad renders their claim very equivocal. Byron did not represent the "*Hermit Abroad;*" but his pleasures were select, more refined, and more secret.

Nothing contributed so much to the esteem in which Lord Byron was held by foreigners abroad, as his identifying himself with them, adopting their manners and customs, and, above all, by the outward respect which he paid to the established religious worship of the natives. This, together with some misinterpreted passages in his writings (for ill-nature or malevolence can always find food for controversy in metaphysical subjects), caused him to be stigmatized as an *infidel.* Throughout life, and to the end of it, Lord Byron ever remained steadfast in his adherence to the Church of England, for whose service he expressed the warmest admiration. But his zeal was never so fiery as to instigate him to run a-muck at all who differed from that belief. Byron knew how to live and act up to *l'usage du monde.* He claimed liberty of conscience for himself, and he thought all others entitled to it. He hated argument, particularly on religious subjects, but when it was forced upon him, he proved himself no contemptible handler of the theological weapons. He argued like a gentleman, and not with the overbearing intemperance of a bigot. He would express doubts, to have them answered; the malice of his enemies would have it that they

were his opinions: they were deceived, and he did not think it worth his while to undeceive them. Under all the stigma that has been endeavoured to be cast upon him, there is little doubt, but that if the Church of England had stood in need of a defender, it would have found a more zealous and a more able one in Lord Byron, than in even Dr. Southey. Byron detested falsehood, and, as he adhered to his profession of faith through life, and clung to it in his dying moments, none but a thorough-paced defamer will dare to stigmatize his memory with infidelity. He has frequently confessed himself a Christian, and ever admired the liberal, the pure, the sublime sentiments of Christianity, and the character of its Divine Founder. When speaking on these subjects, he would generally add—"I am sure that no man reads the Bible with more pleasure than I do; I read a chapter every day." Let it be inquired, do those who persecute him read one every week? In his Bible the following lines were found, written by himself:—

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries!
Oh! happiest they of human race,
To whom our God has given grace
To hear—to read—to fear—to pray—
To lift the latch and force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born
Who read *to doubt*—or read *to scorn*."

On the subject of his Faith, he was happy and

at ease; his mind was made up—he had read the Bible with the deepest attention, and had reflected on eternity. The gospel—the pure gospel—was his religión—his faith, and his hope; and, on his death-bed, speaking with the greatest composure, resignation and firmness respecting his own dissolution, he confessed there were things that made life dear to him (such, for instance, as his projects on Greece, his re-union with Lady Byron, and his return to England, &c. &c.), but that he was not afraid to die:—"Not my will," said he, "but God's will be done." He acknowledged that there were mysteries connected with Christianity which none but God could solve, and which man ought not to presume to look into; and, referring to his death and a future world, he added —"the thought of living eternally—of again reviving—is a great pleasure. On that subject, thank God, I am happy and at ease: none but God can solve those high mysteries: on him I rely." There can remain no grain of doubt, from these sentiments, expressed on his death-bed, and with eternity just in view, that he had worked out his soul's salvation—that he departed in peace; let his persecutors, therefore, work out their own salvation, and not trouble themselves with his, who, it is attested by those who saw him, so fearlessly, resignedly, and happily departed the scene of this transitory —fleeting existence.

In social life, Lord Byron was mild, good-

natured, and not at all inclineable to be quarrelsome. He would be, at times, silent and abstracted in company, and even moody. But the best of tempers is subject to these changes and irregularities; in some constitutions, a change of atmosphere will produce these effects. Silent contemplation was often misinterpreted by his rivals, or enemies, into studied affectation, or a supercilious contempt of his company; nothing was more groundless; his mind was at the moment, perhaps, strayed far away, collecting on Mount Parnassus choice flowers for some poetical nosegay. As Byron stood in no need, so he despised the affectation of looking wise. He was the man of nature and not the man of the world; and, if ever he transgressed against the rules of etiquette of polished life, it was through inadvertence or devotion to the muses. To his friends he adhered with inviolable fidelity, and, with very few exceptions, they to him: an undeniable proof of a good temper and a good heart! Mr. Hobhouse, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Rogers, Mr. Moore, Mr. Shelley, Captains Hay and Trelawney, followed his steps abroad, and never were so happy as in his company and conversation. When separated, they corresponded, and Byron's letters were like his conversation, a mixture of simplicity and truth, of archness and pleasantry. It is to be regretted, that the squeamishness of his friends (for it could not be from delicacy to the memory

of Lord Byron) should have withheld, or suppressed his correspondence; another generation may, perhaps, be delighted with it, and a new ray of light dawn upon departed genius.

The only man that dared to assert that Lord Byron was incapable of sincere and virtuous friendship was Mr. R. C. Dallas, who benefited so considerably by his Lordship's productions. In his late work there is a letter containing a catalogue of his virtues and good offices towards Lord Byron, and which he transmitted to his Lordship; in it is the following passage:—

"It is true, that I benefited not inconsiderably by some of your works, but it was not in the power of money to satisfy or repay me. I felt the pecuniary benefit as I ought, and I was not slow in acknowledging it as I ought. The six or seven hundred pounds paid by the publisher of *Childe Harold* for the copyright was, in my mind, nothing in comparison with the honour that was due to me, for discovering the genius that lay buried in the *Pilgrimage;* and in exciting you to the publication of it, in spite of the damp that had been thrown upon it in the composition—and in spite of your own reluctance and almost determination to suppress it."

Across this passage Lord Byron has written as follows:—

"*Memorandum:—*

"*Two hundred pounds before I was twenty years of age.*

"*Copyright of 'Childe Harold,'* £600.

"*Copyright of 'Corsair,'* £500.

And £50 *for his Nephew on entering the army; in all,* £1,350, *and not* £600 *or* £700, *as the worthy accountant reckons.*"

So it appears that the "worthy accountant," Mr.

R. C. Dallas, received the donation of £200 from his pupil and young friend before he was twenty years of age—that in all he received £1,350, and that, because he could get no more money nor manuscripts from his Lordship, he sets him down, forsooth, as incapable of lasting friendship!!! But to proceed: he says, these

"Six or seven hundred pounds" were "nothing in comparison with the kindness that was due to me, for the part I took in keeping back your *Hints from Horace*, and the new edition of the *Satire*."

Lord Byron here makes the following note:—

"*This is not true—the publication of 'Childe Harold' was urged, but not the suppression of the 'Satire.' What took place was in* 1812 *to gratify Rogers, who asked me on account of Lord Holland.*"

So much for Mr. R. C. Dallas' mode of acquitting his pecuniary obligation towards his noble benefactor Lord Byron. He calls the donation 6 or £700; it turns out to be £1,350; and then adds, "this is nothing in comparison with the kindness due to me from you, for bringing you into publicity." After this he would wipe off the whole by accusing him of a want of sincerity in friendship. This is, indeed, a new way to pay old debts! Neither Mr. Dallas nor his son, the Rev. Alexander Dallas, ever dreamed that this letter could be answered by Lord Byron, now that he was dead; but it so happens that, although his Lordship did not send a reply to Mr. Dallas, he transmitted that epistle itself to a correspon-

dent, with notes written on it by his own hand, of which the above are two. Many more might be quoted to falsify the statements contained in that epistle, were not the above quite sufficient. Mr. Dallas had prepared a volume of *Recollections*; and, referring to his Lordship's former pursuits and at the same time to a letter to Lady Byron, asks him, "*will you add, any fresh materials which may justify or conciliate?*"—so that it appeared to be a matter of indifference to Mr. Dallas whether Lord Byron conciliated his wife or justified his conduct towards her, so long as he would supply him with materials for his work, or consent to appear in print with him. This his Lordship would not condescend to do, having neither need of a defender nor a pleader, being fully equal to the task of either himself; but he saw the drift of the letter, as every one who reads it will do, and to the end of the said epistle has appended the following lines in verse and prose:—

"*Here lies R. C. Dallas,*
Who wanted money and had some malice.
If instead of a cottage he had lived in a palace,
We should have had none of these sallies."

"*The upshot of this letter appears to be, to obtain my sanction to the publication of a volume about Mr. Dallas and myself; which I shall not allow. The letter has remained, and will remain, unanswered. I never injured Mr. R. C. Dallas, but did him all the good I could; and I am quite unconscious and ignorant of what he means by reproaching me with ungenerous treatment: the facts will speak for themselves to those who know them —the proof is easy.*"

Such were Lord Byron's remarks upon Mr. R. C. Dallas, his conduct, character, and his letter;—such was the conduct of Mr. Dallas, for whom, and his family, his Lordship had ever done all the good he could. Such base ingratitude, both in father and son, was enough to make a much less sensitive man than his Lordship cynical; and he might, indeed, have said with his brother poet, Shakspeare,—

> "I hate *Ingratitude* more in man
> Than lying—vainness—babbling—drunkenness,
> Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
> Inhabits our frail blood."

And here, indeed, we must beg leave to refer the Rev. Alexander Dallas to an extract from one of his Lordship's letters, which we have selected and given in the second volume of this work; the cap may fit him as well as any other person. Speaking of one whose family had been greatly indebted to him in various ways, he remarks,—"and yet with *not one* but a hundred instances, more or less of the same kind, people wonder that I am cynical. Here is the descendant of a fellow who had about two thousand pounds at different times through my means, who actually makes *a boast* of disliking the man who never did *his family aught but good!!*" Much more could be given respecting the ingratitude of these worthies, but here is already enough both to repel and to repay their ungrateful attacks upon the memory of the deceased, with a pang. Mr. Dallas' assertion,

therefore, is false—Lord Byron was a *firm friend;* and Mr. Dallas' own words prove him to have been a *sincere* one to him; nay, his own statements declare that he was to him a friend in *need*, which is a *friend indeed*, one which it must be clear to all did not merit this abuse. His own bosom was cheerless and his happiness blighted; yet he assists others, he makes others happy wherever he finds them in distress, his numerous benefactions shew him to have been the friend of all mankind.

Lord Byron's personal qualities have been already noticed. He was very agile, notwithstanding his lameness, a capital swimmer, and excellent horseman. Indeed, he either excelled in every thing he undertook, or would undertake nothing in which he was not convinced he should excel: he hated mediocrity.

His *writings* and *genius* become subjects of the highest consideration; but having given so copious a detail of the one in the former part of this work, and commented so diffusely on the other, in the critique on Sir E. Brydges' performance, this part of the task is brought within narrow limits. Our Bard belonged to no school but nature,—he formed himself after no model;—he followed the bent of his genius; and, as that dictated, he wrote. A brilliant imagination, a fertile invention, a steady eye for natural scenery, a lively turn at description, a copious and ready-

flowing diction, and an unequalled facility of rhyming,—all contributed to form a genius, inferior only to Shakspeare, and scarcely to him in the variety of his compositions, and the topics of human life embraced throughout. Like him, there was scarcely a subject, or an incident, or situation in life, that escaped his pen; and his genius was as prolific as his strains were varied. His strength rose superior to the most prodigal use of it, and his vigour seemed to increase with his exertions. From the two first Cantos of "*Childe Harold,*" when the public approbation restored his confidence, his improvement was rapid beyond conception; and, to what a pitch it might have been carried, when age had matured the judgment, it is useless to guess now. The axe has been laid to the root, and the ornament of the forest has been laid low.

The closing scene was worthy of so bright a genius. When he set out for Greece, as if fully sensible of the arduous enterprize he was about to embark in, he seems to have become quite an altered man. His garb was as plain as possible, and in the military style; a plain blue great-coat, trowsers, and a foraging cap, were his usual habiliments. His mode of life was abstemious to a degree—to an excess—inasmuch as, in so marshy, swampy a *trou de Diable* as Missolonghi, much more generous living is indispensably necessary to enable the human frame to resist the putrid miasma; and such a course of living might

have prolonged that life, which abstinence and medical ignorance certainly cut short. It is a gross calumny of the London Magazine, to assert, that Byron lingered weeks at Cephalonia, without any fixed purpose, *too idle to be removed;*—and the writer well knew it to be so. The fact was, that the supplies which were promised by the London Greek Committee were unaccountably delayed beyond the appointed time, and Byron, who expected them to have arrived before him, was miserably disappointed. Thus situated, it would have been folly in him to have landed on the peninsula, and to have raised vast expectations without the least means of fulfilling them. Many a man, thus deceived, would have receded at once; but Byron's heart was set on the cause; he persevered, and from the instant that he set foot on shore at Missolonghi, his activity, zeal, perseverance, sufferings and sacrifices, were so excessive, that none but an enthusiast in the undertaking could have gone through or put up with so much. He organized and trained a body guard, consisting of fifty-six men, planned the formation of an artillery brigade and a laboratory, superintended the petty flotilla, inspected the fortifications; and, though last not least, was *paymaster-general* of the *land* and *sea* forces of Greece! This too, in addition to his being continually harassed by the dissentions between the contending Greek chieftains, and by the more

than Herculean task of endeavouring to unite them, for the benefit of the general cause. His apartment was the state council-chamber, where the chiefs held all their conferences, so that he had scarcely a minute of the day to himself. Under this severe pressure, both on body and mind, his many vexations, and the frequent disappointment of his enthusiasm, his constitution was visibly giving way. After the first attack, had his medical advisers been competent to their situation, the patient should have been removed to a wholesome air, and left undisturbed; but they contented themselves with botching him up, and the consequences might easily have been foreseen, that the next violent irritation of mind would produce a relapse, and that that relapse, in so weakened a frame, would be fatal. Such was the decree of Providence.

He had deeply reflected upon, and accurately observed the present state of the Greeks, and as he very animatedly, ably, and at considerable length accustomed himself to discuss the affairs of Greece to Mr. Parry, in order to instruct him in the nature of Greek society, the customs, and condition of Greece, he observed with great emphasis, speaking of the enlightened administrator of the Foreign Affairs of this nation, who had all along held so high a place in his lordship's opinion, on whose genius he had paid so exalted a compliment, to which he now added another, and to whom the English nation look up with satisfaction and security—

" Mr. Canning may do much for Greece; I hope he will continue in office. He is a clever man, and has an opportunity, beyond all his predecessors, of effecting great things. The ball is at his feet, but he must keep a high hand, and neither swerve to the right nor left. South America will give him an opportunity of acting upon sound principles; on this point he will not be shackled. The great mechanical power of England, her vast ingenuity, gives him the control of the world; but the very existence of England's superiority hangs on the balance of his decision. This minister bears all the responsibility. With respect to Greece it is different; the Turkish empire is our barrier against the power of Russia. The Greeks, should they gain their independence, will have quite sufficient territory in the Morea, Western Greece and the Islands. It will take a century to come, to change their character. Canning, I have no doubt, will proceed with caution, he can act strictly honourable to the Turks. I have no enmity to the Turks individually, they are quite as good as the Greeks: I am displeased to hear them called barbarians; they are charitable to the poor, and very humane to animals; their curse is the system of their government, and their religion or superstition. I hope England will keep possession of the Ionian Islands; with them and Malta, she may preserve her naval superiority for ages to come." As the advances which Lord Byron had made to the Greeks were to be paid out of the loan, he was, Mr. Parry fur-

ther states, on this account also anxious that the money might arrive, otherwise his own resources and his own projects would be crippled. When the money arrived he would be at liberty he said, to follow his own plans. He could obtain what supplies he pleased from Ancona, and then with his own brigade, the Suliotes and the force to be put under his orders, we should be fully competent to invest Lepanto, and take both it and Patrass. "This shall be my first object," he said, "at the beginning of the campaign; Patrass and Lepanto being in our possession, the Morea will be secure, and we may think of more offensive warfare." For this particular service his own brigade was to be ready, as Mr. Parry has stated, by the 7th May.

In continuation, referring to his future and matured plans, he proceeds—"My future intentions as to Greece may be explained in a few words: I will remain here till she is secure against the Turks, or till she has fallen under their power. All my income shall be spent in her service, but, unless driven by some great necessity, I will not touch a farthing of the sum intended for my sister's children. Whatever I can accomplish with my income, and my personal exertions, shall be cheerfully done. When Greece is secure against external enemies, I will leave the Greeks to settle their government as they like. One service more, and an eminent service it will be, I think I may perform for them. You shall have a schooner built for me, or I will buy a vessel; the Greeks shall

invest me with the character of their Ambassador or Agent; I will go to the United States, and procure that free and enlightened government to set the example of recognizing the Federation of Greece as an independent state. This done, England must follow the example, and then the fate of Greece will be permanently fixed, and she will enter into all her rights, as a member of the great commonwealth of Christian Europe." Such was Lord Byron's plan for the deliverance of Greece; it was not the vision of a poet; it proceeded from close observation and mature reason, had he lived but to execute it; it was well conceived, practicable, simple and noble; it was out of the power of one individual to do more for the advantage of Greece. It has been reported that Lord Byron had very ambitious views in going to that country; but we now see the colour of his honourable mind; here were no ideas of wading through blood to conquest, honour, and renown; here was nothing ambitious, more than the laudable ambition of bettering the condition of his fellow creatures, and gaining the approbation of good men: his zeal for delivering the oppressed from the yoke of tyranny, for establishing the independence of that country, to which we and all Europe owe the groundwork of their knowledge, was as honourable, and as pure, as ever glowed in the bosom of the gentlest and purest knight in the days of chivalry, and will, in spite of the captious, hand down his name to posterity with the reputation

of an unsullied warrior, an independent statesman, a generous and noble enemy, and a magnanimous martyr; the blessings of Greece, the esteem and admiration of his countrymen, testify approbation of his plans, and prove that although Greece was unable further to express its homage, yet that he was not her unrewarded champion. Lord Byron left the Greeks to settle their own form of government; he only took upon himself the office of their ambassador; all was for the good of Greece, nothing was selfish: but although his Lordship would not plan any form of government, yet he pointed out that which through the accuracy of his own close observations, he thought most conducive to the peace and happiness of the nation—"The Grecian confederation," said he "must be one of States and not of Republics. Any attempt of an individual, or of any one state, to gain supremacy, will bring on civil war and destruction. At the same time the Federation may have a head like that of the United States of America. Each state might be represented in Congress, and a President elected every four years in succession, from one of the three or four great divisions of the whole federation." Thus he would have healed the contention of their chiefs and placed them upon an equal footing. Nothing could be better calculated to insure the felicity or rivet the independence of Greece; the plan was founded in the hearts of its chiefs, whose tempers and character his Lordship knew full well. How much it is to be deplored that such

a man, with such bright prospects before him, should be cut off in the midst of them all,—in the vigour of his manhood: who will not mourn for him?—just at the time when he had in his view independence for Greece! return to his native England! and reconciliation with his Lady!—what heart will not feel for him!—here however we see the vanity of human grandeur. The most convincing proof that can be given of his disinterested zeal, of his pure and unambitioned plans, is, that he had firmly resolved, after he had settled the differences of the Greeks, or had stood by their cause as long as it remained one, to return to England and to live in the arms of Lady Byron; deeming re-union with her Ladyship, his Ada's restoration to him, the happiness and comfort of them both, and settlement in his own country, infinitely greater honour and happiness than all the honours and glories that the Greeks could heap upon him. To have had no faults would have been more than human; but to all who peruse this Biography impartially it will be found that his virtues more than redeemed them; he was a man of strong passions, add to which great genius is above the ordinary trammels of common life; great allowance must therefore be made. We have in these volumes examined and judged of his faults and his virtues by the standard of truth and morality—we have judged of him as *a man*. Here are great faults on one hand, and splendid virtues on the other—virtues which preponderate

—virtues which redeem his errors, and viewing and weighing them maturely, with an impartial and an unjaundiced eye, we cannot see how the *British public*, how *posterity*, how *the whole world*, or *ourselves*, can, on a candid and liberal examination of his whole life, come to any other conclusion, or sum up his character otherwise, than that he was both GOOD AND GREAT! "Ah, Sir Launcelot! thou wert head of all Christian knights; now there thou liest. Thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's-hands. And thou wert the curtiest knight that ever bare shield. And thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrood horse; and thou wert the truest lover of a sinfull man than ever loved woman. And thou wert the kindest man that ever strook with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among the presse of knights. And thou wert the meekest man and the gentlest that ever eate in hall among ladies. And thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put speare in the rest."—*Sir Ector's eulogy over the body of Sir Launcelot du Lake in the "Morte d'Arthur."*

Thus fell the greatest ornament of his age! the glory of England and the pride of Greece! an Englishman in spirit—he resembled those ancient Greeks who enchanted the world with their lyric compositions. He climbed Parnassus, swam the Hellespont, sipped of the Heliconian and Pierian streams, and planned new victories on the cele-

brated plain of Marathon. The fervid glow which these celebrated scenes diffused through his soul, he, in his turn, infused into the hearts of the desponding Greeks. Like another Tyrtæus, he reminded them of the immortal renown of their glorious ancestors, and inspired them to re-assert their honour and independence. He offers his fortune and his arm to support their cause; and not only his countrymen, but foreigners from all parts of the world, flocked to enjoy the honour of being enrolled under the ægis of his honoured name. He sacrifices to them his fortune; and, as he is preparing to lead them in person to the tented field, his life is lost by over exertion. Greece has paid the sepulchral honours due to the man who sacrificed every thing for her, and the descendants of Pindar and Homer will, no doubt, in future times, enrol his name with the conquerors of Marathon, Platæa, and Salamis.

Thus, the glory of England, the pride of Greece, and the admiration of the whole world! what other monument need there be to secure a lasting fame? Bigotry and envy may assail it in vain; like the Peak of Teneriffe, though howling tempests assail its sides, and raging billows lash its feet, still will it laugh their puny efforts to scorn, and lift its head to the skies to the end of time.

FINIS.

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